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# *CHRONICLES OF*
# STEPHEN FOSTER'S FAMILY

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# *Chronicles of*
# STEPHEN FOSTER'S FAMILY

BY

*Evelyn Foster Morneweck*

ILLUSTRATED FROM
CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS
AND PRINTS

VOLUME II

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FOSTER HALL COLLECTION
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# *CHRONICLES OF*
# STEPHEN FOSTER'S FAMILY

# All Merry, All Happy and Bright, 1846-1854

## VIII

MORRISON arrived home on the steamboat *Nominee* on February 3, 1850, and found the family making plans to go to housekeeping together in the large brick house, on the East Common, which belonged to Brother William. Stephen had announced his intention of giving up bookkeeping and devoting his time entirely to music; he was sure he could earn a living at it, having contracts now with two first-class publishers and the sincere encouragement of Henry Kleber, who was genuinely attached to Stephen and recognized that his young friend's talent was unusual. His mother was only too glad to have "Stephy" back home with her again. It was just about this time that she began to write the reminiscences which have been mentioned before in these pages. They were a most contented, loving, and congenial family. When Mit reached Pittsburgh, he was commissioned to buy the house furnishings. His accounts show that carpets, curtains, blinds, tinware, bed clothes, kitchen and laundry supplies had to be purchased. Mit even invested in a shower bath at a cost of eight dollars!

The Fosters moved into Brother William's house on April 22, 1850. Everything was clean and fresh; under instructions from William, Mit had employed Morgan Bryan to give the woodwork, porch, and fence a couple of coats of white paint, and "Colored John" Duval was hired to fix the pump and the gate and the porch and make general repairs around the place. The house was built in the customary fashion with double parlors on one side of the center hall, the dining room and kitchen on the other. The dining room must have been an especially cheery place, for it was of good size, about fifteen feet by fourteen feet, and had deep seats made on either side of the fireplace by the skillful John.

The family consisted of Mother and Father, Henry, Mary and little Birdie, Morrison and Stephen, and the help, Margaret McGovern and Catherine O'Donnel. Stephen had returned to Allegheny sometime in January or February, 1850.

Three days after the Fosters moved in, their joy in their new house was greatly dimmed by a message from Paradise telling them that at eleven o'clock the evening before, April 24, the Buchanans lost their little delicate one, the oldest daughter who bore the ill-fated name of Charlotte. Poor Ann Eliza, in her turn, had to bear the same cross that her mother had borne.

Stephen's courtship of Dr. McDowell's pretty daughter, Jane, now began in earnest. He had a formidable rival in handsome Dick Cowan, but he persevered in his suit, nevertheless. The McDowell home on Penn Avenue was situated a few blocks from the juncture of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and at that time was in a very beautiful location, in what was considered a choice residential district. It was a favorite gathering place for the young social set to which Jane and her older sisters belonged. Jane and Stephen were of the younger crowd—Morrison and Marian McDowell, who married John Scully, were nearer in age. Although Stephen was three years older than Jane (she was born in 1829), he was five years younger than the accomplished Cowan, which was undoubtedly a point in his favor. Stephen's granddaughter, Jessie W. Rose, paints an attractive picture of the pleasant and hospitable McDowell home. "Old Black Joe" of Stephen's song was, according to Mrs. Rose, the McDowell family butler and handy man.

> Joe . . . was a very real person, and drove Dr. McDowell's buggy for many years. In the evenings he "pottered," as grandma expressed it, around the house, and felt all dressed up in an old blue coat with brass buttons on the tails—the coat only doing duty when Joe "buttled" in the house.
>
> He loved "his family" dearly and when the beaux of the period

brought their stiff starched bouquets to the McDowell girls, five of them then living, no one was more intensely pleased than Joe. Grandma recalled him shuffling down the hall carrying a bouquet behind his back, his countenance shining with delight, and calling in a pleased voice "Miss Jinny! Miss Jinny! Come see what I have for you!" When dusk came, Joe lit the candles and lamps—laid the logs in the fire place, and waited upon the door. All through the sweetheart days Joe watched Foster come and go. The two became great friends. "Someday I'm going to put you in a song, Joe," Foster told him, and felt in his heart that it was a promise. The old man was gone when the day of fulfillment came, but to-day and perhaps always "Old Black Joe" lives again.

There is one remembrance that comes to me at this writing, and that is how inseparably the song "Old Black Joe" was associated in my grandmother's mind with her own life and family. It was the one song we couldn't sing in Grandma's hearing during her last years. It brought back days of unforgettable happiness among those she had loved and lost, and left her always in tears.

"Don't sing 'Old Black Joe' " was understood among us.*

The subject of Stephen's happy love song, "Nelly Bly," also was a real person. When Mary Keller's sister Rachel married Harry Woods, they lived (until 1855) down on Penn Street, just across the way from Dr. McDowell's. The Woods's home, as well as the McDowells', was a favorite gathering place for the Knights of the S. T. and their musical friends. In later years, the story was told by Mrs. Woods that one evening a party consisting of Stephen, Dick Cowan, Cust Blair, and Marshall Swartzwelder were serenading the Woods family (and incidentally, the McDowells) from the front porch steps. A comely colored girl poked her head out of the cellar door to listen to the music. Stephen observed her and asked Rachel, "Who's that?" "That's Nelly Bly," replied Rachel Woods. The name caught Stephen's fancy, and when the visitors were invited into the house, he went immediately to the piano, and improvised and played and sang "Nelly Bly" with almost the identical words and music afterward published and sung the world over.† The daughter of a former slave, Nelly lived with the Woods family for many years. She died at an advanced age and was always very proud of the fact that Stephen Foster had composed and named a song for her.

---

* Jessie Welsh Rose, "My Grandmother's Memories," Pittsburgh *Post,* July 4, 1926.

†See, Sarepta Kussart, *The Early History of the Fifteenth Ward in Pittsburgh,* Suburban Printing Company, 1925.

Mrs. Rose describes the tense scene that occurred in the McDowell parlor the evening that Jane promised to marry Stephen.

> At the same time Foster was courting her, she had another very attentive admirer, Richard Cowan. Mr. Cowan was a lawyer, wealthy, handsome and distinguished in appearance. Mr. Foster suffered somewhat from the contrast, as he was small in stature, and, although his features were regular and pleasing, he was not the type which women call handsome. The two of them continued each to pay court. One evening, owing to some miscalculation on Miss Jane's part, both called at Dr. McDowell's home at the same hour. Steve came first. When Richard was ushered in by Old Black Joe, Steve promptly turned his back upon the pair, took up a book and read the evening through (Grandma always delighted to tell this story). At ten-thirty (10:30) calling hours were over in those good old days and Richard, punctilious in all things, arose wrapping his military broadcloth cape about him elegantly, he bid the forbidding back of Stephen a low sweeping "Good Evening, Sir." No answer from Stephen. Jane accompanied Richard to the door, feeling in her heart that a crisis of some kind was impending. She often laughingly said that when she came back into the room that night, she scarcely knew where her sympathies lay; whether they had departed with Richard, or were present with Stephen. At any rate she had small time for speculation—Steve had arisen, was standing by the table pale and stern as she came in. "And now, Miss Jane, I *want* your answer! Is it yes? or is it no?" And grandma, nineteen in years and unused to quick decisions, made one then and never regretted it.

Stephen's rudeness to his old friend Dick was undoubtedly well deserved. The latter knew quite well that he was poaching, and it is not unlikely that he also knew that it was Stephen's night to call on Jane. If Stephen had timidly retreated when Richard was ushered in, no doubt Richard would have taunted him about it the next day. As it was, the jaunty Cowan knew when he had met defeat. The "chap from New Lisbon" also passed from the scene completely when Stephen returned home to Allegheny. Three months after the Fosters moved into Brother William's house, Stephen and Jane were married. On July 16, Stephen wrote to his sister Ann Eliza.

Pittsburgh July 16, 1850

My dear Sister

I write to say that I am to be married on Monday next to Miss Jane, daughter of the late Dr. McDowell of this place, and that we will start on the same evening for Baltimore and New York. The trip will be on business as well as for pleasure, as I wish to see my publishers in the east as soon as possible, therefore I regret that I cannot, to my own advantage, pay you a visit in going, although I will pass very near your house. We will however endeavor to give you a call in returning, but this may not be for several months. We are to have but a small wedding. With love to Mr. Buchanan and the dear children,

Your Affectionate Brother

Stephen

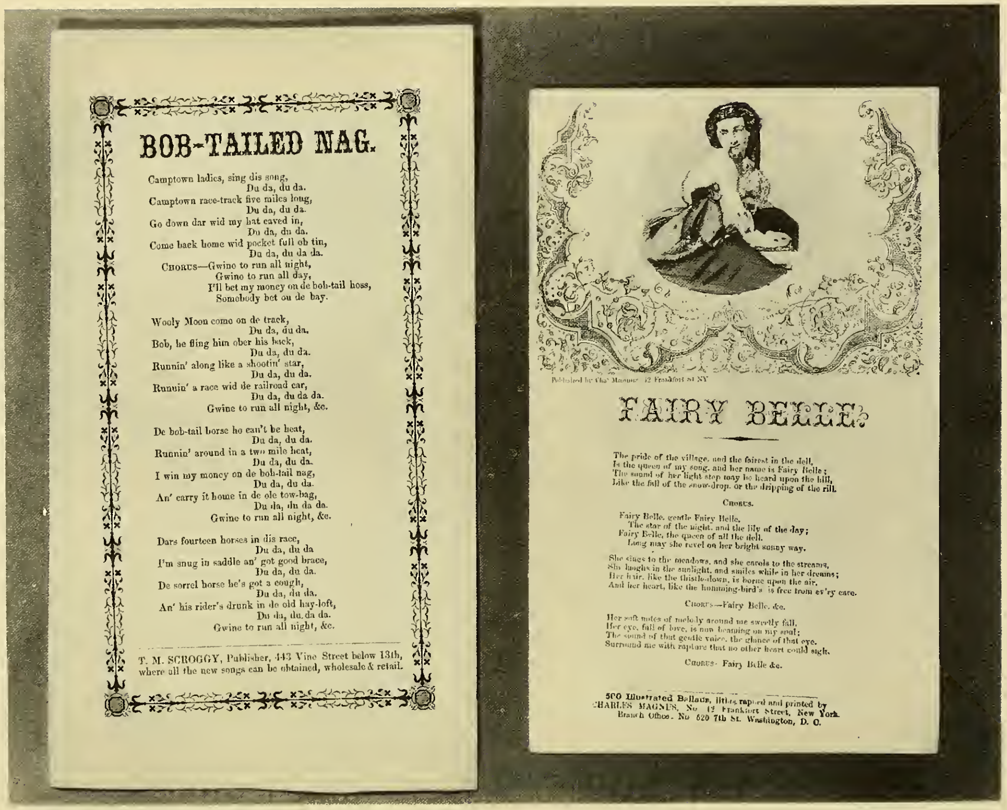
The minister who performed the ceremony was the Rev. Theodore B. Lyman, of Trinity Episcopal Church, and the young couple left immediately for their trip to Baltimore and New York. They had plenty of relatives to visit, the Smiths in New York, sister Ann Eliza in Paradise, and Eliza Foster's family in Baltimore. Jane had relatives in Chambersburg and Mercersburg; her father's and mother's people originally came from there. Lillie McDowell Speer, of Mercersburg, whose father, Thomas Andrew McDowell, was a cousin of Jane's, remembered hearing her parents say that Stephen and Jane visited Mercersburg on their wedding trip, and Stephen's own letter contradicts the frequently repeated tradition that he and his bride spent their honeymoon, or any part of it, at Bardstown, Kentucky. Jane's sister Marian, Mrs. John Scully, was unable to attend the wedding, as she was recuperating from an illness at Bedford Springs, so, the next day, Agnes McDowell hastened to send her sister all the news. Stephen and Jane were married on Monday, July 22, 1850, and Agnes' letter is dated "Tuesday morning."

Jane is really married, and can it be possible. It seems so strange to me that she is married and gone, I can not realize it still, and the wedding over. Jane & Stephen F, were pretty much frightened. Steve quite pale. They each had to repeat some part of the ceremony after Mr. Lyman, which made it, I think rather embarrassing. Jane repeated her part in a different kind of a voice altogether from her usual tone of voice. It was owing to her strain. She looked very sweet, her weding dress fit her beautifully, gloves and gaiters to match her dress, very pretty pair of cuffs, and collar. Steven looked very nicely. *I* was brides maid, and Morrison groomsman. . . . We had a bride cake which was very nice, two or three kinds of wine, and Ice cream. . . . All of Jane's dresses fit her beautifully, and her other garments were made quite neatly. Sarah Kerr gave her a very pretty French work night cap. . . . Uncle Snaith gave Jane away. Mr. Lyman did not omit any part of the ceremony. Mr. Lyman had his white surplus on. You remember at your wedding, Dr. Upfold wore his black surplus. . . . We got a very pretty lantern lamp for the hall. John fixed on the hook for us. . . . Ma is up to her eyes in fixing away the china, also numerous other things. . . .

We had a most delightful serenade last night, a parsel of plebeians were the serenaders. They did not know the house exactly, and they went up to Mrs. Townsends, played for at least a half of an hour there, and then they found our house out. I really think they must have played for two hours, most horrible music, at our house. . . . There is no cholera here, at all. I send you some bride cake to dream on. . . . Mrs. Crangh [Croghan?] got the ring out of the cake. Was not that very singular?

Stephen's financial prospects were now as good as any of his brothers'. Although he was receiving no returns from the popular "Nelly Was a Lady," the large sale of the song indicated what he could expect under the new contracts. "My Brudder Gum" had been published on October 1, 1849. Between that date and his wedding day, July 22, 1850, Stephen published "Dolcy Jones," "Summer Longings," "Oh! Lemuel!" "Mary Loves the Flowers," "Nelly Bly," "Soiree Polka," "Camptown Races," "Dolly Day," "Angelina Baker," "Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway," "Way Down in Ca-i-ro," "Molly! Do You Love Me?" and "The Voice of By Gone Days." All of these are good compositions, but "Nelly Bly" and "Camptown Races" were the most successful. We don't know whether Stephen's hilarious Camptown race track was real or existed only in his imagination. The name may have remained in his mind since the old Athens school days, for there is a little place named Camptown a few miles east of Towanda. Stephen possessed that true humor that recognizes appropriate appellations and apt phrases. *Camptown* is as surely the name for a colored man's town, as *Corktown* is Irish. "De Camptown Races," or "Gwine to Run

Stephen Foster, from a tintype found among his letters; and Stephen Foster and George Cooper, from a tintype taken in New York City late in 1863



# BOB-TAILED NAG.

Camptown ladies, sing dis song,
Du da, du da.
Camptown race-track five miles long,
Du da, du da.
Go down dar wid my hat caved in,
Du da, du da.
Come back home wid pocket full ob tin,
Du da, du da da.
CHORUS—Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day,
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail hoss,
Somebody bet on de bay.

Wooly Moon come on de track,
Du da, du da.
Bob, he fling him ober his back,
Du da, du da.
Runnin' along like a shootin' star,
Du da, du da.
Runnin' a race wid de railroad car,
Du da, du da da.
Gwine to run all night, &c.

De bob-tail horse he can't be beat,
Du da, du da.
Runnin' around in a two mile heat,
Du da, du da.
I win my money on de bob-tail nag,
Du da, du da.
An' carry it home in de ole tow-bag,
Du da, du da da.
Gwine to run all night, &c.

Dars fourteen horses in dis race,
Du da, du da
I'm snug in saddle an' got good brace,
Du da, du da.
De sorrel horse he's got a cough,
Du da, du da.
An' his rider's drunk in de old hay-loft,
Du da, du da da.
Gwine to run all night, &c.

---

T. M. SCROGGY, Publisher, 443 Vine Street below 13th,
where all the new songs can be obtained, wholesale & retail.

---

Published by Chas Magnus 12 Frankfort St NY

# FAIRY BELLE.

The pride of the village, and the fairest in the dell,
Is the queen of my song, and her name is Fairy Belle;
The sound of her light step may be heard upon the hill,
Like the fall of the snow-drop, or the dripping of the rill.

CHORUS.

Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle,
The star of the night, and the lily of the day;
Fairy Belle, the queen of all the dell,
Long may she revel on her bright sunny way.

She sings to the meadows, and she carols to the streams,
She laughs in the sunlight, and smiles while in her dreams;
Her hair, like the thistle-down, is borne upon the air,
And her heart, like the humming-bird's is free from ev'ry care.

CHORUS—Fairy Belle, &c.

Her soft notes of melody around me sweetly fall,
Her eye, full of love, is now beaming on my soul;
The sound of that gentle voice, the glance of that eye,
Surround me with rapture that no other heart could sigh.

CHORUS- Fairy Belle &c.

---

500 Illustrated Ballads, lithographed and printed by
CHARLES MAGNUS, No 12 Frankfort Street, New York
Branch Office. No 520 7th St. Washington, D. C.

---

Broadsides—"Bob-tailed Nag" is, of course, Stephen Foster's "Camptown Races"

All Night" is an action song if ever there was one. It fairly "scorches" along!

. . . De long tail filly and de big black hoss, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across, Oh! doo-dah-day!

. . . Den fly along like a rail-road car, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star, Oh! doo-dah-day!

. . . See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Round de race track, den repeat, Oh! doo-dah-day!

. . . Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag, Somebody bet on de bay.

The second syllable of the little refrain, "Doo-dah!" is pronounced *dah* as in *dandy,* not *daw* as in *dark.* At least, that is the way Morrison sang it.

Edwin P. Christy, the noted leader of the Christy Minstrels, recognized the great popular appeal in the songs of Stephen Foster. A letter now in the Library of Congress from Stephen to Christy reveals that there was a reciprocal business understanding between them, even before Stephen was married, which undoubtedly helped to give Stephen confidence in his ability to pursue his career as a song writer.

Pittsburgh, Feb. 23, 1850

Dear Sir:

Herewith I send you copies of two of my late songs "Gwine to run all night," and "Dolly Day." I regret that the title-page had been ordered, and probably cut before I was informed of your desire that your name should not be used in connection with other bands. I have accordingly ordered my publisher in Baltimore to have a new title page cut bearing the name of your band alone like that used by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co. N.Y. as I wish to unite with you in every effort to encourage a taste for this style of music so cried down by opera mongers. I hope to be in New York in the Spring when I will probably have an opportunity to gratify the desire which I have to hear your band. Please inform me how you are pleased with the accompanying songs.

Very respectfully yours,
Stephen C. Foster.

E. P. Christy Esq

Stephen dedicated both "Soiree Polka" and "Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway," to Mary M. Dallas; Molly, the youngest of the Dallas girls, was only sixteen, and one of Eliza Foster's pets. She spent a great deal of time at the Fosters' especially when the little Wick girls were visiting their grandparents, and Stephen's interest in her was brotherly. She is described by Stephen's mother as being "fair and sprightly, with luxuriant flaxen hair, blue eyes, beautiful mouth, and white even teeth."

## IX

SHORTLY before they moved into Brother William's house, William B. Foster made a last vain attempt to obtain his just dues from the government. Mr. Farquhar, a lawyer who had represented a number of Foster's soldier-clients in Washington, suggested that he be permitted to make another effort to collect the debt. Wm. B. Foster was no longer sanguine about the probable outcome, and his letter shows that time had not withered the infinite variety of his forceful vocabulary. It was fortunate that he did not allow any false hopes of Mr. Farquhar's success to buoy him up, for the Washington lawyer soon found that he could do nothing in the matter.

Pittsburgh April 3d 1850

A. M. Farquhar, Esqr.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you will receive the certificate of A. Brackenridge, Esqr. & of Sproul the clerk of the U. States Dist. Court.—with the printed document return'd.

Genrl. Eaton kindly volunteered his services some seven or eight years ago in this case, but could do nothing with a Dam'd rascally Congress; nor have I the least hope of your success—for I do not think that a more unprincipled set of Scamps were ever congregated at Washington than the present for the transaction of national business.

I merely mention Genrl. Eaton in order that you might converse with him, and perhaps get some points from him which you might not think of; and in justice to so good a friend & worthy man as Eaton, it is due to him that as he volunteered without one cent of reward to try it, I should make that known to you. Make my kind respects to him & say that I shall never forget his kindness.

Bring up the case of Amasa Stetson of Boston, an officer of my grade who received upwards of $7000 for a claim precisely like mine in every respect, except he never had the award of a Court and Jury in his favour. See Col. Woolley & converse with him—let him see Mr. Hampton & go before the committee of Claims.

On those other points, let me hear from you as soon as convenient and oblige

Your friend

Wm. B. Foster

Stephen and Jane were in the East for about six weeks after their wedding and returned on September 8, 1850, to Allegheny to live with the family on the East Common. Henry had secured a position in the office of the new Pittsburgh & Steubenville Railroad Company, whose tracks extended from a point across the Monongahela River at Pittsburgh in a general westerly direction to the Virginia (now West Virginia) state line. (A mortgage foreclosure in 1867 led to the reorganization of this company under the name of the Panhandle Railway Company.)

Morrison was busy not only with the cotton mill interests, but also with Mr. McCormick's steel business which was being extended into Tennessee. Mit had become interested in trying his hand at inventing and took out several small patents on improvements in spinning machinery. In the summer of 1849, he and Cust Blair invented and built a boat of the revolving cylinder type, which they launched in the canal near the Hope Cotton Factory in Allegheny. Two of the boys employed at the factory, Charles Lindsay and John Marshall, assisted in the enterprise. Mit's vessel consisted of four hollow cylinders supporting a platform on which the brave mariners stood. The cylinders were supplied with paddles or buckets upon their circumference, and were made to revolve by means of a crank which was turned by hand, and afforded means of propulsion as well as of buoyancy. The whole affair was large enough to carry four persons comfortably, and they got speed of about six miles an hour. With a little steam engine, they might have attained a very respectable rate of speed, but the vessel never got beyond the hand-power stage. Morrison makes note of two other inventors of rotary engines in his diary—J. A. Stewart, of Tyree Springs, and Mr. Snyder, of Baltimore. Mit's vessel was intended to roll over the water instead of pushing through it.

During the summer of 1850, Morrison spent many of his leisure hours going on fishing trips to Robinson's Eddy with the Blair boys, Dick Cowan, and Bill Denny. They took boat trips up the Allegheny River to Harmar Denny's country home, "Deer Creek," a general gathering place of the Denny family, where Annie Denny was the newest attraction for Dick Cowan since Jane had decided against him. The young people of the Denny family were all cousins and were grandchildren of the grand old pioneer, Major Ebenezer Denny. Bill (William C.) O'Hara and Caroline, or Cal, were near Morrison's age and were children of Harmar Denny. Annie Denny and her sister Carrie, "she of the raven pigtails," were younger and were daughters of St. Clair Denny, the little boy who played with an orange the November evening in 1807 when Eliza Foster first came to Pittsburgh.

Morrison now was investing his savings in real estate; he bought some business property in Chicago in partnership with a friend, Robert Finney, and also purchased a farm in Baden, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, which he rented to a tenant farmer. Dunning still remained in Cincinnati with Irwin & Foster; he did not buy his steamboat, the *James Millingar,* until late the following year.

Although depressed by the shock of the death of her little granddaughter Charlotte, Eliza Foster found much to make her happy that fall of 1850. Her interests centered in her children, her church, her neighbors, and her novel. Pa was still well and active, and Henry's little girl Birdie (short for Mary Burgess) was a pet and comfort to the household; Morrison was absorbed in his work and in Julia Murray; Stephen and Jane lived for each other. It was the calm of peace before the storm of care so soon to descend upon them.

The friendly musical circle in which the family moved included the Lightner girls, Jessie and Julia (Mrs. John Mitchell) who sang in Trinity Church choir. Jessie had a deep contralto voice, and Stephen took many of his songs to her so that he might hear them well sung before he sent them to his publishers. The Lightners were a brilliant and attractive family; their father, Hon. Isaac Lightner, was in the legislature and had been one of the early brave settlers of Allegheny when Indians were still a menace. Julia Mitchell was of a sweet, religious nature, and wrote many touching verses for the newspapers. Jessie, the youngest daughter, was of a fiery and tempestuous disposition, and possessed a great deal of dramatic talent. There were also Louisa, who married Dr. William Muller, and Mary, who became Mrs. Leonard Forsyth. Their brother, Charles W. Lightner, was one of the hardy spirits who reached California successfully during the gold rush, and there amassed a fortune. Little Ike Lightner, destined to fall at the Battle of Lost Mountain, defending the Confederate flag, was just twelve years old when his sisters first sang for Stephen Foster. Henry Kleber was a welcome visitor at the Lightner home, and in later years, John Ellsler and his family and C. W. Couldock and Gottschalk, the temperamental composer, were attracted by the warmth of Lightner hospitality and the unconventional sincerity of lovely Jessie.

Stephen was composing now at a great rate, and there was always a new Foster song for a young swain to present to the lady of his heart. Between his wedding day, and the first of the year 1851, Stephen published "The Spirit of My Song," "I Would Not Die in Spring Time," "Turn Not Away!" "Village Bells Polka," and "Lily Ray." "Turn Not Away!" is a charming duet, and although Stephen dedicated it to Robert Peebles Nevin, it was composed undoubtedly for the two friends who helped Stephen try out so many of his new songs, and whose voices blended so well together, Mrs. Andy Robinson and Jessie Lightner.

On May 6, 1850, Henry and Augustus Kleber opened a new music store, "The Sign of the Golden Harp," at 101 Third Street. They advertised Professor Rohbock's latest composition, the "Bella Veltan Polka," and also Stephen Foster's works—"Dolly Day," "Oh! Lemuel!" "Summer Longings," "Dolcy Jones," "Soiree Polka," "My Brudder Gum," "Gwine to Run All Night," "Angelina Baker," "Away Down South," and "Stay, Summer Breath"; also, Charles Shiras' song, "My Mother, I Obey," with music by H. Kleber, published by Lee and Walker, 162 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Kleber family lived on Sandusky Street, Allegheny, a short walk from the Fosters' home. Henry Kleber was a painstaking and well-trained German musician of the fiery, temperamental type. He and Stephen got on well together. Stephen admired the older man and profited by Kleber's example of hard work. We believe that Stephen learned practically all he knew of theory from Henry Kleber, who was never too busy to help his young friend. Years after, when Stephen had left them forever, it was Morrison's sad pleasure to seek out Henry and Gus Kleber and go over and over again with these kind friends memories of the brother he had loved and lost.

As early as May, 1850, Stephen's songs had become the standard of comparison for new minstrel songs. In *Godey's Lady's Book* for that month, we find the following notice, under "New Music. Published by A. Fiot, 196 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia."

> *Poor Aunt Dinah,* as sung by Mr. Kneass of the New Orleans Serenaders. This is certainly one of the very best of the popular Ethiopian songs and deservedly ranks with "Uncle Ned" and others of that style. It is destined to immense popularity.

Chestnut Street, in the '50's, was not only a fashionable promenade where the ladies and gentlemen of the town displayed their best clothes, but it seems also to have been Philadelphia's tin-pan alley of the period, with Walker's Publishing House at 160, Lee & Walker at 162, A. Fiot at 196, and George Willig's Music House, at 171 Chestnut Street.

The general admiration for Stephen's melodies is further evidenced by the transcriptions and variations of his songs which began to appear in shoals, arranged by skilled musicians like Professor Charles Grobe of Wilmington. In *Godey's Lady's Book* for August, 1850, Professor Grobe is commended for the "taste and skill" with which he has prepared variations on "Oh, Lemuel!" that "favorite melody."

With the exception of a week in June spent in New York, where he called on Firth, Pond & Company in Stephen's interests, Morrison was at home all of the year 1850 until October. His accounts state that he paid twenty-five cents for one of Steve's songs in New York. If it was a Firth, Pond publication, it shows they weren't handing out any free copies of sheet music to composer's brothers.

On October 31, he left for the South and made an extended survey of wages, hours, and working conditions in the Tennessee cotton mills. All of the Pittsburgh mills, and the Hope Mill in Allegheny had been closed for several months. In 1848, the Pennsylvania Legislature had passed the ten-hour-day law, and although it was intended to benefit both workers and operators, it placed the Pennsylvania mills at a great disadvantage in their competition with the mills of the South and West that were permitted to work their men thirteen and fourteen hours a day for miserable wages. Morrison notes that daily wages at Franklin, Tennessee, were for "Spinners 75 cts; cardroom, \$1.50 & \$1.00; grinders, \$3.00." Boarding at Franklin was 75 cents and \$1.00, not per day, but per week! And as for the colored slave labor, a millowner of Nashville named Morgan admitted to Morrison that he could support a negro for \$26 a year.

At Pulaski, in Giles County, Tennessee, butter was selling at 10 cents a pound, eggs 5 cents a dozen, chickens 5 cents a pound, beef 2½ cents, pork 3 cents, bacon 6 cents, and corn 30 cents a bushel. An additional saving of the Southern mills was that they did not have to pay for the long river hauls of every bale of cotton. The Hope factory had a small branch at Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, and they were seriously considering enlarging this plant, or building another one at Franklin and removing their machinery there from Allegheny. But for some reason, this project was abandoned, and the Hope mill reopened in the spring running at limited capacity. It never recovered its old time prosperity, and several years later Mr. McCormick sold out altogether.

Because of the uncertainty of the future cotton business, Morrison devoted much of his time to their new interest—iron and steel. He wrote Mr. McCormick on November 2, 1850, that the price of cold blast Tennessee iron was \$24, and to "send T. W. Bakewell

300 kegs of 8d. and 200 do. of 10d. nails"; also that the price of pig iron in Louisville was "23 to 25$, 4 mos.; on the Cumberland River 22$, 6 mos.; and Cotton hose sell at Nashville at from 2$ to 3$ per dozen." A strange combination for a traveling man—cotton stockings and tenpenny nails! By December 17, he was back home, and took over the household accounts from Steve, who had been keeping track of expenses while his brother was away.

The year 1851 started out so gaily that by the middle of January Morrison found he "owed Anderson" for carriages for the following occasions:

Jan. 1, New Year's visiting
Jan. 6, to Homewood
" 7, Oliver Barnes wedding
" 9, Captain Harding's reception
" 10, to Mrs. Carother's
" 14, to Homewood.

On the last date, Mit happily notes that he accomplished his four years' dream—he was engaged to Julia Murray! This explains the carriage hire "to Homewood." Julia was the niece of Judge William Wilkins, and it was her custom to spend Christmas and the gay winter social season at her uncle's spacious country seat where there was always a houseful of lively young cousins of the Wilkins, Denny, Dallas, and O'Hara clans.

A genuine memento of Morrison's fervid, but short-lived romance with Julia, in the form of a valentine from the pen of the versatile Dick Cowan, is cherished to this day by Julia Murray's daughter, Mrs. William B. McIlvaine, of Hubbard Woods, Illinois. It is a page of pen-and-ink drawings, reproduced opposite page 331, entitled "JULIA'S VALENTINE, from one whose name is written beneath." One might imagine it came from Morrison himself, for his name is written beneath, except that the sketches and handwriting are unmistakably Dick Cowan's. On a long arrow in the drawing many hearts are impaled, labeled with the names of Julia's conquests. Included in the imposing array are the names of Charley Hays, Jim Ross, "Some Fellow from Cincinnati," Archy Darragh, Lieutenant Hammond, Mr. Fettyplace, Richard Cowan, Esq., Ebb

Harding, Bill Rose, Brady Wilkins, Dr. Lavely, Andy Potts, Isaac Pennock, Bill Anderson, Tom Blair, the poet, and C. Blair. A "Procession of the Ghosts of Departed Lovers" at the bottom of the page includes "Anderson, Blair, Foster, Blair, Hays, Old Prig, Wilkins and Lavely," and at the tail end of the parade a mere stroke of the pen stands for Cowan!

## X

IN January, 1851, F. D. Benteen published two of Stephen's songs, "Give the Stranger Happy Cheer," and "Melinda May," and his next composition, published in March by Firth, Pond & Company, was "Wilt Thou Be Gone, Love?" a duet arrangement of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet,* which Stephen dedicated to Julia N. Murray. It was Dick Cowan's expressed belief that Stephen must have written this duet for Jessie Lightner and Mrs. Robinson, who sang it so beautifully together. This is probably true, but Stephen dedicated the lovely song to his brother's sweetheart.

Some writers have wondered whether or not Stephen had his own piano at home at this time. I do not believe so, because his sister-in-law, Mary Foster, brought her piano with her when she and Henry came to live with the Foster family on the East Common, and Stephen probably practiced and composed his music on Mary's piano until July, 1851, when he rented an office for himself, and there installed a piano which he bought from Henry Kleber. About two years later, Stephen had this piano moved to his own home.

The wedding of Lizzie Harding, daughter of Major Harding of the Lawrenceville arsenal, to Oliver Barnes, took place on January 7, 1851, with Morrison serving as one of the four groomsmen who attended their fellow Knight of the S. T. to the altar. Although pleased, of course, at being invited, Eliza Foster witnessed the ceremony with a cheerfulness that was tinged with resigned regret. For several years, she had regarded "our Lizzie" in the light of a most desirable daughter-in-law! But young people have a way of arranging affairs of the heart to suit themselves, and not to suit their parents. While Morrison was in Tennessee, Tom Blair wrote him regarding the approaching wedding and of social events in general.

> December 1st, 1850. . . . Manifold have been the gayeties since your leaving—tea-drinking endless, parties sprinklingly, Miss Cushman—O, we have been doing wonders. I intended, somewhat earlier, to have given you a list of all & some of the more noteworthy of the gatherings, but, verily, the labor has grown too great for me. Summarily, they went off with the spirit of that one time "when you & I were boys." Conspicuous among all that was lovely, graceful & engaging shone ever our Lizzie, never so winning as now, with that little sort-of-beginning-to-be-sobered-down air, which betrays what the Engineer [Barnes] hath been doing with her young affections. I trust you will be home to see her wedding—to see it will be something to remember.
>
> Miss Cushman has been drawing fine houses and receiving much attention here. I have seen her in "Meg Merrilies" and "Romeo." She is wonderful in the former, much more than in the latter. For extravagant parts like Meg, she is unapproachable. My criticism would be that she is extraordinary in extraordinary parts, ordinary in ordinary ones.
>
> Capt. King came out here, most palpably, to court Mel. Denny. What his success, I know not, but I tho't the young lady "friendly" in her ways to him.
>
> John [the baby, John Shoenberger Blair] sends greeting to the Ogre, and announces his determination to shake his "fiss" at him when he returns. The Madam sends also her regards, & wishes for your prosperous and speedy return.
>
> Salute any of the Saints whom you may find in the Barbarian Land, & bless them with the benediction of the Fish. An' you come not home quickly, write me a letter.
>
> Truly thine,
> Thos. G. Blair.

Although she might have looked kindly enough upon him for a while, Captain King was not successful in his suit of Mel Denny. She married another soldier, Captain Thomas John Brereton, an army engineer who built the Allegheny Valley Railroad.

In October of 1850, William B. Foster, Sr., had applied for the land grant to which his services in the War of 1812 entitled him, and this grant was received by him on February 11, 1851. What became of it is not known. The last entry in his own handwriting in the soldiers' agent account book is on February 25. The writing is shaky and labored. Some time between then and April, 1851, the head of the Foster family suffered the devastating paralytic stroke that chained him a prisoner to his bed for the remainder of his life. In the front bedroom upstairs he lay helpless while his wife and sons cared for him with untiring faithfulness. All the children came hurriedly to Pittsburgh on hearing of their father's condition, but there was nothing to be done but wait and hope for at least a partial recovery. For months, the sufferer was not reconciled and he was not patient. He could not move, but his faculties were unimpaired, and his sensitive nerves were rasped by the slightest jarring sound. Into this painful atmosphere, Jane's and Stephen's baby Marion made her little bow on April 18, 1851; Henry and his family left to keep house by themselves on April 11, which gave the family on the East Common a little more breathing space.

Despite all this domestic confusion, Stephen was writing some good songs; before he rented his office on July 28, 1851, he had composed at home the following: "Give the Stranger Happy Cheer," "Melinda May," "Wilt Thou Be Gone, Love?" "Sweetly She Sleeps, My Alice Fair," "Mother, Thou'rt Faithful to Me," "Farewell, Old Cottage," "Once I Loved Thee, Mary Dear," "Ring de Banjo," "I Would Not Die in Summer Time," "Laura Lee," and "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long." Beside working on his music, he was helping take care of his father's business, helping in the sick room, and helping with the baby when Susan, the nurse, was off duty. Gentle, kind, humorous, and loving—on hand when he was needed, to write a love song, or plump up an invalid's pillow; to joke with his sick wife, or soothe down the ruffled feelings of some old soldier of '76 or 1812 who felt he wasn't getting justice from the government—such a one was Stephen Foster.

On July 28, Stephen rented an office (which we believe was located at 112-114 Smithfield Street) where he installed a piano and set himself up in a businesslike way as a professional composer. With this arrangement, he could devote several hours a day to serious work without domestic interruptions. It was the sensible course to pursue, as he had agreed to send Firth, Pond & Company a certain number of songs each year, and with the urgent need of supporting a wife and baby, it behooved him to live up to his contract.

Stephen's renown and popularity as a song writer was growing greater every day, and on November 3, 1851, five songsters were issued by Fisher & Brother of Philadelphia, each under the title of a Foster melody—the *Nelly Bly Songster,* the *Oh! Boys Carry Me 'Long Songster,* the *Way Down in Cairo Songster,* the *Ring de Banjo Songster,* and the *Dolcy Jones Songster.* These were little booklets containing the words only of popular songs of the day and named for the first song in the book.

An interesting example of Stephen's versatility has recently come to light in Stephen's own bound volume of his compositions (now in the Foster Hall Collection) which was preserved by his daughter, Mrs. Marion Welch. About 1851, Firth, Pond published a large edition of *The Songs and Ballads of Miss Catharine Hayes,* a noted concert singer of those days. Amongst the twenty-one songs in the list, number six is "Ah! My Child (Ah Mon Fils from *La Prophete*)," music by Giacomo Meyerbeer. A copy of this Firth, Pond publication is contained in Stephen's bound volume, and, in his own hand on the title page, Stephen has printed with pen-and-ink "Translated by S. C. Foster." Stephen's name is not mentioned by the publisher. The original verses by the French dramatist, Augustin-Eugene Scribe, are in Italian. The English translation is identical with the words of a song called "Ah! My Child" written in pencil in Stephen's original manuscript book, which begins:

Ah my child
Ah my child
For thy poor mother
Didst thou then smother
All thy sweet dreams
All thy sweet dreams
Of Bertha's love?

The copy of the song preserved by Stephen in his bound volume is marked with the stamp of the music store of H. Kleber & Bro., No. 53 Fifth Street, Pittsburgh.

On October 15, 1850, F. D. Benteen copyrighted a song of Stephen's, "I Would Not Die in Spring Time," under the pen name, Milton Moore, that Stephen occasionally assumed. This gave Stephen an opportunity almost a year later to produce under his real name "An Answer to the New and Beautiful Song, I Would Not Die in Spring Time," entitled "I Would Not Die in Summer Time." This was copyrighted by Benteen on July 12, 1851. Another reply to "I Would Not Die in Spring Time" was copyrighted by Lee & Walker, on June 17, 1851, with "Words by Wm. H. Cunnington, Music by J. H. Milton" (which sounds faintly familiar), called "I Would Not Die in Winter." This comedy of reluctance at passing away ended the following January when John H. Hewitt composed a parody on the trio and called it "I Would Not Die at All"!

Stephen and Jane stayed with the Fosters until August 4, 1851, and then went to board with Mrs. McDowell for several months. They did not return to Allegheny until Christmas, but Stephen was at home almost every day to see his father for a few minutes at least. The latter was no better; although he could move his hands and could sit up in an easy chair by the window, his legs were helpless, and he had to be lifted by his sons. Eliza Foster's hopes for his recovery were still burning bright; she could not believe it possible that Pa never would be his old jaunty self again.

The world in which his children lived and worked moved along as usual. They did not have to curtail all their social pleasures, as there were many willing hands to help the sick man. Little Mary Wick was with Grandma the greater part of the summer; Mit was at home, and there were the two good hired girls. Catherine had been replaced by one Ann Evans, but Margaret still remained.

When Morrison visited Louisville in November, 1850, he had found his old friend, Dan Rice, in legal difficulties with the managers of the *Floating Palace*. Dan was operating at the same time a showboat with the same name. As Dan needed a little ready cash, Mit loaned him fifty dollars, and secured Dan seventy-five dollars more from Johnny Danvers of Allegheny. It was not enough to settle Dan's troubles with "Messrs. Spaulding and Van Orden," however. Eventually they defeated him in the courts, and Dan turned his energies towards a Monster Wagon Show, which proved to be a tremendous success. He paid off his debts to his friends in Allegheny the following May. After the Civil War, however, Dan Rice was again running a showboat on the Ohio and Mississippi, which he named the *Will S. Hays* for his composer friend.

The year closed sadly enough for Morrison. He and the beloved Julia, after a series of misunderstandings, broke off their engagement, the chief cause being John V. LeMoyne, of Baltimore, son of Dr. Francis J. LeMoyne, well-known physician and stanch abolitionist of Washington, Pennsylvania. But Morrison took the little crocheted purse Julia had made him and laid it away carefully with other treasures in the old sea chest that traveled with him wherever he went. With the purse, he kept the New Testament given him by his mother and a little emergency sewing kit she had made him; also, the largest mess of fishing tackle that a housewife ever tried to unscramble.

The state political campaign in the fall of 1851 of course stirred all the boys of the Fourth Ward into action, and Stephen, as his share, contributed a song to the Democratic candidate for governor, William Bigler. In the same year, 1851, that William Bigler was elected governor of Pennsylvania, his brother John became governor of California. Stephen's words were sung to the tune of the "Camptown Races." The verses are written in pencil, without a title, in Stephen's manuscript book but the song might appropriately be called

### HURRAH FOR THE BIGLER BOYS!

They say that Johnston's up once more,
Hurrah! Hurrah! [pronounced Hoo-rah!]
But things ain't now as they were before,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!
Then he run his face in a Taylor shop,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
But the Taylor's gone, and he has no prop,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!

Chorus.—Going to run again?
Johnston, your insane!
I'll bet my money on the Bigler Boys
For the Whigs have had their reign!

In California, I am told,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They've made a banner trimmed with gold,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!
If Bigler here beats Bigler there,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
This golden trophy we shall ware,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!—Chorus.

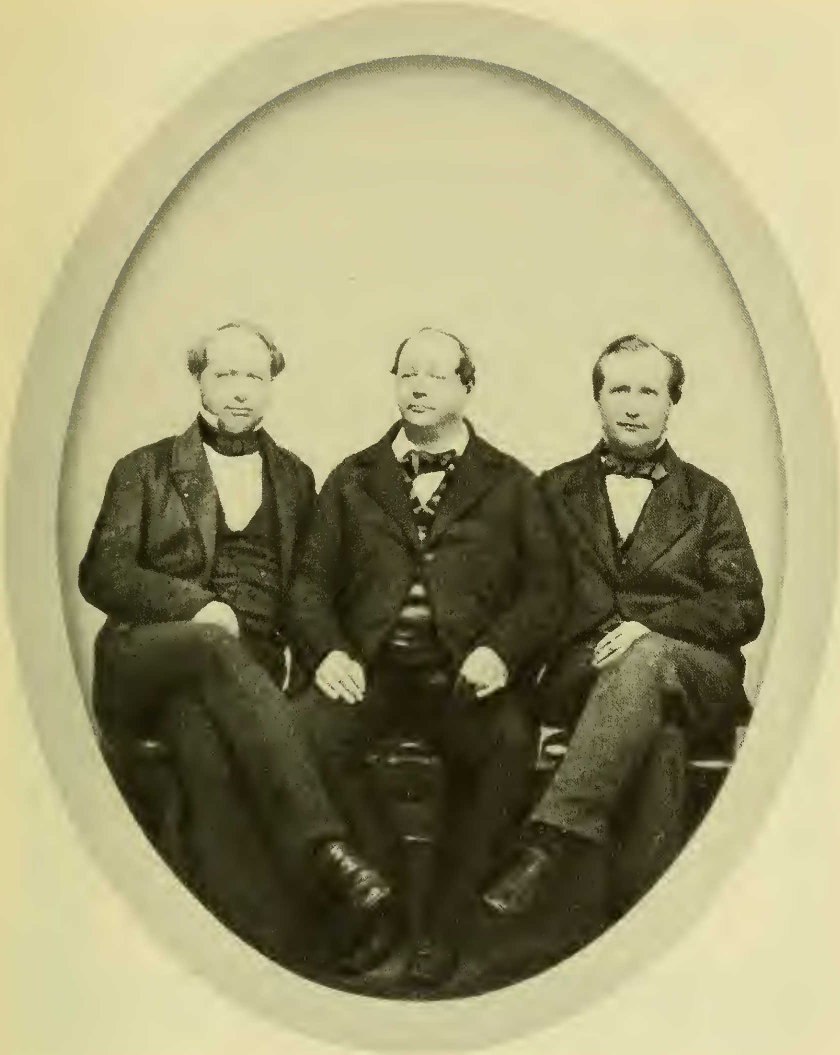
The Constitution is our theme,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And Union is our cherished dream,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!
If South Carolina makes a fuss,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Oh, why should *we* be in the muss?
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!—Chorus.

When soldiers for their country bled,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And had to beg for their daily bread,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!
They little knew that the Federal clan,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Would take up *Strome* for their right hand man!
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!—Chorus.

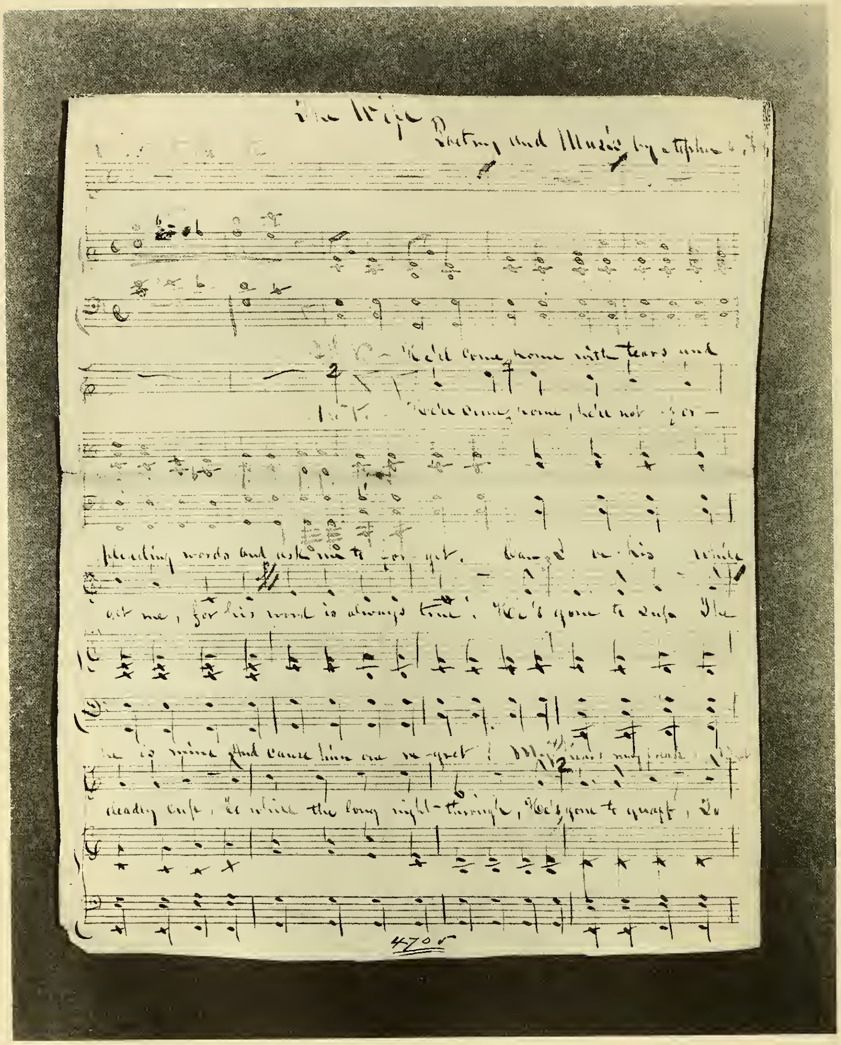
We've let the Whigs elect an ass,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
But now we'll turn him out to grass,
Hurrah for the Bigler boys!
For when the tug of war is over,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Democrats will live in the clover,
Hurrah for the Bigler Boys!—Chorus.

In January, 1852, Governor Lajos Kossuth, the famous Hungarian patriot, visited Pittsburgh. Morrison was on the reception committee, and the following interview, which appeared in the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* on March 21, 1894, shows that he remembered it as one of the liveliest and most exciting experiences of his life.

> A committee of citizens appointed to receive and entertain him and his suite with due honor had been in existence for two or three weeks, holding frequent meetings, raising money, and making extensive preparations. The headquarters of the committee were at the hotel of Leopold Sahl, on Water Street. The St. Charles Hotel, kept by David R. Miller, was selected as the house at which the Hungarian exiles should be lodged and entertained. The brave fight for freedom made by the Magyar descendants of Arpad, in opposition to the combined power of Austria and Russia had endeared them to every American heart. I was young, and of course enthusiastic in the cause.
>
> Kossuth and his suite, escorted by a committee of the legislature, at the head of which was old Col. Gillis, of Elk county, left Harrisburg on cars of the Pennsylvania railroad for Pittsburgh via Hollidaysburg and the old Portage railroad, on a stormy winter day in January. The storm increased and the snow drifted so heavily that by the time they reached Hollidaysburg, the "Portage" road was completely blocked up and impassable for cars. The party were delayed indefinitely. Our committee had everything hot, and it looked as though the receptions and feasts and speeches would get cold and die off.
>
> The storm interrupted telegraphic communication, and for a whole day we could learn nothing about the lost guests. At midnight, Maj. William Larimer, Jr., Hon. William W. Irwin, Dr. E. O. Gazzam, Col. Samuel W. Black, besides myself and other smaller fry, were in the telegraph office listening to the ticking of the tickers, and anxiously hoping for something from the storm-bested travelers. At length, John Glass, the superintendent, broke the solemn silence, calling out, "Hollidaysburg. To Hon. Edward D. Gazzam. We leave here by sleighs to-morrow morning for Blairsville. Can your committee carry us from Blairsville to Pittsburgh? Gillis."
>
> A cheer broke out from the weary assemblage, but solemn visages took the place of smiles when the question arose as to who should go to Blairsville. It was blowing great guns and the norther was piling the



The Bigler boys: William, Governor of Pennsylvania in 1851; John, Governor of California in 1851; and George


The Wife
Poetry and Music by Stephen C. F
1st V. He'll come home with tears and
2nd V. He'll come home, he'll not for-
pleading words and ask me to for-get. [illegible] his [illegible]
get me, for his word is always true. He's gone to sup the
is mine and cause him one regret! [illegible]
ready cup, 'tis while the long night through, He's gone to quaff, to
4705

Manuscript of "The Wife," copyrighted February 9, 1860 streets and highways full of drifts of snow. It was such a time as "Chapman billies leave the street, and rather hug the ingle."

At length Maj. Larimer said to me: "Morrison, will you go?" "Yes," I said. "When?" said he. "I will go now," I replied. You see, I was young then, and ardent. "Oh!" they all exclaimed, "you need not start until morning." "All right," said I, "order the sleighs to be ready at 7 o'clock." I selected Robert Glass and William J. Rose as my assistants, and went home to sleep. At 7 o'clock in the morning, four four-horse sleighs were in readiness with mountains of buffalo robes and blankets piled in, and away we went, out through Bayardstown, East Liberty and Wilkinsburg, to the Northern turnpike, via Murrysville, Salem and Alexander. Billy Rose, notwithstanding the arctic weather, had brought along the Hungarian, Turkish and American flags, and he nearly froze to death enthusiastically keeping them flying.

"Up flew the windows all" and "wide open went the turnpike gates" —"Kossuth!" was all we had to say—or yell—and the 16 horses, loaded with bells, never broke trot as we sped through the gates. We stopped for dinner and to feed the horses, and in an hour were on the road again. The storm continued, and the sky was black as ink. At dusk the Aurora Borealis shone magnificently in the north and lighted us into Blairsville, where we were glad to alight at Marker's hotel, pretty tired and hungry.

But Kossuth, where was he? No one knew. Has he left Hollidaysburg? "Don't know." Here was a "lame and impotent conclusion" to our valiant expedition. Wires were down everywhere. There was nothing to do but go to bed—and wait. Day dawned, and the forenoon of the next day passed. No Hungarians, no welcomings. I foreswore my conned speech and turned the job over to Rose, who was an accomplished fellow and a brilliant orator.

About 2 o'clock, p.m., a cry arose in the street—"They are coming!" We looked out of the window eastward down the pike, and sure enough, there was a sleigh drawn by two horses, pushed to their utmost speed, and in it were seated two gentlemen clad in furs and wearing slouch hats, with ostrich feathers. They with great difficulty made their way to Marker's door, when who should they prove to be but Add Stockton, of Allegheny, and Capt. Sam Karns. They were immediately dragged to the bar-room and heavily fined for the deception; but we all applauded the joke. They said they had left Kossuth at Ebensburg, and had driven ahead with the news that he was all right.

About 7 o'clock that evening, the Hungarians and their legislative escort arrived all in good condition, and I took charge of the party. I told them they must all get supper and go to bed until morning, when we would start for Pittsburgh.

Kossuth was accompanied by his wife, an interesting but feeble lady, his secretary, Count Pulzsky, and wife, the latter a most accomplished, agreeable literary person, who took notes of everything, and eight or ten young Hungarian officers on his staff, who looked very gay and handsome in their gold embroidered uniforms. Among them was Count Gregory Bethlen, the lineal descendant and heir of Gabriel Bethlen, the patriot king of Hungary.

Count Bethlen was the finest looking, most elegant gentleman I ever met. Rose made his speech, and we all retired early, except that Sam Karns, Col. Gillis, who wore a vest made of fawn skin with the hair on, and one or two of the legislative committee played euchre until a late hour.

Next morning we got away from Blairsville about 9 o'clock. The storm had ceased, but the snow was piled so high on the road that our progress was slow.

At Salem, we stopped for dinner and to feed the horses. There were 24 of us besides the drivers. Kossuth inquired, "Why do we stop here?" "We will dine here, Governor," said I. "I wish to proceed immediately to Pittsburgh," said he. "You will stop here just one hour, Governor," I replied. He smiled and answered, "You are in command, I must submit."

A great crowd of people, headed by the minister, thronged into the hotel and into Kossuth's room. The minister addressed him and requested that he go out on the balcony and make them a speech. Kossuth declined to do so. "The weather is too cold," said he. After the room was cleared, he remarked: "I am not a mountebank with pills to sell."

After we left Salem, we did not stop except to water the horses.

Away beyond Wilkinsburg crowds were assembled in the cold, and lined the road, cheering for Kossuth. From East Liberty into the St. Charles Hotel, the people were massed so thickly that we found it difficult to drive the sleighs through them. Wood Street, in front of the hotel, was so full, the people could not move.

By arrangements made by me with Mr. Miller before I left for Blairsville, a man was stationed inside the private door in waiting for us. When Kossuth's sleigh reached Third Street, old Abel Hosmer whirled the horses round and dashed up to the private door. It was unlocked, and in a moment the party were safely inside of the hotel, Kossuth and wife, Count Pulzsky and wife, and myself. I was glad to turn them over to the Reception Committee and retire.

## XI

AFTER Christmas, Stephen and Jane returned to board again with the Fosters. On February 20, 1852, they started down the river for New Orleans on brother Dunning's steamboat, the *James Millingar.* It was a beautiful time of the year, just when spring was starting in the South. Except for horse and buggy trips into the state of Kentucky, Stephen had never before been farther south than Louisville. But, during the summer of 1851, he had composed two negro melodies which certainly did not require his residence in the deep South to make them beautiful and appealing to every heart, North or South. "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long" was copyrighted on July 25, 1851, and "Old Folks at Home," on October 1. Concerning the latter song, Morrison tells this story. He was working one day at his desk in the Hope Cotton Mill, when Stephen came into his office and said, "What is a good name of two syllables for a Southern River? I want to use it in this new song, 'Old Folks at Home.' " With a laugh, Mit asked him, "How would Yazoo do?" referring to a comic song of the day, "Down on the old Yazoo." Steve replied, "Oh, that's been used before!" It was hard to think of a river in the South with a name of only two syllables, and all that Mit could offer further was *Pedee.* Stephen snorted, "I have that, and it doesn't sound right." "Well, here's the atlas, let's have a look at it," said Morrison, lifting it down from the top of his old brown desk. They both pored over it, and Mit's finger stopped at *Suwannee,* a little river, with its source in Georgia, flowing through the state of Florida to the Gulf of Mexico. "That's it, that's it exactly!" exclaimed Stephen with delight, as he crossed out the ridiculous *Pedee* and wrote in the other name. The song was finished. It commenced "Way down upon de Swanee Ribber." Then, he left the office, as was his custom, abruptly, without saying another word, and Mit resumed his work. Thus, just as Stephen changed it that day, with the name *Pedee* blocked out and *Swanee* written above it, the original draft of "Old Folks at Home" appears in pencil in Stephen's manuscript book, now preserved in the Foster Hall Collection at the University of Pittsburgh.

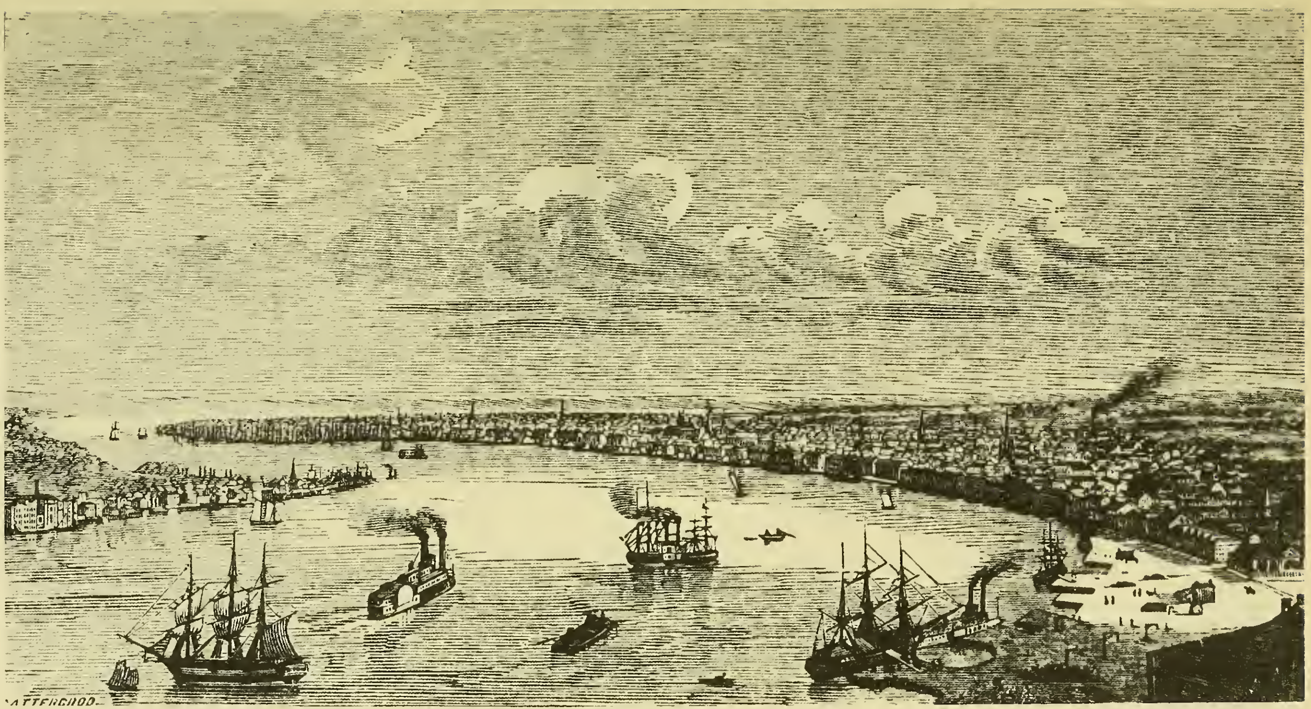
We don't know whether the factory cat was curled up in the largest cubbyhole of the old desk the day that Stephen wrote "Swanee River," but we do know that that spot was a favorite resting place for the family cat in Morrison's latter days. He would work for hours at his books with Kitty Grey purring a soft accompaniment to the scratching of his pen, each content with the quiet companionship of the other.

At this time, Stephen had an agreement with E. P. Christy to allow Christy the privilege of singing Stephen's songs prior to publication. For the privilege of first singing "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long," "Massa's in de Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," and "Ellen Bayne," Christy paid Stephen ten dollars for each song; this also included the right to have printed on the cover page "As sung by E. P. Christy," or "Christy's Minstrels." For "Old Folks at Home," and "Farewell, My Lilly Dear," Stephen received fifteen dollars each. That there was quite a friendly relationship between Stephen and E. P. Christy at the beginning of this arrangement is evidenced by two letters from Stephen that are preserved in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

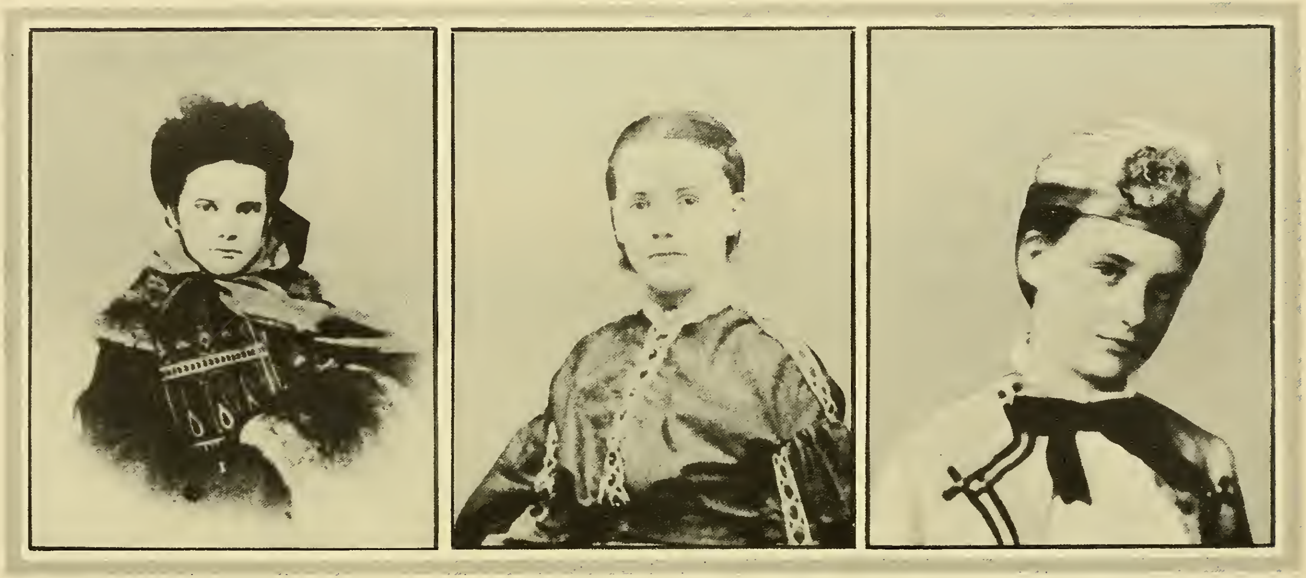
Allegheny City, June 12, 1851

Dear Sir:

I have just received a letter from Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co. stating that they have copy-righted a new song of mine ("Oh! boys, carry me 'long") but will not be able to issue it for some little time yet, owing to other engagements. This will give me time to send you the m.s. and allow you the privilege of singing it for at least two weeks, and probably a month before it is issued, or before any other band gets it (unless they catch it up from you). If you will send me 10$ immediately for this privilege I pledge myself, as a gentleman of the old school, to give you the m.s. I have written to F.P. & Co. not to publish till they hear from me again. This song is certain to become popular, as I have taken great pains with



New Orleans
From *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory and Disasters on the Western Waters*
(Cincinnati: James T. Lloyd & Co., 1856)



Stephen Foster's daughter Marion

it. If you accept my proposition I will make it a point to notify you hereafter when I have a new song and send you the m.s. on the same terms, reserving to myself in all cases the exclusive privilege of publishing. Thus it will become notorious that your band brings out all the new songs. You can state in the papers that the song was composed expressly for you. I make this proposition because I am sure of the song's popularity.

Very Respectfully Yours,

E. P. Christy Esq S. C. Foster.
New York

P.S. Please direct your answer to Allegheny City, Penna.

Mr. Christy lost no time in accepting Stephen's offer. The latter's next letter is dated June 20, 1851; in this, Stephen shows that, as a composer, he was very particular about the way his works were presented to the public, and was anxious that the mood that attended the writing of "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long" should be shared by the singer. Stephen wrote:

Your favor of the 12th inst., inclosing ten dollars for the first privilege of singing "Oh! boys, carry me 'long" is received. Accept my thanks. Herewith, I send you the m.s. according to agreement. I am not certain that you use a piano in your band; but I have arranged an accompaniment for that instrument at a venture. If you have a tenor voice in the company that can sing up to "g" with ease (which is probable) it will be better to sing the song in the key of "g." Thus you will not carry the bass voice quite so low. I hope that you will preserve the harmony in the chorus just as I have written it, and practise the song well before you bring it out. It is especially necessary that the person who sings the verses should know all the words perfectly, as the least hesitation in the singing will damn any song—but this you of course know as well as myself. Remember it should be sung in a pathetic, not a comic style. You will find the last three verses on another page of this letter. I regret that it is too late to have the name of your band on the title page, but I will endeavor to place it (alone) on future songs, and will cheerfully do anything else in my humble way to advance your interest.

Very Respectfully yours,

S. C. Foster.

E. P. Christy, Esq.

I have not as yet done anything at the "night funeral &c" but will probably make something out of it one of these days.

(So far, no evidence has appeared that Stephen ever produced his "night funeral" song; possibly he planned a melancholy companion piece to "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long.")

After the publication of "Old Folks at Home," the cordial feeling between Stephen and E. P. Christy appears to have become strained. For some reason, Stephen's publishers seemed to think that it was better for Stephen to build up a reputation as a writer of refined, sentimental white songs, than as a writer of Ethiopian melodies, though his compositions in the latter class were more popular and were superior to the other sort. Doubtless the publishers were influenced by the attitude of several "high-class" musical journals which had joined in a common disparagement of negro melodies. Stephen unthinkingly suggested to Christy that he allow his, Christy's, name to appear on the title page of "Old Folks at Home," as the composer. It was the last time that Stephen ever did anything so foolish. "Old Folks" was an instantaneous and overwhelming success and, as Stephen regretfully said, stared him "in the face with another's name on it." Regretting the injudicious transaction, Stephen wrote to Mr. Christy the following letter on May 25, 1852.

E. P. Christy, Esq.
Dear Sir:

As I once intimated to you, I had the intention of omitting my name on my Ethiopian songs, owing to the prejudice against them by some, which might injure my reputation as a writer of another style of music, but I find that by my efforts I have done a great deal to build up a taste for the Ethiopian songs among refined people by making the words suitable to their taste, instead of the trashy and really offensive words which belong to some songs of that order. Therefore I have concluded to reinstate my name on my songs and to pursue the Ethiopian business without fear or shame and lend all my energies to making the business *live,* at the same time that I will wish to establish my name as the best Ethiopian song-writer. But I am not encouraged in undertaking this so long as "The Old Folks at Home" stares me in the face with another's name on it. As it was at my own solicitation that you allowed your name to be placed on the song, I hope that the above reasons will be sufficient explanation for my desire to place my own name on it as author and composer, while at the same time I wish to leave the name of your band on the title page. This is a little matter of pride in myself which it will certainly be to your interest to encourage. On the receipt of your free consent to this proposition, I will if you wish, willingly refund you the money which you paid me on that song, though it may have been sent me for other considerations than the one in question, and I promise in addition to write you an opening chorus in my best style, free of charge, and in any other way in my power to advance your interests hereafter. I find I cannot write at all unless I write for public approbation and get credit for what I write. As we may probably have a good deal of business with each other in our lives, it is best to proceed on a sure basis of confidence and good understanding, therefore I hope you will appreciate an author's feelings in the case and deal with me with your usual fairness. Please answer immediately.

Very respectfully yours,
Stephen C. Foster.

The foregoing letter is reminiscent in many ways of the naive epistle Stephen sent as a boy to Brother William, explaining in detail why it was so necessary that he, Stephen, should leave Jefferson College. The letter to Christy reveals the same ingenuous and juvenile reasoning of the fifteen-year-old homesick Stephen. The fact that he was placing Mr. Christy in a very embarrassing position did not seem to occur to the composer of "Swanee River." Christy had been showered with praise every time he sang what was supposed to be his own beautiful song; he was now asked to turn about face and admit that he did not deserve this adulation, and that he had paid to have his name published as the author of another man's composition. When Morrison Foster wrote his *Biography of Stephen C. Foster,* he stated that Christy had paid Stephen five hundred dollars for the privilege of placing his name on the music as author. He must have received this information from Stephen. Morrison opposed this foolish piece of business from the start, for he saw no fault in Stephen's negro melodies, and felt Stephen should be proud to own them. In a letter written March 13, 1889, to Monroe Crannell, of Albany, New York, Morrison tells something about the matter:

> I was cognizant of all the facts at the time, of my brother's giving his consent to Christy's name appearing on the first edition of the Old Folks at Home, and sang the song at home many times before Christy ever saw it. I reasoned against giving the permission, but not succeeding, I prevailed on my brother to require Christy to sign the written disclaimer, which I drew up myself. Christy did so, and my brother then sent the manuscript to Firth Pond & Co. his publishers, and authorized them to print Christy's name on it.

Stephen's request that his own name be permitted to appear on subsequent editions of "Old Folks at Home" was refused, and on the back of Stephen's letter, Mr. Christy made note of his opinion of his friend, Stephen C. Foster, which was that Stephen was mean and contemptible, and a vacillating skunk and plagiarist!

Vacillating Stephen might have been, but the other most undeserved epithets seem to have been prompted by furious resentment rather than usual fairness on the part of Christy. Nevertheless, in spite of Christy's name on the title page, in a short time it became well known that Stephen was the true composer of this great plantation melody, and the next year, 1853, Firth, Pond & Company listed it amongst "Foster's Songs" in their advertisements. All his life, however, Stephen was compelled to see "Swanee River" sold over the music counters bearing the inscription "Written and Composed by E. P. Christy." Although all the royalties were paid to Stephen it was not until the copyright was renewed in 1879 by Morrison Foster for the benefit of Stephen's widow and daughter Marion, that full credit was given on the title page, and in the Copyright Office, to Stephen C. Foster as composer of this, one of his greatest songs.

The party that started for the South on February 20, 1852, aboard Dunning's steamboat, the *James Millingar,* was comprised of Jane, Stephen and probably baby Marion, Andy and Siss Robinson and little Johnny, Andy's mother and sister Mary Ann, Jessie Lightner, and Richard Cowan. They were joined in Cincinnati by

Louisa Walker and her two brothers. Writing about this trip, Morrison says:

> There was a good deal of musical ability in the party, and they made the trip pleasant, not only for themselves, but for the other passengers as well. On this voyage, Stephen observed a good many incidents of Southern life, which he afterwards utilized as points for poetical simile in songs. On the return trip, brother Dunning found it would be more profitable to reship his freight and passengers at Cincinnati and return from there to New Orleans. They were transferred to Capt. Charles W. Batchelor's magnificent new boat, the peerless Allegheny, and arrived in Pittsburgh on her. I had met them at Cincinnati, and we were so well treated on the Allegheny that everybody on the boat joined in a complimentary card of thanks to Captain Batchelor. In those days, the captains and other officers of the steamboats on the Western rivers regarded the passengers as their guests, and treated them accordingly. These officers necessarily had to be gentlemen, or otherwise they could not continue long in the trade.
>
> Wonderful men were those old-time river commanders. Combinations of shrewd business management, daring seamanship, physical courage, and manners fit for the most refined society. They are nearly all gone now. Before long, the landing bell will sound and the gang-plank be run out for the last of them to take his place "among the silent sleepers."

The captain of the "peerless Allegheny," Charles William Batchelor, himself describes the first trip of his boat and the card of thanks received from his passengers:*

> The Hibernia No. 2 made money quite fast, and during the year 1851 we built the Allegheny, and on the sixteenth day of March, 1852, after having sold the Hibernia No. 2 to Capt. Price, to go to the Illinois river, I transferred my crew to the Allegheny. She was a fine, fast boat. I here give a card from the passengers on the first trip, which speaks for itself.
>
> "A CARD.
>
> "We, the undersigned, passengers on board the steamer Allegheny on her first trip from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh, take great pleasure in offering our congratulations to Capt. Batchelor and the officers in the various

---

*Capt. Charles William Batchelor, *Incidents in My Life,* Pittsburgh, Joseph Eichbaum & Co., 1887.

departments on their accession to the command and management of so splendid a vessel. From the speed she has maintained thus far, notwithstanding the various detentions which have been experienced, we feel assured that the Allegheny will shortly be acknowledged one of the best and fastest boats among the magnificent ones which form the line between the two ports. Her apartments are all excellent, and have been made with great taste and judgment, being calculated to give the greatest amount of comfort to those who may take passage on her. With the means and appliances thus secured in her construction, and with the staff of officers combining the characteristics of efficiency and courtesy, this noble steamer cannot fail to be a first favorite with the traveling community. For ourselves, we have not only been pleased but highly gratified with the accommodations and attentions we have received, and most heartily wish Capt. Batchelor and his officers a long and prosperous connection with this magnificent vessel."

Included among the signatures on the card are those of four Pittsburghers—Stephen C. Foster, Morrison Foster, A. L. Robinson and Richard Cowan.

In recent years, there has been some controversy regarding the date of Stephen Foster's visit to "Federal Hill," the beautiful old estate of the Rowan family, which has been maintained since 1922 by the state of Kentucky as a public shrine known as the "Old Kentucky Home." In the absence of definite documentary proof, various writers even have contended that Stephen never visited Bardstown. But they offer no evidence, beyond their own skepticism, that he did not visit there; this is hardly sufficient to refute the statements of persons who actually knew Stephen C. Foster, and who state that he did visit Bardstown. In 1900, his brother Morrison replied to an inquiry asking him if Stephen had been a "protege" of Judge Rowan's by stating, "He was not a protege of Judge Rowan, but only an occasional visitor at Federal Hill. Judge Rowan was his father's cousin." In the *Pittsburgh Press* for September 12, 1900, Mrs. Andrew L. Robinson (Siss Pentland), who was a member of the party that went south on Dunning's boat, the *James Millingar,* in February, 1852, states that Stephen visited Bardstown on this trip. In an article on Stephen Foster in the Louisville *Journal,* June

18, 1893, Will S. Hays, a composer and journalist of Louisville, who personally knew both Stephen and Morrison, includes this paragraph:

> The words and music of "My Old Kentucky Home" appeal alike in tender sympathy to the human heart. Whenever it is sung or played it never fails to call forth such appreciation and applause, as few songs or melodies can do. There are thousands upon thousands in this country who never fail to recognize the plaintive touching melody, while scarcely hundreds of the thousands know the words. When or under what circumstances the famous song was written few, if any but the author, ever knew, but it is supposed he wrote the song in Cincinnati. . . . , just after having visited his relative, Judge Rowan, who lived two miles from Bardstown, and that Foster evidently meant Judge Rowan's residence, known as "Federal Hill," for "My Old Kentucky Home," for it was really the only "Old Kentucky Home" Foster ever had, and he loved it.

The late Young E. Allison, of Louisville, reported an interview he had with an elderly architect of Bardstown, E. Baker Smith, who was born in 1831. One evening in the summer of 1919, Mr. Young asked Mr. Smith about the Bardstown of 1852 and the visit of Stephen C. Foster.

> "I, myself, never saw Foster," he answered simply. "I was then just a very busy boy, but I knew he was at the Rowans'. He was the great popular song writer of the day. We all knew he was here. I know nothing of its [My Old Kentucky Home] writing except the story told at the time that there was a young lady of sweet voice visiting there in the house party; that Foster had written a song of Federal Hill and, at a dance given there the night before, the young lady sang the song for the first time it was heard in public, under Foster's coaching and with Foster playing the accompaniment. No, I do not recall her name. She was a stranger here."*

In addition to the statements of the three who personally were acquainted with Stephen Foster and were in a position to know of many places he visited and the recollections of E. Baker Smith, of Bardstown, there also is the tradition that always has persisted

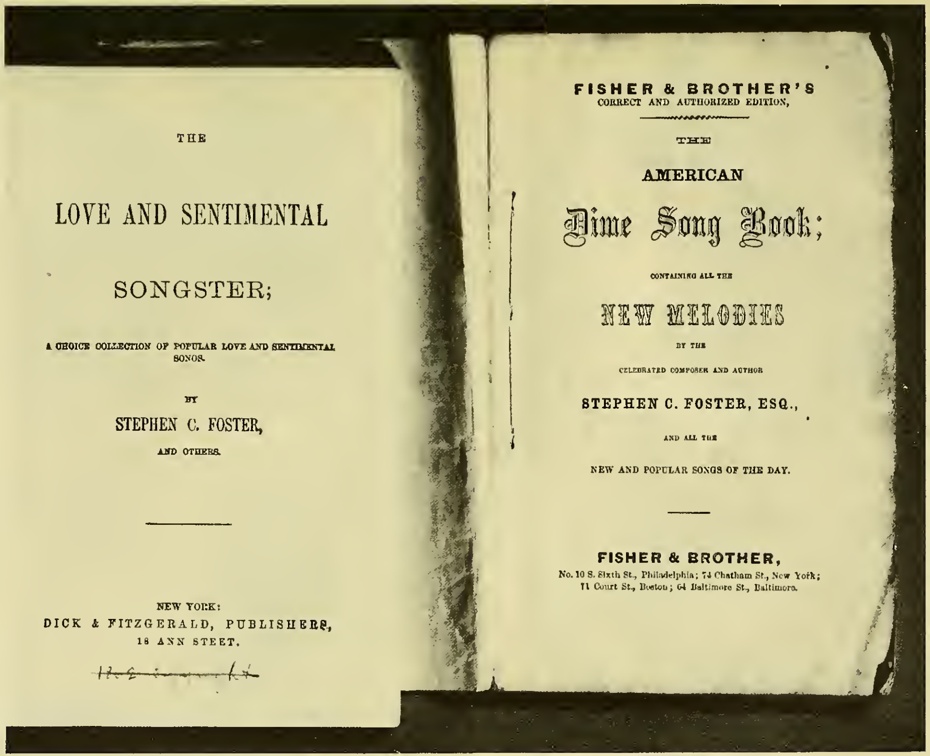
*Young E. Allison, *The Old Kentucky Home, Its Song and the Story,* published under the auspices of My Old Kentucky Home Commission, Bardstown, Kentucky, 1923.

in the Rowan family that Stephen Foster visited "Federal Hill." While there is no documentary evidence fixing the date of his visit, all the testimony seems to point to the fact that Stephen undoubtedly was an occasional guest of the Rowans at "Federal Hill," just as were Ann Eliza, Charlotte, William, Morrison, and William B. Foster, Sr. In later days, Morrison Foster and his family, including the writer, spent a delightful day at "Federal Hill" in the spring of 1895 or 1896; at any rate, I was old enough to remember some pleasant ladies and the sweet smell of honey locusts.

Even though founded mostly on tradition, and lacking definite exact-day evidence, the shrine maintained at Bardstown by the state of Kentucky is a valuable historical homestead. In the beautiful Rowan mansion, Kentucky has preserved for the present generation a bright picture of the glamourous old South and has honored the memory of a "sad, sweet singer" and his song.

The well-preserved Ambler square piano of ante-bellum days that now graces the drawing room of "Federal Hill" was the gift of Maude Rowan Starr, the last daughter of "young John" Rowan.This beautiful old mahogany instrument, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is not the original Rowan piano on which Charlotte Foster played while she sang "Go, My Love," and "Come Rest in This Bosom" to "handsome Cousin John," and "Cousin Hill" Rowan in 1828. Mrs. Starr's gift was originally owned by Mrs. Emma Roser Scott, whose grandfather, a wealthy Kentucky gentleman, bought it for his little daughter, Mrs. Scott's mother, in the 1830's. This piano was procured for "Federal Hill" through the efforts of Lorena Callahan, of Louisville, and Young E. Allison. Under the direction of Mrs. Starr, the splendid instrument was placed on the exact spot where the original piano belonging to the Rowan family always had stood.

Judge John Rowan died July 18, 1843, and in 1852, "young John," who once loved Stephen Foster's sister, was master of "Federal Hill." Charlotte Foster's other devoted friends, Josephine and Atkinson Hill Rowan, died before their father who in his will asked that he be interred beside them. In 1852, when Stephen is said to have visited "Federal Hill," John Rowan, Jr., was abroad, having been appointed minister to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; but it is not likely that the great house in Bardstown was closed, for the



THE

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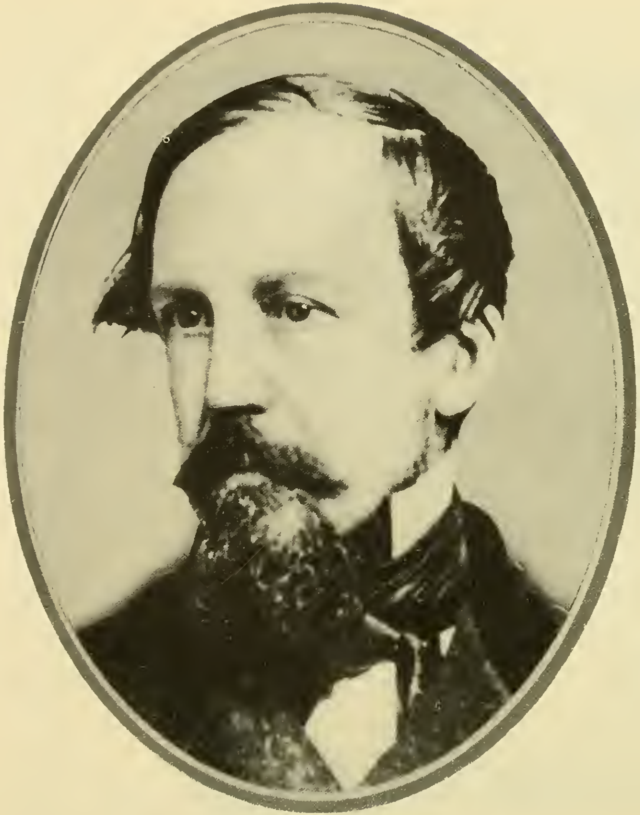
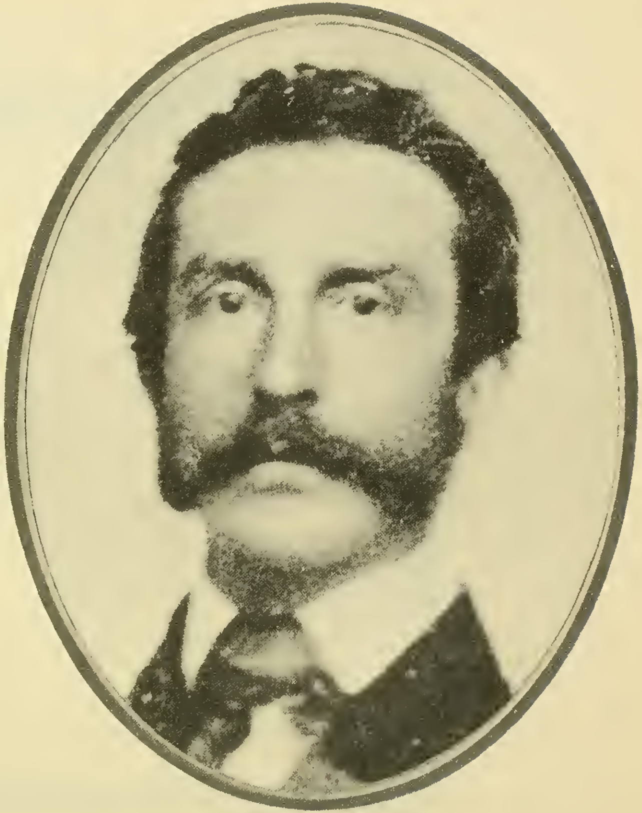
Songsters of the middle 1800's



Henry Baldwin Foster



Morrison Foster, 1849

Rowan family included several grandchildren of the old Judge, and their families, and there was a large retinue of servants for which to provide.

The following is quoted from Young E. Allison:

> In 1852, the Louisville turnpike came in [to Bardstown], gray with limestone from the North, took its way through the main street and issued out to Springfield on the East. Dustily from the town it descended the sharp declivity between palisades of coral or limestone to the picturesque little winding creek that flows to Beech Fork river and, crossing the bridge, proceeded over a wide, beautiful horseshoe curve to mount the gentle hills on the other side. This narrow road has been traveled by much history in the making. That way passed Louis Philippe before he was the French king, and Lafayette, and many native statesmen of the early days of the Republic. . . .
>
> Just as the road reaches the crest of the hill and Bardstown vanishes from view the traveler comes on the right hand to an estate perched upon the edge of a widespreading table land. It is famous in Kentucky annals as Federal Hill. When you enter the gate you are on ground sacred in private and public history. The large dark, grey, formal yet hospitable looking old mansion that crowns the eminence and seems to brood over the old turnpike is the Holy Grail of that estate. In winter the pile is gloomy looking amid the naked trees. In summer it is transformed into a cool retreat upon a gentle green swell embowered in thick foliage. Tragedy, romance, every glamor of youthful imagination, have all been housed here. In these walls the ghosts of a crowded past crowd upon each other. The whispers of old, old events linger in the great rooms and in the almost feudal hall. One who knows the spirit of this house can almost hold converse in it with a dead past that seems still to live.

A careful reading of the verses of Stephen's plaintive song will show that the "Old Kentucky Home" which he is describing is a slave cabin rather than the "Big House." "My lady" is the lady of the little cabin, not the lady of the manor. If Stephen had been writing directly of the beautiful Rowan mansion house, it would have been in decidedly bad taste for him to refer so pointedly to the "hard times" that were soon to come knocking at their door, and hardly a polite return for their hospitality to himself, and the members of his family who had visited there before him. In 1852, the

Rowans were secure in position, wealthy, and influential. There wasn't a sign of hard times approaching them.

The first draft of this song in Stephen's original manuscript book is "Poor Uncle Tom, Good Night," not "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night." While the verses are practically the same in words and rhythm, the chorus is entirely different:

Oh Good night, good night, good night,
Poor Uncle Tom,
Grieve not for your Old Kentucky home
You'r bound for a better land
Old Uncle Tom.

This first draft of the song indicates that Stephen must have been influenced by Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* which was published in 1851-52, and roused the people of the North to a fever height of indignation at the institution of slavery in the United States. I do not think there can be any question that Mrs. Stowe's pathetic story made a deep impression on the susceptible Stephen, and suggested to him a plantation melody dealing with the same theme. For several years, Stephen had been closely associated with his young literary neighbor, Charles P. Shiras, who later became an active worker in the abolition cause. Stephen had no ability as a crusader, he was influenced mainly by individual sorrows, and the sad story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* must have touched him deeply. He hardly could have happened by accident on the name "Uncle Tom" as the subject of his song, when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a burning issue of the day, North and South, and undoubtedly was a frequent subject of discussion in Stephen's own family circle. Before appearing in book form in 1852, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared as a serial in 1851 in the *National Era,* a strong abolitionist paper published in Washington, D.C., by Gamaliel Bailey. One of the most pathetic parts of the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the account of the sending of Tom to the slave market after the death of his "ever-kind" master, Augustine St. Clare, by St. Clare's heartless widow, Marie, even though she knew that before his death her husband had promised poor Tom his freedom. Tom was sold to Simon Legree, and the opening paragraph of Chapter XXXI furnishes what is, in my opinion, a definite clue that "My Old Kentucky Home" was inspired by Mrs. Stowe's novel. (The italics are mine.)

> On the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sight,—moon and star; all had passed by him, as the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. *Kentucky home,* with wife and children, and indulgent owners: St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendors; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless, yet ever-kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure,—all gone! and in place thereof, what remains?

Stephen in all probability started work on his song, using "Poor Uncle Tom" as the theme, before starting south on the *James Millingar,* and changed the title to "My Old Kentucky Home" either during his visit to Kentucky or after he returned home to Allegheny. After the appearance of Mrs. Stowe's famous book, the music market was pretty well flooded with songs having "Uncle Tom" as their theme. There were "Poor Toms" and "Poor Old Toms" in great numbers. It is quite likely that this was one of the reasons why Stephen changed the subject of his song to "My Old Kentucky Home." And it was well—none of the "Poor Tom" songs has survived, but "My Old Kentucky Home" instantly appealed to the hearts of the American people, and their love for it has never diminished.

One frequently encounters the story that Stephen Foster wrote his immortal ballad seated at the beautiful old desk now displayed in the hall of the Foster shrine at Bardstown, Kentucky. If Stephen had composed "My Old Kentucky Home" at "Federal Hill," this desk would have been the logical place for him to sit while so doing, but the facts are that Stephen C. Foster did *not* compose "My Old Kentucky Home" at this beautiful old desk. Stephen wrote his famous Kentucky song at home in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and as proof of that we must consider the following statements made by his brother, Morrison Foster, in a letter dated February 14, 1886, addressed to S. Reed Johnston, of Pittsburgh. This letter was sent Mr. Johnston to refute claims made by a Chicago newspaperman that Charles P. Shiras, not Stephen, wrote the words to many of Stephen's most popular songs. Unintentionally, Morrison also refuted present-day claims being made that Stephen Foster composed "Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home" in the states of Florida and Kentucky respectively.

Allegheny City February 14 1886

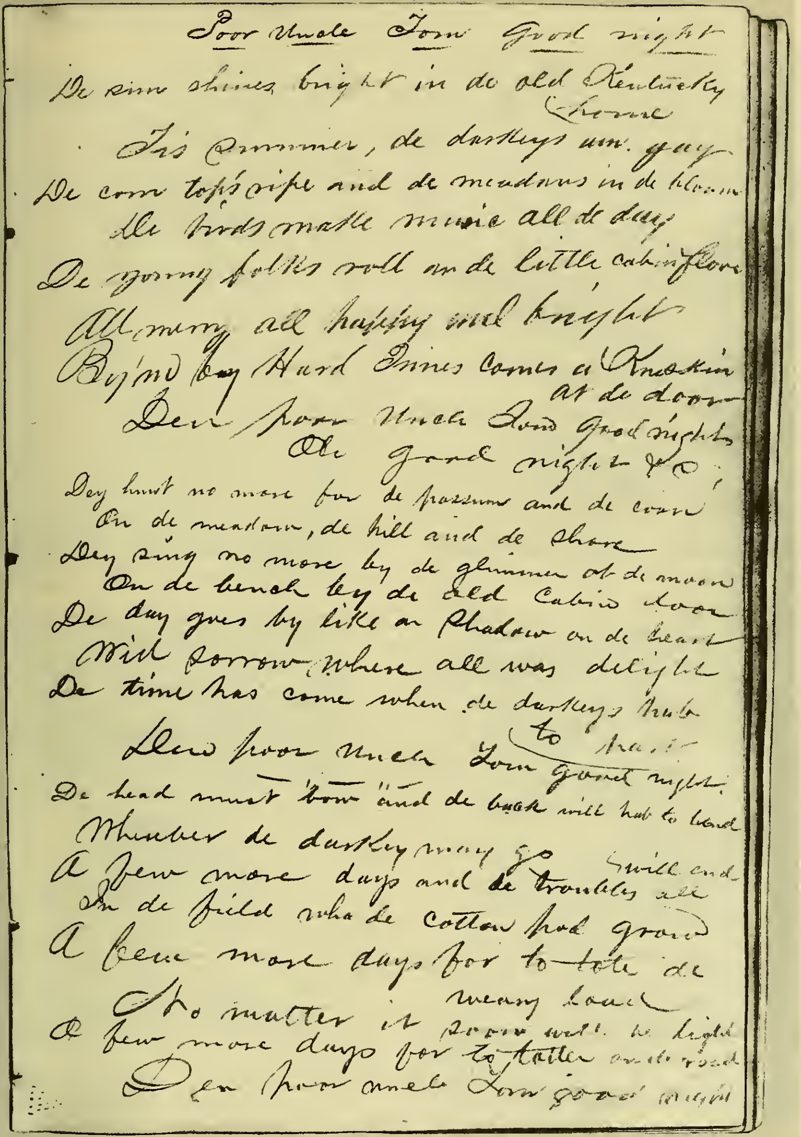
My dear Sir

I thank you for your favor of 12th inclosing a newspaper article cut from the Rochester Pa Herald originally published in the Chicago News.

The author of the article evidently knows nothing personally about what he writes. My brother Stephen C. Foster and myself, being nearly of the same age were intimately associated together from infancy until the time of his decease, excepting during two years he spent in Cincinnati 1846 to 1848 keeping books for our older Brother Dunning M Foster; and the last four years of his life 1860 to 1864 which he passed in New York.

*I had personal cognizance of every song he ever wrote, at home. I mean in Allegheny County;* His regular practice was to compose the music first, and then write the words afterwards, to suit the music. In writing the words his practice was to write a verse or two at a time, submitting them to me verse by verse for my opinion or to his mother, who possessed a fine poetic fancy. At rare intervals he wrote music to the words of others, but he always prefered to write his own words in order to harmonize them with the previously written music. Charles P. Shiras was an intimate friend of ours. We all esteemed him highly and admired his genius. He and his mother lived on Hemlock St. Allegheny City in a two story brick house which stood out flush with the sidewalk and the house I suppose still stands there. They did not live in Pittsburgh during my recollection. Shiras' style of poetry was too heavy and sombre for Stephen's muse. The only words of Shiras published to which Stephen ever wrote music were a song called "Annie my own love." It was published about a year before Shiras' death and Shiras' name is printed on the title page as the author of the words. Shiras had half the royalty on this song but it did not have a very large sale.

It was a subject of regret with Stephen as well as myself that Shiras (notwithstanding his undoubted genius) could not write suitable words for Stephens music. Stephen would cheerfully have given publicity to them through his music for the purpose of aiding Shiras, who (though



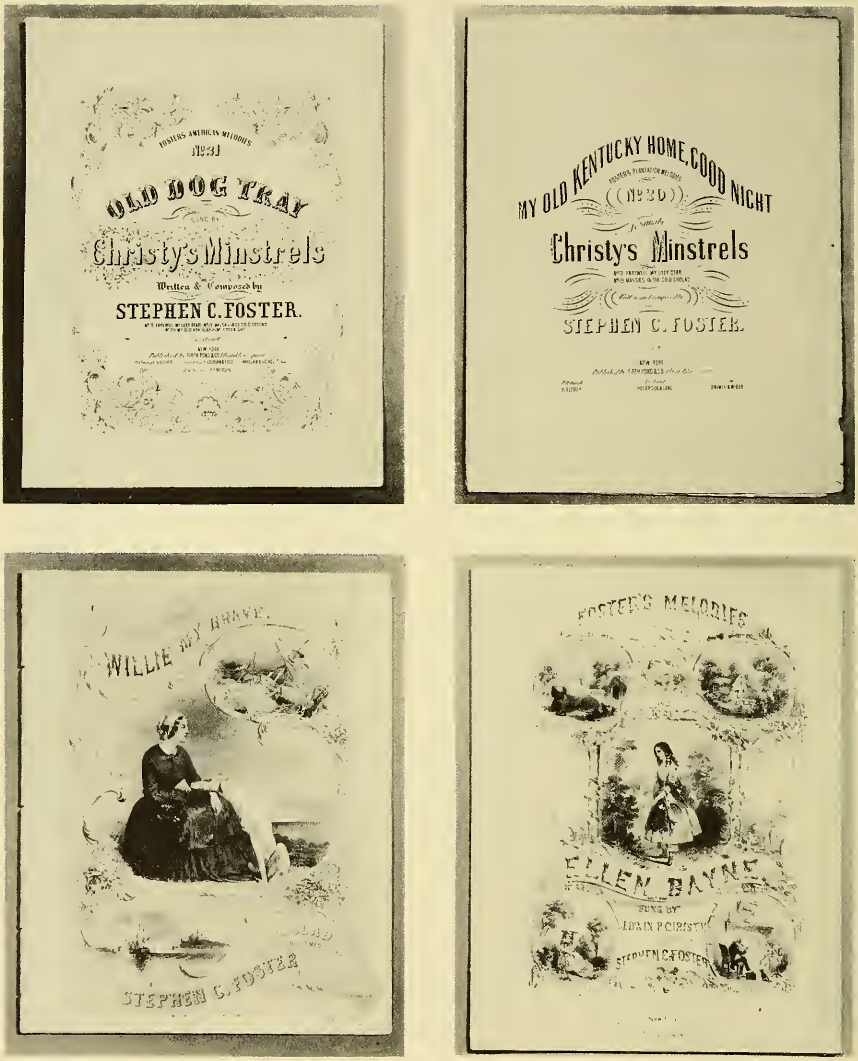
Poor Uncle Tom Good night

De sun shines bright in de old Kentucky home
'Tis summer, de darkeys are gay
De corn top's ripe and de meadows in de bloom
While de birds make music all de day
De young folks roll on de little cabin floor
All merry all happy and bright
By'm by Hard Times comes a knockin at de door
Den poor Uncle Tom good night
Oh good night &c.

Dey hunt no more for de possum and de coon
On de meadow, de hill and de shore
Dey sing no more by de glimmer of de moon
On de bench by de old Cabin door
De day goes by like a shadow on de heart
Wid sorrow where all was delight
De time has come when de darkeys have to part
Den poor Uncle Tom good night.

De head must bow and de back will hab to bend
Wherever de darkey may go
A few more days and de troubles all will end
In de field wha de cotton hab grow
A few more days for to tote de weary load
No matter it soon will be light
A few more days for to totter on de road
Den poor uncle Tom good night

First draft of "My Old Kentucky Home" from Stephen Foster's original manuscript book, Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh



FOSTERS AMERICAN MELODIES
No. 31

OLD DOG TRAY
SUNG BY
Christy's Minstrels
Written & Composed by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

NEW YORK

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT
FOSTER'S PLANTATION MELODIES
No. 30
Christy's Minstrels
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

NEW YORK

---

WILLIE MY BRAVE.
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

---

FOSTER'S MELODIES
ELLEN BAYNE
SUNG BY
EDWIN P. CHRISTY
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Early editions of Foster songs

possessing some little unremunerative real estate) was dependant entirely upon his literary labours for his support and needed money.

I never heard of John Hull, and I dont think such a person (as a friend of my brother) ever existed. If he did I should have heard of him.

The incident about Stephen's buying a piano for 100$ and placing it in Mrs. Shiras back parlor, is all a myth. There was no piano in Mrs. Shiras' house. Stephen had his own piano at home which he bought from H Kleber & Bro and on it he practiced and composed. Besides he needed no one to sing for him. He had a beautiful though not robustious baritone voice. No one could sing his own songs so well and with such pathetic tenderness as he, and his rendering of them would bring tears to listeners eyes. For the practicing and perfecting of his choruses he depended upon Susan Pentland now Mrs. Andrew L. Robinson, Jessie Lightner my late beloved wife, on Mrs. Julia Mitchell, and myself.

Uncle Ned he wrote in 1845 and afterwards gave it, along with Oh Susanna, to W. C. Peters music publisher of Cincinnati for nothing. Peters had formerly been a music teacher in our family, at Pittsburgh, and was therefore regarded by my brother as an old friend.

*Of the other songs mentioned in the article (Old folks at home and others) I personally and distinctly remember the writing of the words of all of them by Stephen.* "Gentle Annie" "Hard times Come again no more" *"My old Kentucky Home"* "Willie we have missed you," "Come where my love lies dreaming" and most of Stephen's best songs were written after Charles Shiras' death. Stephen survived him for many years and wrote words and music for over one hundred and fifty songs.

Very truly yours,
Morrison Foster

S. Reed Johnston Esq

[P.S.] In our family, we all regarded Stephen's poetic genious as very great, before he acquired fame as a music composer.

M.F.

The italicized portions of the second paragraph of the above letter, and the last, show that "My Old Kentucky Home" undoubtedly was written at home, in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

All of Stephen's melancholy negro songs reveal that he was decidedly fatalistic about the institution of slavery. He seemed to regard it as an intolerable burden under which the black race stumbled helplessly and hopelessly. With a kind master, he pictured them carefree and happy enough, but he seemed to glimpse no freedom ahead for them in this world. The first verse of "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long" voices the negro's patient longing.

Oh! carry me 'long;
  Dere's no more trouble for me;
I's gwine to roam in a happy home
  Where all de niggas am free.

To be free! The *ultima Thule* of those weary enslaved people—the spirit embodied in Stephen Foster's songs!

Stephen's first idea of the song, "Poor Uncle Tom," is written in dialect, but "My Old Kentucky Home" contains no dialect. It is as though Stephen came to realize the dignity and beauty of his poetry, and rewrote it in noble words.

If "My Old Kentucky Home" means anything in regard to "Federal Hill," it does indicate that Stephen saw there slavery at its best—but he also saw loving families whose bright sunshine was continually being dimmed by the menace of the auction block. The whole song is distinctly melancholy; hopeless despair is expressed in every line, yet, it does not depress, but somehow exalts the singer.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
  With sorrow where all was delight.

The last verse seems to express the futility of aspiration, and the slave's resigned, but not blind, acceptance of his fate.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
  Wherever the darkey may go,
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
  In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
  No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
  Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

What part had Stephen's compassionate songs, that swept the country as completely as *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* in the final emancipation of the slaves!

We know from "Nelly was a Lady" that Stephen did not hesitate to apply the word *lady* where he felt it belonged, whether the subject was white or black. "Weep no more, my lady" is as appropriate in the humblest cabin as in the imposing mansion of the master. The tender phrase is meant to comfort a loved member of the family—a wife, mother, or sweetheart. Moreover, the appeal of "My Old Kentucky Home" ever has been to all races and classes, and this is proved by the fact that anyone who calls Kentucky or Pennsylvania or Virginia or any other dearly-remembered place home, applies Stephen's words to his own hearthstone and his own lady.

One prominent radio broadcaster, giving a Stephen Foster program from Bardstown, Kentucky, not long ago, told his admiring listeners that he understood that documents existed that showed that Stephen and Jane had gone on their honeymoon to some other place, not Bardstown. "But," said our radio speaker, "I like to think that Stephen came here to 'Federal Hill' on his wedding journey with 'Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair'—I like to think that here in this beautiful old hallway, Stephen Foster penned the words of that immortal ballad 'My Old Kentucky Home'—I like to think that when Stephen Foster wrote 'Weep no more, my lady,' the lady he meant was the mistress of this beautiful, romantic old Southern mansion, and Stephen dedicated his song to her." In other words, our broadcaster said, "I like my own imaginary Stephen Foster much better than the real composer of 'My Old Kentucky Home'—I consider my own idea of where Stephen and Jane went on their honeymoon much better than the place that Stephen Foster, in his own handwriting, said that they went—I like my own inventions of Stephen Foster's life much better than the life that Stephen Foster really lived."

Had Stephen C. Foster been able to look forward, as he worked on his famous song in the "third-floor back" in Allegheny, testing out the sound of the line "My Old Kentucky Home," while he encircled the four words with penciled flourishes, could he have seen the legislature of the state of Kentucky in serious assembly listening to the reading of a paper that was on that day, February 8, 1934, to be signed by Governor Ruby Laffoon, he would have laughed away the scene as the wild, preposterous vision of an overactive imagination. The document expresses in superlative degree the esteem, affection, and gratitude felt by the state of Kentucky towards an unassuming young song writer of 1853 for the honor he had conferred on their great commonwealth by his masterpiece, "My Old Kentucky Home."

### HOUSE RESOLUTION 28

> Concurrent Resolution Directing the Governor to proclaim January thirty-first of each year "Stephen Collins Foster Memorial Day" for the observance and commemoration of the distinguished service which he rendered this Commonwealth in the writing of its official song "My Old Kentucky Home" and *Whereas,* the thirty-first of January One thousand eight hundred and fifty three A. D. is the date of copyright and first published issue of this musical composition now accredited to be America's greatest song of the home, the heart and the fireside; and *Whereas* by ageing tradition and common consent this great song which is known and loved by every American, has been translated into many foreign languages, and has been sung in many lands and climes throughout the world is closely associated with "Federal Hill"—the Old Kentucky Home State Park—near Bardstown, Kentucky; and *Whereas* it is fitting that the recurring anniversary of the day of issuance of this great song which has immortalized Kentucky throughout the Civilized world should be commemorated with suitable public and private musical exercises in recognition of the lasting gifts of creative genius; now therefore, *Be it resolved* by General Assembly of the State of Kentucky; That the Governor of the State of Kentucky is authorized and directed to issue annually a proclamation calling upon all officials of the Government and all citizens of the Commonwealth to take cognizance of January thirty-first each year as "Stephen Collins Foster Memorial Day" and to observe this day in the schools, churches and other suitable places with ap-

propriate historical and memorial ceremonies in commemoration of the Commonwealth's deathless song "My Old Kentucky Home."

W. E. Rogers
*Speaker of the House of Representatives*
A. B. Chandler
*President of the Senate*

2/8/34
Approved
Ruby Laffoon, Governor of Kentucky

And a little over a year after this resolution was passed in the great commonwealth of Kentucky, another southern state proclaimed a song by Stephen Foster its state song. On May 28, 1935, a bill sponsored by S. P. Robineau, member of the legislature from Miami, Dade County, Florida, was approved which read as follows:

> *Be it Resolved by the House of Representatives of the State of Florida, the Senate Concurring:*
>
> That, from and after the adoption of this amendment, the official song of the State of Florida, to be sung in the schools and at all other public or official gatherings, shall be *The Swanee River (Old Folks at Home)* written by Stephen Foster and entered according to an Act of Congress by Firth, Pond & Co., in 1851, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

Furthermore, the state road department of Florida has constructed five bridges across the Suwannee River (as it is officially spelled in Florida) in the order given below:

a. On State Road 2, U.S. 41, at White Springs
b. On State Road 1, U.S. 90, at Ellaville
c. On State Road 50, at Suwannee Springs
d. On State Road 5-A at Branford
e. On State Road 19, U.S. 19, near Oldtown

Each of these bridges bears at either end a plate carrying the words:

"Way Down Upon the Suwannee River"—Stephen Foster.

Not stirring orations, not fervid, rousing appeals to patriotism—

just two simple melodies—one so inconsequential to its composer that he almost threw it away; yet for almost a century these songs have helped to hold up the foundations of the Union. They are of those unfathomable things that make America dear to Americans. Most fittingly this has been expressed by Arthur Dunham of Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan, "Foster's melodies are our heritage and are as much a part of our background as the Gettysburg Address, pioneer blood, and the Star Spangled Banner!"

Stephen's songs frequently were built around a brief, poetic phrase which caught his fancy. He would jot it down while it was fresh in his mind, intending to return to it at his leisure, and build a song around it. Some of these melodic phrases he immediately destroyed in disgust as soon as they were written out. Mary Wick once asked him, "Uncle Steve, why do you trouble to write down those tunes if you think they're so ugly?" "Because it's the only way I can get them out of my head, and make room for something better, Siss," he replied.

Sometimes he was struck with a good closing line and set it down before he had any idea of how to start the song. One of these "last lines" in his notebook is reproduced opposite page 275. It contains possibilities for a very good song. If only he had finished it!

Other pages show that he concocted all sorts of patter for the minstrel shows in which his songs were sung. This African nonsense is reminiscent of jingles all of us have learned in childhood, which seemed to spring from the air, authorless. We little dreamed that some grave and reverend minstrel had seriously concocted them once on a time in a hot dressing room with the sweat pouring through the burnt cork on his weary face. Here is one of Stephen's masterpieces—possibly it had a tune that never was written down.

Massa hab
  A woolly dog,
Ketch a weasel
  In a bog.
Bite him in
  De marrow-bone
Better leabe
  De dog alone.

Another of Stephen Foster's bits of minstrel dialogue is written in this way:

Massa hab
A surly eye,

Make you laugh
Make you cry.

Make you laugh,
Make you cry
Tell you nigga
By and by.

Keep away
De ugly eye,
Make me sick,
Make me die.

In 1851, after the publication of "Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long," Stephen produced "My Hopes Have Departed Forever," "Laura Lee," "Old Folks at Home," a translation of Franz Abt's "In the Eye Abides the Heart" with the melody arranged by Henry Kleber, "Eulalie," "Farewell, My Lilly Dear," and "Willie, My Brave" which was dedicated to Mrs. A. L. Robinson. If the first title sounds familiar, perhaps the reader will remember that back in 1836, Henrietta wrote to William that she had just learned a "beautiful new song" entitled "My Hopes Have Departed Forever." The original version of this song, according to the researches of Elliott Shapiro, of New York City, was published in 1822 or 1823 by John Cole of Baltimore, under the title "The Winds of the Winter Are Over," with words by the "American Bard, Percival" (James Gates Percival), and "adapted to a much-admired Irish Melody" which turns out to be "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," the same air which Sir Thomas Moore set to his verses, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me." Whether Stephen's publication is set to an air of his own, or a new arrangement of the song which Henrietta mentioned, is not known. In his own bound volume of songs, preserved by his daughter Marion and now in the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh, Stephen has written on the title page of this song, "Arranged by S. C. Foster." Firth, Pond, the publisher, states that it is "Written and Composed by a Lady." Evidently, Stephen did not care publicly to acknowledge himself even as the arranger. It is an exceedingly maudlin old song. It is strange to think that the author of these words, James Gates Percival, was a soldier, and a brave one, who lost his life on an exploring expedition in Wisconsin in 1857. So far, no edition contemporary to Henrietta's letter of 1836 has come to light. In 1836, Stephen's lighthearted young sister pronounced "My Hopes Have Departed Forever" "beautiful," probably because it is so sad and dreary; it is a well-established fact that happy young folks greatly relish singing songs of anguish and hopeless love. The first and best verse of Percival's original version is:

The winds of the winter are over,
  The flow'rs and the green leaves return;
The meadow is mantled in clover
  The hillock is scented with fern;

The Bluebirds are flitting and singing
  Their love notes on thicket and tree,
But the flow'rs and the sweet birds are bringing
  No spring and no beauty to me.

The second verse is used as the first in Henrietta's 1836 edition, and also in Stephen's 1851 edition.

My hopes have departed forever,
  My vision of true love is o'er;
My heart shall awaken—ah! never,
  There's joy for my bosom no more.
The roses that crowned me are blighted,
  The garland I cherished is dead,
The faith once confidingly plighted
  Is broke, and my loved one has fled.

Stephen makes a few slight changes in the words from the early edition, but the meaning is the same.

A typographical error in the last stanza of the Firth, Pond 1851 edition adds a touch of the ludicrous to the general gloom:

He came, but another had rifled
 His heart of the love once my own,
I grieved, but my anguish was stifled,
 And *shrang* from his cold formal tone.
The sun is now sinking in billows,
 That roll in the far distant west,
But morning will shine through the willows,
 And find me forever at rest.

Stephen's version is an improvement over Percival's original verse, which reads:

He came—but another had rifled
 The troth he had promis'd to me;
I look'd on, and my agony stifled,
 Tho' it burn'd like the sting of a bee!

Evidently, when Stephen rearranged the song, he decided the poor lady had had enough grief without being stung by bees!

We learn from Dick Cowan that Stephen's duet, "Wilt Thou Be Gone, Love?" a melodious setting of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet,* was a favorite number on the steamboat trip to New Orleans. This is one of Stephen Foster's compositions which I believe deserves a great deal more appreciation than it has received. The closing measures, with a harmonious modulation of chords from E flat to B natural, have been incorporated, probably accidentally, in a modern popular song that has been highly successful, "Just a Memory." Jessie Lightner and Siss Robinson were the star performers of Stephen's charming duet. Dick states that as they approached the warmer latitudes, the passengers from the North watched with interest the preparations for spring planting in progress on the plantations. The smell of burning brush drifted over the water from the fires gleaming in the evening along the river banks. The distant song of the negro workers blended in pleasantly with the puff of the smokestacks and the churning of the paddle wheel, as the *James Millingar* steamed along. The gleam of the rolling river, the good-looking and agreeable young captain, Dunning M. Foster (still a bachelor, and seemingly satisfied to remain one), the music, the charming girls, and the enchanting spell of the old South, remained a treasured memory to more than one who traveled in that happy company.

Some funny things happened, too. Stephen was an inveterate smoker. In those days, an habitual smoker was considered the victim of a very bad if not vicious habit. Prayers were said for him by his genteel female friends. Perhaps you remember those good old Sunday-school verses beginning,

"I will not use tobacco, No!
It is a filthy weed!
I will not put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

With his susceptible throat and lungs, Stephen would have been better without it, too. One evening on the boat, according to Siss Robinson, he found himself so filled up with tobacco fumes and river fog that he suffered a coughing spell that almost choked him to death. Mrs. Robinson had with her a large, homely Irishwoman as nurse for baby Johnny. She was so rawboned and masculine looking that Stephen swore she was a man in woman's clothing. That evening, however, she rose to Stephen's emergency like a true womanly woman and dashed down to the steamboat kitchen, from whence she returned with a large kettle of boiling potatoes which she thrust under Stephen's nose, and made him inhale the steam until he could breathe again. Ever after that, Stephen and the goodhearted colleen were firm friends.

They were absent on their river trip just one month. At Cincinnati, Morrison joined the party. The journey back to Pittsburgh on the steamboat *Allegheny* with the cheerful Pittsburghers was a welcome diversion. Mit was worried not only about his father's condition, but his mother's failing strength. The three brothers held a conference in Cincinnati about domestic affairs before Dunning started his boat to New Orleans. Stephen promised to board at home, as Jane seemed to be happy there, and he and Morrison could arrange that one of them would be in the house with Ma nearly all the time.

The steamboat party returned to Pittsburgh on March 21, in time to attend the wedding of Julia Murray to John V. LeMoyne on March 28, 1852. Whatever Morrison's feelings were, he hid them bravely under a new brown beaver, and presented a smiling face to the lucky suitor and his lovely bride. Perhaps he was very glad that he had to start out on another trip again in June; he went down the river as far as St. Louis on the *Magnolia,* the *Fashion,* and the *Lady Franklin.* This time, Cust Blair was with him, and their interests were nails and wire fencing. Mit's return trip was made by way of Rock Island, Chicago, and Cleveland. He reached home on July 17, and six weeks later left suddenly for Louisville; this time on a mission that revived again for William and Eliza Foster the bitter loss they had experienced twenty-three years before. On August 25, cousin George Barclay directed the following letter to Morrison.

Louisville, Ky. August 25, 1852

Dear Morison,

Mr. Gwathmy, a relation of the Bullitt family, called on me yesterday to say that the remains of those persons who were buried in the Bullitt graveyard were all being removed, and that the ground would be appropriated for building on it dwelling houses, in a very short time. As your dear Sister's remains are there, you had better come to Louisville as soon as you get this note, that they may be removed and deposited in some suitable resting place. To our relations in Pittsburgh, present my very kind regards, and expecting the pleasure of seeing you shortly in Louisville, remain your Friend and Cousin,

G. W. Barclay.

Morrison left home on August 31 on the steamboat *Aleonia,* changed at Cincinnati to the *G. W. Sparhawk* and reached Louisville on Sunday, September 5. Monday he spent making arrangements, and on Tuesday he went out to the Bullitt Cemetery, accompanied by Mrs. Cuthbert Bullitt and Dr. Wilson, who pointed out the grave, and had the "remains of Sister Charlotte carefully lifted by Mr. Ross." Morrison and Dunning were back in Pittsburgh on September 10 with all that was mortal of pretty Charlotte. Stephen and Henry were at the wharf to meet them. Next day, the brothers selected a large double lot in the new Allegheny Cemetery, which had recently been laid out on the large farm that was formerly the estate of Colonel Bayard, a short walk from the old White Cottage. It was a sad return for Charlotte Foster, the young girl who had left Pittsburgh so gaily twenty-three years before. Her mother was spared the added pain of passing the "delightful cottage" where Charlotte's songs of joy and skillful touch on the "deep-ton'd instrument" had added so much to their happiness. The main entrance of the cemetery was then on Butler Street, beyond the arsenal, and instead of proceeding up the hill and around the bend, past the place where Mr. Leech had added a brick mansion to the little frame cottage, the funeral carriage continued on the Butler Road to the left. If the carriage had taken the Turnpike Road, Eliza Foster would have seen her old home greatly changed. Mr. Leech's handsome brick addition was built on the spot where the wing of the White Cottage had once stood, and the old cottage was now known as the wing. The summer kitchen and the little bedroom where Tom Hunter had been born and the side porch facing the east where Eliza Foster had sat in the evenings with one of the children on her knees, waiting for her husband to turn in at the gate—these had been moved round to the back of the brick house. But the main building of the old home where the Foster family had seen so many happy and so many sorrowful events still stood unchanged against the brick structure. The old frame White Cottage was not torn down until some thirteen years later when it also was replaced with brick.

When Charlotte's casket was opened for inspection, before the final interment, one of the boys clipped the lock of red-gold hair, which I have mentioned before, for Mother to take back with her to the waiting invalid in Allegheny. Eliza Foster put this lock of hair away with one of Ann Eliza's, and probably curls of all her darlings' hair, in an old *La Curiosidad* cigar box with a hinged lid. Do mothers still do these foolishly sentimental things today? Yes, they do, and praise God, they always will!

## XII

IN the spring of 1852, Elizabeth and William had another baby boy born in Towanda. William's railroad headquarters were at Lewistown, but they still owned their home in Towanda, and Elizabeth returned there for the birth of the baby. Eliza Foster had hoped to go East for the christening, but Pa was not so well, and as Morrison was away from home frequently that summer, she thought it best not to leave. In October, William and Elizabeth moved down to Harrisburg where they secured rooms at Mrs. Espy's "delightful house." Elizabeth was greatly pleased with Harrisburg and Mrs. Espy and hoped that Mother would soon be able to come and make them a visit.

They had the baby christened before they left Towanda, and called him for his two uncles, Henry Morrison. In Harrisburg, Elizabeth found the society at Mrs. Espy's boardinghouse so agreeable that she believed Richard Cowan also would like it there. (Dick had been elected to the House of Representatives that fall.) If Elizabeth had known Dick better, perhaps she would not have suggested Mrs. Espy's! While she and William were in Philadelphia, Richard arrived at the dignified and well-conducted Espy boardinghouse, and secured a "most desirable room." A few weeks later, we find him writing to Mit from Buchler's Hotel, on January 14, 1853:

> Mrs. Espy keeps a very pleasant house and has a well-behaved company, but I could not well fall into the regularity of life required at a private house. The smoke of my war pipe smelt strongly in the nostrils of the females—the sonorous music of my fiddle pleased them not—and the hours of my coming in and going out were very *onsartain*. I met your brother William in a few days since at Mrs. E——'s, where he always stays.
>
> I have been out twice in company here and like the people very much—the girls are very fair to look upon. As for my brethren of the Legislature, I find some very clever fellows here—lots of funny old fellows, old judges, Generals, Majors, etc. who smoke toby segars of nights in Buchler's bar room and tell tales of the Buckshot War! From one of these sages I heard last night a thrilling account of that Bloody event. One veteran is pointed out who then and there recd. the wound of which he now limps!!!
>
> I had forgotten to mention that I saw Mrs. Dallas and the girls in Philadelphia. Molly has a host of beaux—Matilda is certainly a very superior woman—has all the talent of her father to the exclusion of some of the rest!

The famous "Buckshot War" was fought in Governor Ritner's administration, and shook the commonwealth to its foundations without a shot being fired. It had been rumored that there was to be a tremendous uprising of the Masons, who, it was reported, were going to assemble at Harrisburg on a certain day and seize the reins of government. On the day appointed, troops were ordered to guard the Capitol and stood with their muskets loaded with buckshot ready to repel the invasion. But nothing happened, and the grand army of the republic went home feeling rather sheepish.

On December 11, 1852, occurred one of the greatest events of William's life and the proudest moment of his mother's—the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad reached Pittsburgh, and on that day the first train arrived in the city bearing, amongst the other passengers, William and his family. All the Fosters that could be there were at the station to greet them. But the one who had followed most eagerly the progress made by William and his fellow workers as they cut their way through the mountains and forests which he, old William B., had crossed so many times on horseback, was not there to witness his son's arrival on that day of days. E. T. Whiter, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, describes the scene at the station.*

> Seventy-five years ago today, the first train to move from the seacoast by an all-rail route across the Allegheny mountains, arrived in Pittsburgh. The little locomotive which had pulled the pioneer-type passenger cars over the new line from the foothills of the mountains came to a grinding stop at Liberty and Twelfth Streets, alongside a white-lead warehouse which had been converted into a temporary passenger station. If that engine and those crude cars should be seen on the Pennsylvania Railroad today, everyone would laugh at the spectacle. But to the several score people who came into Pittsburgh on the first train from eastern tidewater, there was very great enthusiasm. In the crowd at the station, in all probability, was Stephen Collins Foster, who a year before had written "Old Folks at Home" and who had just returned from a steamboat trip to New Orleans. He would have been greatly interested in the completion of a great railroad building project on which his eldest brother, William B. Foster, had been one of the chief engineers. Also he happily would have realized that the new method of travel opened to him would let him make a trip to his New York publishers in less than one day, as compared to four days by previous methods of travel. . . . J. Edgar Thomson had been employed as Chief Engineer,

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**Pittsburgh Press,* December 11, 1927.

and William B. Foster was engineer in charge of blasting the roadway up the precipitous banks of the Juniata.... The September after the line opened, the new Railroad carried 14,000 people into Pittsburgh, where a strip of ground half a mile long, lying between the hill and the Allegheny river had been purchased for station, yard and shop site. The railroad still occupies this original purchase in Pittsburgh.

Another eager spectator in the crowd at the makeshift station was the angel-faced messenger boy, Andrew Carnegie, who brought many telegrams to Morrison in his office at the Hope Cotton Mill, and who, in his later years, was proud of the fact that he had delivered messages for Stephen C. Foster, who called him Andy. When Morrison Foster, in 1896, published Stephen's songs in one volume with a biography written by himself, Andy ordered one hundred copies to pass around to his friends for the sake of the time, as he wrote Mit, "when you and I were boys."

Morrison possessed a pleasing low baritone voice, and he was glad to go with Stephen when the latter practiced his songs with the Lightners and Siss Robinson. Eliza Foster also enjoyed gathering them all together in the double parlors at home for an evening. Mary Foster played the piano very well, and they all visited Henry's frequently. Henry and his wife were now living with Mary's mother, Mrs. Burgess, in the old home of their friend, Mrs. Dallas ("Elm Cottage" located in Lawrenceville, beyond the Allegheny Cemetery). This group of happy, amateur musicians took turns meeting at the different homes, which explains why so many old friends have said that Stephen Foster composed certain songs at their pianos. Wherever an idea for a melody came to Stephen, he started work on it, knowing that if he did not do so, the playing of numerous other songs would drive the new tune from his mind.

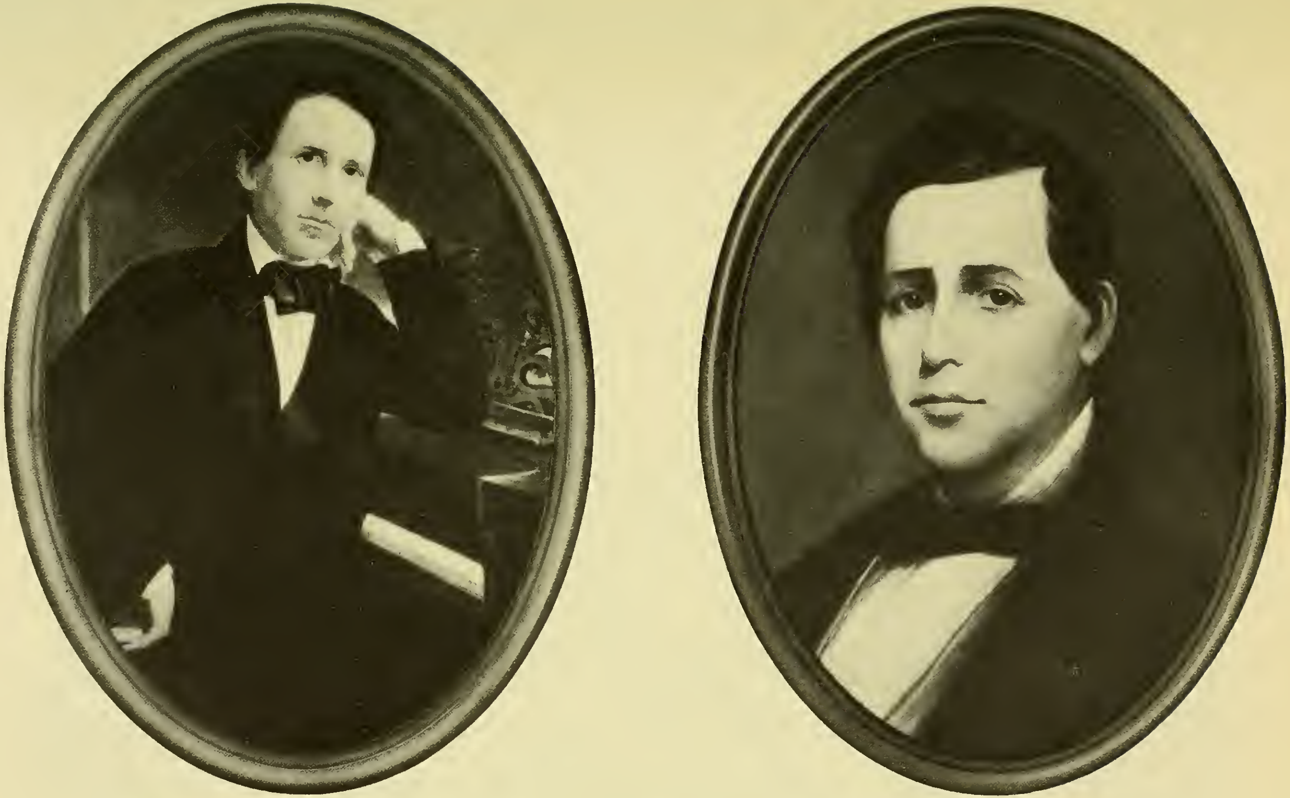
After his return from the South in March, 1852, Stephen published that year "Massa's in de Cold Ground," "The Hour for Thee and Me," "I Cannot Sing Tonight," and "Maggie by My Side." You will notice that Stephen's three duets, "Turn Not Away," "Wilt Thou Be Gone, Love?" and "The Hour for Thee and Me," were composed in the two years after his marriage, when Siss Robinson and Jessie Lightner were practicing together, and more than likely all three duets were composed with these ladies in mind.

Stephen availed himself very soon of the new railroad facilities to New York, for *The Musical World and Times* of January 29, 1853, reports that Stephen C. Foster, the celebrated composer, had recently visited their office. This same item deplores the talented Mr. Foster's propensity for Ethiopian compositions and hopes he will turn his attention to a higher class of music. It states that Mr. Foster has assured them that he intends to devote himself hereafter to the production of "white men's music" although he also told them that Firth, Pond & Company had just published his latest composition, "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night," which he thinks will be more popular than any of his previous compositions. Fortunately, Stephen's urge to write negro melodies was stronger than his urge to suppress them when they arose in his mind.

"My Old Kentucky Home" was first advertised by Firth, Pond & Company as "just published," on January 15, 1853. It was doubtless composed in the fall of 1852.

Opposite this page is a portrait of Stephen that is said to have been painted in 1852 by Thomas Hicks, a noted artist of that period. This painting, which seems undoubtedly to be Stephen Foster, was presented in 1937 to the Foster Memorial of the University of Pittsburgh by the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust of Pittsburgh. Fred J. Peters, antiquarian, of Plandome, Long Island, gives the following history of the painting as far as could be learned from the last member of the family who owned it. The facts were passed on from each owner to the next.

> Thomas Hicks was commissioned in 1852 to paint a portrait of Stephen Foster by Firth, Pond & Co. of New York who were the publishers of Foster's music. Stephen Foster gave the artist only one sitting. Whether the artist Thomas Hicks was not satisfied with the portrait or whether the publishing firm cancelled the order, cannot be ascertained and no definite statement can be made in this regard. Thomas Hicks the artist gave the portrait to William Hicks, a prominent merchant of Brooklyn, New York, who was an admirer of Foster. William Hicks died in 1895. His widow gave the portrait to her granddaughter, Mary Elizabeth Post Holmes, who in turn gave it to her daughter Myra Elizabeth Case, she being the last of the family to own the portrait, and who sold it in the Summer of 1935.



Two portraits of Stephen Foster: *(left)* by George Lafayette Clough; *(right)* by Thomas Hicks for Firth, Pond & Company, presumably about 1852

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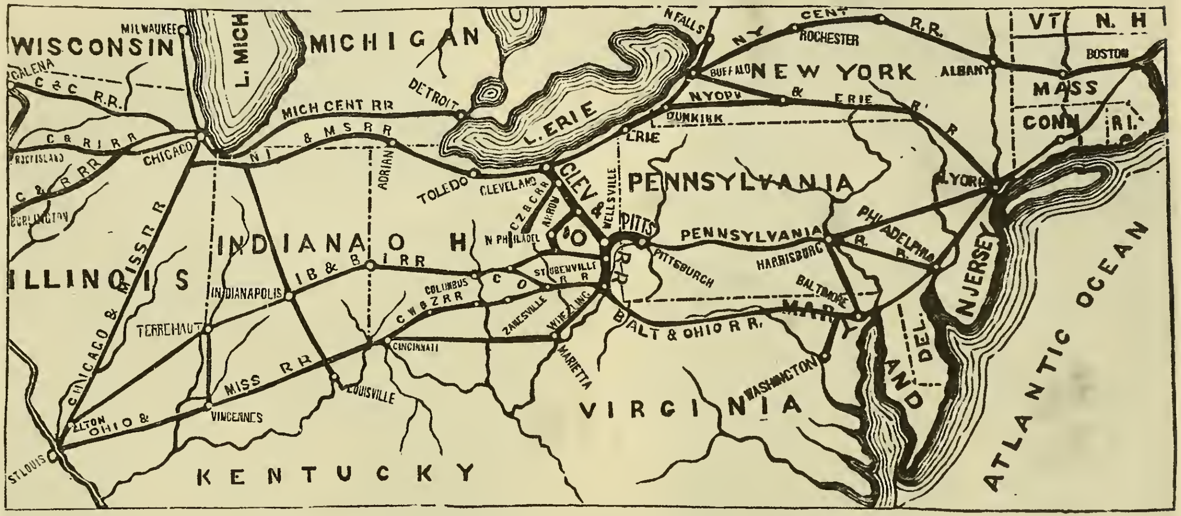
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PHILADELPHIA R. R.
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**H. C. ROCKWELL,** President.
**J. DURAND,** Superintendent.

From *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory and Disasters on the Western Waters* (Cincinnati: James T. Lloyd & Co., 1856)

The fact may be that with Stephen's growing popularity, Firth, Pond intended to use his portrait as a front-page illustration on Stephen's sheet music. They did not do this, however, and why Mr. Hicks retained the portrait is a mystery.

(There is another painting by Thomas Hicks which is said to be of Stephen Collins Foster; it bears little likeness to existing photographs of Stephen. This painting was part of the Clarke Collection of Philadelphia purchased by Andrew W. Mellon and presented to the national government at Washington.)

It was during Henrietta's visit to her family in December, 1852, that she first noticed that the state of affairs between Stephen and his wife was not all that it should be. Their temperaments were clashing, and Henrietta predicted trouble if Jane did not "change her course of conduct." No outsider, however, can tell the true reason why young married folks quarrel. We may blame one or the other, or both, but no one knows the real underlying cause of the trouble but the principals themselves. Whatever happened, Jane was angry enough to pack up her clothes and leave with baby Marion in May, 1853. On June 13, Stephen sold all his furniture to his father for seventy-five dollars, and left for New York. It was nothing more than a flare-up of two youthful tempers, but it has been magnified into a permanent breach. Jane and Stephen were living together again in less than a year, and when troubles visited the Foster family, Jane was by her husband's side to help him. In a motion picture called *Harmony Lane,* produced in 1935, the character of Jane Foster was portrayed as a hard, mercenary girl—the unsympathetic wife of a misunderstood genius, who finally drove him to drunkenness and ruin. In the same photoplay, kindly old William B. Foster, Sr., is depicted as a domestic tyrant who stormed at Stephen when the latter voiced his musical ambitions and sternly ordered him to Cincinnati and a bookkeeper's life. An identical distortion of William B. Foster's character is repeated in a later picture, *Swanee River,* produced in 1939. How different was the truth, as contained in Wm. B. Foster's letter to William, Jr.—"it is a source of much comfort to your mother and myself that he [Stephen] does not appear to have any evil propensities to indulge; he seeks no associates; and his leisure hours are all devoted to musick, for which he possesses a strange talent"! These misrepresentations of Stephen's wife and father are the stock characters trotted out by uninformed picture producers. Although Jane was high tempered and willful, she was at the same time warmhearted, generous, and unusually forgiving. She was exceedingly pretty and had been spoiled and petted at home. Jane's tempestuous outbursts might have been the cause of their quarreling and might even have driven Stephen away at times, but he came back again. He could live neither with nor without her! It is significant that Morrison, to whom every hurt to Stephen was a wound to himself, always regarded his brother's wife with deep affection and esteem till the day of her death. The writer of these Chronicles remembers Aunt Jane as an old lady, sweet and kind to "Mit's little girl." Her own room in the house on Montgomery Avenue, Allegheny, was a delightful place to visit. A large engraving of Stephen, in a round wooden frame, hung on the wall, and Aunt Jane always spoke of him with tender affection. On the mantelpiece was a small piece of marble sculpture, under a glass case, representing a beautiful young girl clinging to the Rock of Ages. I admired this work of art more than anything I had ever seen, and somehow I received the impression that it had been a present from Stephen.

Dunning had sold the *James Millingar,* and was now captain, but not owner, of the steamboat *Norma.* He was seldom at home, as it was more profitable to reship his freight at Cincinnati and return to New Orleans for another load as quickly as possible. The great river trade was at its peak in the 1850's, and every steamboat captain took advantage of high water as long as it lasted. Dunning and Morrison transacted a great deal of business together because the better part of the latter's iron and cotton was shipped by water. Their place of exchange in Cincinnati was the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company of which Louis J. Cist was so long cashier. Mr. Cist was an ardent lover of Stephen's songs and remembered the young composer coming frequently into the bank when he lived in Cincinnati. Later in life, Mr. Cist removed to St. Louis, and it was his pleasure to amass a famous and valuable collection of original manuscripts of the great composers. For old times' sake, Morrison and Henry each sent him a letter of Stephen's for his collection. Probably Stephen's letter of April 27, 1849, quoted before in these Chronicles, and another short one written to Henry in December, 1863, are still to be found in this collection wherever it may be.

In the spring of 1853, the elder Foster's condition became so alarming that the end was momentarily expected. He was in constant misery, and his suffering was so intense that his old friend, Major Harding, formerly of the Lawrenceville arsenal, was moved to write of him to Morrison as "your poor father, whose afflictions would seem to be almost beyond endurance." But he was not granted peace and release from his pain for two long years. Henry had found some business in Washington in March, but fortunately Morrison and Stephen were at home.

Dunning was anxious about affairs at home, as his next letter to Morrison reveals.

Steamer "Norma"

Near Vicksburgh March 2d, 1853

Dear Brother,

I have been annoyed more than a little by the fact that in consequence of our having unexpectedly been obliged to take two barges in tow this trip, I shall not be able to reach Cincinnati by the time my acceptance for three hundred & fifty dollars is due March 5/53. I have telegraphed to Taylor & Cassilly to lift it for me, but it may happen that the dispatch will fail. I hope it will not. We are coming up at a snail's pace, and from present appearances will not reach Cincinnati before the 15th or 16th. I herewith send you another acceptance for Three Hundred Dollars. If the draft has been paid at Cincinnati send Two hundred & Fifty Dollars to Taylor & Cassilly to be applied to its payment (provided you can negotiate the bill). I have had some little financiering to do in order to work along until next October, at which time the old firm of Irwin & Foster have a note maturing for Eight Thousand Dollars, which will be paid. I shall then be easy.

The Norma is doing well this season and if present appearances hold good, we will do a first rate business. We are loaded for Pittsburgh and the probability is if the water is up when we reach Cincinnati, that I shall go to Pittsburgh. In case we do, I shall endeavor to send the boat by some other Captain, and take the cars so that I shall be with you longer.

By the by, do not fail to intimate in a delicate way if you can to Cust

Blair, that he made a bet with W. S. Caldwell when he was in Cinna. of One Hundred Dollars upon the election, which he lost. Mr. Caldwell is now in Europe, but he had left instructions with Harry Miller before he left to send up the money if he lost it, and I presume Miller would be the proper person to address on the subject.

I hope I may find it to our advantage to go up to Pittsburgh as I am extremely anxious to see our good father and mother once again before they are parted, which God grant may be a long time to come. Give my best love to all at home,

Your brother,
D. M. Foster.

As the Knights of the S. T. grew older, the excitement of laying bets on every possible occasion seems never to have lost its appeal. If Mit won all the clothing he wagered, he undoubtedly was a well-dressed young man. The bets were nearly all made in the presence of witnesses, too, so there was small chance of anyone sliding out of the contract if he lost. Here are a few examples from Morrison's notebooks:

Oct. 1, 1849.—W. C. Denny bets M. Foster a new
pair boots that Henry M. Fuller will
be elected Canal Commissioner this
Fall. Witnesses—Augustus Washington
Jim Dilworth

Sept. 9, 1852.—M. Nevins bets M. Foster that the
State of Kentucky will cast her vote
for Gen'l Scott at the next election.

Sept. 22, 1852.—Boots with Wilkins on Pennsylvania.

Oct. 25, 1852.—Pantaloons with Chas. Johnson on 5000
majority for Pierce over Scott.
John Simms, Witness.

In 1852, Morrison, Dunning, and Jesse Thornton formed a partnership and bought a coal mine near Salem, Ohio. The Fosters put up some of the capital, and Jesse took charge of the mine. He was a capable manager, and in 1855 was able to buy out Morrison's interests and operate the mine for himself.

On June 20, 1853, Henrietta wrote to Morrison in her usual kindly and affectionate manner:

I wish you could come out and see his [Jesse's] works; poor fellow, he works himself too hard. He gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and goes up to the coal bank, and does not come home till dark. He eats no meal at home, but eats at his father's altogether. I very often do not see him from the time we go to bed at night till the next evening, as he goes off in the morning before any of us are awake. You do not know, dear Mitty, how much your kindness to him is appreciated, and I cannot now do anything to prove to you my gratitude, but everyday do pray to our Heavenly Father for you. . . . Dear Dunning, too, how kind he has been—I wish we could see him. If he comes up to Pittsburgh, I hope he will come out here.

She expressed a great concern for Stephen:

How sorry I feel for dear Stephy, though when I read your letter, I was not at all surprised at the news it contained. . . . I last winter felt convinced that she would either have to change her course of conduct, or a separation was inevitable. Though I never wrote a word of the kind to Stephy, for I thought he had trouble enough already. Tell him to come out and stay a while with me, we have a delightful house, well shaded by trees, and I know it must be pleasanter here than in Pitts. this hot weather. You did not tell me what he had done with little Marion, I feel quite anxious about her, dear little lamb, who is she with? Give much love to Stephy for me, and tell him to feel assured that he has the prayers and sincere sympathy of his sister Etty, dear boy, may God lead him in the ways of peace, and fill his heart with that love which alone is satisfying, and which *never* disappoints . a love that will *(by seeking it)* take such complete possession of the Soul, as to make all other loves but matters of small importance.

But time heals everything, and in later years Henrietta's resentment against Stephen's wife Jane passed away. Then she learned to understand her young sister-in-law better, and Jane, in her turn, acquired something of the older woman's poise and patience.

Henrietta's letter continues:

How is our dear father this hot, melting weather? I think he must feel very weak—and dear Ma, too. I hope her health keeps good. How delighted would we be to keep her here with us during the warm weather, but I suppose she could not leave Pa. I wish it were possible for her to come out with you. When you see Henry or Mary tell them that we expect them out this summer.

Henrietta's oldest daughter, Mary (known as Siss), now fifteen years old, was away at school near Philadelphia. Siss was beginning to be a problem, for she was dazzlingly pretty and possessed dramatic talent (which she passed on to her daughter Henrietta Crosman). At fifteen, Mary fell in love with her handsome second cousin, George Hampden Crosman, Jr., who also was descended from the doughty Scotch-Irish immigrant, Alexander Foster of Lancaster County. Hanna Foster Crosman, George's mother, was a daughter of Alexander William Foster, of Meadville, whose father, the Rev. William Foster, was a brother of James Foster. During the Revolution, the Rev. William Foster had been a thorn in the side of the British, with his fiery sermons preached throughout the country districts of Chester and Lancaster counties, in the interest of enlisting recruits in the Continental Army. At one time, there was a price on his head, and a band of Tories were sent to capture him, but the brave young minister and his family were concealed in the home of friends until the excitement died down. His granddaughter, Hannah Blair Foster, had been an intimate of Charlotte Foster when the latter visited her relatives in Meadville in 1825 and 1826. When little Mary fell in love with George, her parents felt that boarding school was advisable for the young lady. Writing of her daughter, Henrietta said in her letter to Morrison of June 20, 1853:

> I get a letter from Siss every week. She was very anxious to come home during the vacation, but I wrote to her that it would be exceedingly inexpedient, as it would cost at least forty dollars, and at the end of the vacation she would feel worse to leave home again than if she had stayed, and directed her to go on with her music & French lessons during the month of July—then come up to her Uncle Buchanan's and stay during the month of August. If Ma would like to go on to William's and Ann Eliza's in the Fall, and pay a visit, I will go up to Pittsburgh and stay with dear Pa while she goes. I hope you will be out before long.

In the spring of 1853, Stephen and his friend Charles P. Shiras had collaborated on a song entitled "Annie, My Own Love," for which Stephen wrote the music and Charles the words. Unfortunately, the sale of this song was small. Shiras had half the royalties, but as Stephen's half amounted to only $19.12 in four years, his friend received very few returns, for Charles only lived a year after it was published. He died on July 26, 1854.

Charles Shiras was the author of a book of poetry called *The Redemption of Labor,* published in 1852 by W. H. Whitney, of Third Street, Pittsburgh. The first poem, from which the book takes its name, must have been considered exceedingly radical in those days, being an appeal for justice for the laboring people. Whether Shiras' book had a successful sale I do not know, but the subjects are arresting and the versifying of a superior order. "The Bloodhound's Song," written in October, 1850, is an outburst of righteous wrath against the infamous Fugitive Slave Law. Included in the group, which are mostly serious poems, is one in lighter vein, "My Mother, I Obey," which verses, as we have noted before, were set to music by Henry Kleber and published by Lee & Walker in 1850. Another one is called "I Owe No Man a Dollar"; after Charles's death, this was republished in *Littell's Living Age* of May 30, 1857. The best known of the poems contained in the book seems to have been "The Popular Credo" to which it has been said Stephen wrote an air. So far, this air has not been found, but undoubtedly Stephen composed such a song in collaboration with Shiras because Jane mentioned it specifically in after years as one of Stephen's compositions that "never was published." Shiras' poem attracted great attention and brought the young author much local renown. It begins:

> Dimes and dollars! dollars and Dimes!
> An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
> If a man is down, give him a thrust—
> Trample the beggar into the dust!
> Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling,
> Knock him over! Kick him for falling!
> If a man is up, oh! lift him higher—
> Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
> Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
> An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

As Morrison said, Shiras' style was sombre and very bitter. Seemingly, Shiras' pen was spurred on by disheartening, disillusioning personal experiences.

But he had his gayer moments, too. Through the researches of

Edward Fletcher, of the University of Texas, it recently has been brought to light that Charles Shiras and Stephen collaborated on a "Grand Original Fairy Spectacle, entitled 'The Invisible Prince, or The War with the Amazons,' " a musical play that had a run of seven nights at Foster's Theatre. Joseph C. Foster was the manager of a Pittsburgh stock company which included several members of his own family. This talented group of theatrical Fosters was not any relation to the William B. Foster family so far as the writer knows. Joseph C. Foster also managed a stock company in Cleveland, and when some particularly important play was to be produced, for instance, the first performance in Pittsburgh of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* Mr. Foster combined the cream of the two companies.

First notice of the Shiras-Foster production appears in the *City Post,* November 5, 1853.

> A NEW PLAY, by Charles P. Shiras, Esq. will be produced at the Theatre, in a short time. It is a spectacle founded on the fairy story of the Invisible Prince, and is entitled "The Invisible Prince, or the war with the Amazons." The play will be got out by Manager Foster, in fine style. S. C. Foster, Esq. we understand, contributes the musical portion of the piece.

The issue for November 8 states "Mr. Shiras' new piece will probably be produced tomorrow night. It will be brought out with great splendor." Another notice appears on Wednesday morning, November 9, 1853.

> THE INVISIBLE PRINCE—the joint production of two of our townsmen, will be produced at the Theatre to-night in a style of splendor for which Manager Foster is so noted. No expense has been spared in the scenery, decorations, &c., necessary to the proper production of the play. The well known talent of Mr. Shiras, and the admitted powers of Mr. Foster as a composer, form a sure guarantee that the play will be worth seeing. The cast of the piece embraces all the actors and actresses connected with the Theatre.

The program, printed in the daily papers, the *Post, Chronicle,* and *Dispatch,* gives one an idea of the character of the play. The following is from the *City Post* of Thursday morning, November 10, 1853.

## AMUSEMENTS.

## FOSTER'S THEATRE.

---

JOSEPH C. FOSTER ................Lessee and Manager

---

### PRICES OF ADMISSION:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Boxes and Parquette | 50¢ | Second Tier | 25 |
| Private Boxes, large | $8 | Boxes for COLORED PERSONS | 50¢ |
| do. do. small | $5 | | |

☞ Persons securing seats will be charged 12½ cts. extra for the certificate.

☞ Doors open at ¼ before 7 o'clock; performance commence at 7¼ o'clock.

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THIS EVENING, November 10, 1853, will be repeated the Grand Original Fairy Spectacle, written by CHARLES P. SHIRAS, Esq., Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER, Esq., entitled

## THE INVISIBLE PRINCE,
## Or THE WAR WITH THE AMAZONS.

(With new Costumes, Scenery, Decorations, and Appointments, prepared especially for this piece.)

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Phedrus, King of Comona | | Mr. Bailey. |
| Pharmaces, his son | | Mr. Brelsford. |
| Polemon, his brother | | Mr. Kent. |
| Oletor, a gardener | | Mr. Durivage. |
| Cletus, | Lords of Comona, and Counsellors to the King. | Mr. Johnson. |
| Wicon, | | Mr. Rynar. |
| Zanthus, | | Mr. Ponisi. |
| Faber, an artisan | | Mr. Healy. |
| Sutrinus | | Mr. Maginley. |
| Cyrus, a soldier | | Mr. Franklin. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Seton, a herald | | Mr. Stevens. |
| Cassandra, Queen of Comona | | Mrs. Dyke. |
| Hypolita, Queen of Amazons | | Mrs. Rynar. |
| Thaelestris, | Amazons | Mrs. Brelsford. |
| Diana, | | Mrs. McMillan. |
| Thiste, | | Mrs. Dyke. |
| Fairy | | Mrs. Foster. |
| Principal Dancer | | Miss Waldegrave. |

Soldiers, Citizens, Courtiers, Amazons, and Fairies, by a host of assistants.

For programme of scenery, incidents, &c., see descriptive sheets.

To conclude with the Farce of

MY HUSBAND'S GHOST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corporal Musket | Mr. Rynar. |
| Drummer Gilks | Mr. Durivage. |
| Fanny | Mrs. Brelsford. |

If the descendants of any of J. C. Foster's large company have preserved the playbills of the dramas in which their family took part, perhaps the descriptive sheet mentioned above will be found amongst them. This should give a clue to the style of music which Stephen furnished for "The Invisible Prince." No information is given in the newspapers, although it seems likely from an address made to the audience on the night of Shiras' benefit, that "Dollars and Dimes" was one of the numbers. The *City Post* and *Daily Chronicle* of Thursday morning, November 10, both give very kind reviews, but the notice in the *Post,* as quoted by Edward G. Fletcher, is the more complimentary.*

> THE NEW PLAY of the Invisible Prince, attracted a large number of persons to the Theatre last evening. It is a meritorious and successful play, if the applause of those who were present is any indication of its merit. The play is founded on a fairy story with which every one is familiar—and on this groundwork Mr. Shiras has constructed a drama which exceeds in point of dramatic

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*Edward G. Fletcher, "Stephen Collins Foster, Dramatic Collaborator," in *The Colophon,* Summer 1935, Vol. 1, No. 1.

> merit any spectacle that has ever been produced in this city. The scenic display in such pieces is generally made to compensate for the poorness of the play itself, but in the present instance the case is different. The dialogue is spirited, very often witty, and never lags in interest. In a number of scenes, the love passages between Pharmaceus (Mr. Brelsford) and Hypolita (Mrs. Ryner) are beautiful, and would reflect credit upon a far higher order of dramatic composition than a scènic play. The plot of the play is skillfully woven, and the termination of it leaves one nothing to wish.
>
> A word in regard to the manner it has been placed upon the stage, and we have done. The Manager deserves commendation for the good taste he has displayed; the scenery, appointments, and everything necessary to the production of such a piece, were of the highest order. Mr. Brelsford and Mr. Rynar, in the principal parts, acquitted themselves admirably; of Mrs. Brelsford we can say the same. The other characters were not personated in a manner calculated to add to the reputation of those who represented them. But it was a new play, and this, we suppose is a sufficient excuse for any faults that the critically disposed may discover.
>
> The play will be performed for the second time tonight. To-morrow night, the author receives a benefit.

On Friday evening, November 11, 1853, the performance was given as a benefit for Charles Shiras. His health had lately been breaking and his only income for the support of his widowed mother and his young wife and himself was derived from his writings and some (at that time) unremunerative real estate. In 1847, Shiras had launched two weekly papers in Pittsburgh, but they had not been financial successes. One, *The Albatross,* was antislavery, which showed the young man's intellectual courage and independence; the other, *The Evening Day Book,* was more literary in style and edited by Shiras in partnership with William A. Kinsloe. The Knights of the Square Table made a gala affair of Shiras' benefit and they all sold tickets to everyone who could be induced to buy them. Morrison sold sixty-five tickets himself; in his list appear the familiar names of Cowan, Davie Bell, Rody Patterson, Henry Kleber, John Duncan, John B. Guthrie, John McClelland, Algernon Bell, Alex Murray, Dr. Lavely, and Dr. Denny.

On the benefit night, at the conclusion of the first piece, "The Invisible Prince" (which, according to the *City Post,* "turned out admirable"), Mr. Brelsford, the leading man, recited "An Address," written in verse for the occasion by the Hon. P. C. Shannon. Only in the first verse does Mr. Shannon refer directly to the author of the play; the remainder of the address is devoted to praise for the "Drama" in general. The first verse is as follows:

> Tonight I come to take the Poet's part,
> To shield him from the envious Critic's dart:—
> I speak now of that envy which turns pale,
> And sickens, even if a friend prevail;
> Which, merit and success pursues with hate,
> And damns the worth it cannot imitate.
> A few of such there are—but *all* of those
> Who greet us here to-night,—(their smiles disclose,)
> Are friends—and gentlemen—and scholars—
> Who love the man that wrote of "Dimes and Dollars."

The review in the *Post* of November 12, 1853, expressed approval of the performance of "The Invisible Prince," but not so with the companion piece of the evening!

> THEATRE.—Mr. Shiras' fairy comedy of "The Invisible Prince," will be performed to-night. That abominable Glance at Philadelphia (we were in hopes that it would never be performed in Pittsburgh again) will conclude the entertainment. If our readers wish a treat, let them go and see the new play.

"The Invisible Prince" was supposed to close on the next Monday evening, but "By particular desire," the program stated, it was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Other attractions in Pittsburgh, while "The Invisible Prince" was playing at the Theatre, were a popular concert singer "Mad'lle the Baroness Julia De Berg" at Masonic Hall on November 11; the New York Italian Opera Company, the "greatest Unprecedented

Musical Event," opening on November 16 at Athenaeum Hall (Liberty Street below Hand Street) with *Lucia di Lammermoor*; and Foster's Opera Troupe at Lafayette Hall on the evening of November 11. The latter company evidently was not grand opera, judging from the advertisement appearing in the *Daily Chronicle*:

> Joe Brown sings "Old Bob Ridley," and the whole troupe appears in their best songs, overtures, ballads, solos, &c. producing a treat seldom seen in this city. Put an extra quarter in your pocket tonight, and don't forget the minstrels!

The different Foster families seem to have been very well represented in the entertainment world of Pittsburgh that season. An important announcement appears in the November 14 issue of the *Daily Chronicle*:

> THEATRE
>
> We understand that it is Manager Foster's intention to produce during the present week the version of the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin which has been played with so much success in New York and other Eastern cities, for four months past. To do this in a proper manner, he has resolved for the nonce, to join the forces of the Pittsburgh and Cleveland Theatres, so that we may depend upon seeing the piece well played. The copy of the play has been purchased from Mr. Purdy of the National Theatre, New York.
>
> Rafaelle, the Reprobate, is the title of a new and thrilling drama which will be played at the Theatre this evening, in conjunction with Shiras' new play which will be presented tonight for the fifth time.

On Thursday, November 17, 1853, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was produced for the first time in Pittsburgh, at Foster's Theatre, with musical selections interspersed as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Song and Breakdown | Topsy, by Mrs. Brelsford |
| Song, Old Folks at Home | Uncle Tom, Mr. Rodgers |
| Song, My Old Kentucky Home | Topsy |

| | |
|---|---|
| Song, Massa in the Cold Ground | Slaves |
| Song, Uncle Tom's Religion | Uncle Tom |
| Song, Lilly Dale | Emeline, Mrs. M'Millan |
| Quartette, Wake Isles of the South | |

An attempt was said to have been made to close the show because of its tendency to stir up sympathy for the negro slaves, give offense to the people of the South, and "bring into disrepute the institution of slavery"! Whether this act of censorship was a fact, or was a bit of clever advertising for the play, we cannot tell at this late date. But the *Dispatch* of November 22, 1853, advises the public to visit *Uncle Tom* at the Theatre "before Judge Grier issues his injunction against its further performance." If an injunction actually was sought, it was not effective, for the play ran until December 3, closing with a benefit for Little Eva. In spite of the combination, for the nonce, of Cleveland and Pittsburgh talent, Jane Grey Swisshelm, pioneer feminist and newspaper writer of Pittsburgh, declared the acting in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to be very, very poor. According to Mrs. Swisshelm, only three of the cast were worth listening to—Uncle Tom, played by Mr. Rodgers, Topsy, by Mrs. Brelsford, and Eva, "the Flower of the South," played by J. H. Foster. In the *Commercial Journal* of November 21, Mrs. Swisshelm slightly overdid her praise of Little Eva:

> Little Miss Foster is a beautiful child, and did the part of Eva beautifully. She would do much to convince the skeptical of the existence of such children as Eva. She is so sweet! Her soft, infantile tones were most refreshing after the squealing of Ophelia and the ranting of most others, and clearly showed the folly of roaring, ranting or bellowing, as actors generally do.

Next day, November 22, 1853, the *Evening Chronicle* had a little fun at the expense of the dramatic critic on the rival newspaper. Says the *Chronicle*:

> Mrs. Swisshelm was evidently taken in by this character, and she should acknowledge the corn, as Eva, whom she calls "little Miss Foster" is a sturdy boy, dressed in petti-

coats. Little J. H. Foster was certainly beyond the fair critics reach.

The singing of Stephen's negro melodies in the Pittsburgh, and probably in all other productions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* as long before the Civil War as 1853, indicates that these tender, sorrowful compositions helped to create sympathy for the colored people, and added to the great influence of Harriet Beecher Stowe's play.

Stephen and Charles both loved Tennyson's "May Queen" as set to music by William P. Dempster, whose concert they had attended in Pittsburgh on April 7, 1846. It is arranged as a cantata in three parts as the poem is. The melodies of all three parts are very plaintive and appealing. Stephen, with his sentimental nature, played and sang it with great emotion, Morrison said. He and Shiras added some verses of their own, possibly to see if they could write the same style of poetry as Tennyson. Mr. Dempster uses only six verses of the original poem in the first part of his cantata, and to these Shiras added two more and Stephen one. A present-day listener would say it was quite long enough in the first place, but Stephen and Charles evidently took a melancholy pleasure in the frequent repetition of the pathetic theme. We are in too much of a hurry nowadays to listen to such long stories set to music, but our grandmothers and grandfathers were a little closer to the minstrels of old, who traveled from castle to castle earning their bread by the singing of long, descriptive ballads.

Here are Charles's and Stephen's additions to the "May Queen." Comparing the two, I think Charles's verses are a little better than Stephen's.

*Shiras' Verse*

I've seen the bright sun rise, mother, on many a summer's morn,
I've heard the wild lark's song, mother, upon the breezes borne.
But the sunshine will be brighter, the song of the lark more gay,
For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of [the] May.

*Shiras' Second Verse*

I fain would close my eyes, mother, for Sleep I know will bring
The happiest dreams that e'er were borne upon an angel's wing.
Like soothing spirits they will guard my sleep until the day,
For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

*Stephen's Verse*

Oh! you should see the pole, mother, the May-pole slender and high
All deck'd with flowers of every hue to dazzle the butterfly.
You'll see the bee and the humming bird around it merrily play,
And I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

## XIII

A MONSTER annual Assembly Ball was held at the Monongahela House on February 7, 1853—Morrison was treasurer, and the guests paid $7.50 per couple. (At the next Assembly Ball, held February 2, 1854, the price was reduced to five dollars.) It was the great social event of the season, and all the Knights and their ladies who were still living in Pittsburgh turned out in their best array. The list of managers of the 1853 Assembly Ball is as follows:

William Wilkins
Cornelius Darragh
Rob't. M. Riddle
Wm. Bagaley
Robert Finney
R. Biddle Roberts
Lieut. Yard, U.S.N.
G. L. B. Fetterman
E. Duplessis Denny
J. Oliver Miltenberger
Wm. B. McClure
Wm. F. Johnston
Wm. Larimer, Jr.
James M. Cooper
J. Cust Blair
Morrison Foster
Lieut. T. J. Breveton, U.S.A.
David C. M'Cormick
John A. Bloomer
George Singer, Jr.

The guest list included such old friends as Matt Stewart, John Scully, Rody Patterson, Oliver Ormsby, Oliver Barnes, Davy Bell, Robert Grace, Ed Harding, John Duncan, all the Robinsons, the Guthries, the Snowdens, the Simpsons, the Blairs, and the Andersons, with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Stephen and Jane, Henry and Mary, and Morrison with Jessie Lightner, attended the 1853 Ball together; the next year, Stephen and Jane were not there.

John Duncan was a Knight of the Square Table and was married to Martha Shoenberger. His father was William Duff Duncan and his mother, who was now dead, had been Margaret Collins, one of the four Collins girls who visited the old White Cottage so frequently in early times and for whose younger brother Stephen Collins Foster had been named in 1826. Margaret's sister Lydia was married to Judge William Blair McClure, whose name is included above in the list of managers. So, the Collins' and the Fosters went down through the generations together. Stephen Collins McCandless, the son of Sarah Collins and the Hon. Wilson McCandless, was younger than the Foster boys—he was only thirteen at this time, but in a few years his name began to be included in all the political and social jamborees with which Morrison was associated.

Stephen did not visit Youngstown before he left for New York in the early summer of 1853. Evidently in a fever to get away after his domestic upheaval, he took hurried leave of his worried mother and father and departed. Morrison was at home, and made several visits to Youngstown in July and August, 1853, where he took a complete inventory of the mine for Jesse Thornton. Real estate, coal bank, machinery, and cash amounted to over $19,000. It was considerable mine for a small venture. Mit was also doing all he could to help Mr. McCormick sell his cotton mill. The latter was anxious to close out that business, and devote all the money he could raise to iron and steel. The Blair boys had gone recently into the steel business for themselves and were prospering. In spite of all that the proprietors of the Hope cotton factory could do, they were running behind every day because of the formidable competition of the Southern mills. Mr. McCormick seemed to have great confidence in Mitty who was now general manager. He put the sale of the warehouse into Morrison's hands, but the latter found it very difficult to find a buyer for the buildings. He disposed of the machinery for $45,000; when it came to selling the property, nobody seemed to have any cash, and he wrote accordingly to Mr. McCormick. His good-natured employer sent Morrison the following encouragement from New Castle, Pennsylvania, in October, 1853.

> I find you begin to waver under pressure! You must remember the many battles we have fought—like Buena Vista—five dollars in hand to pay twenty, and yet victorious in the end! See Mr. J. Shoenberger—if

he or anyone else will buy your warehouses for $20,000. If so, sell! Or, if he would take them under mortgage and advance you a fair sum of money, try hard!—See Rev'd. Dr. Hays, Methodist minister at once, boarding with Mrs. Shanon, about a square above my house, and see what he would give for it. He wants to buy it for a Methodist Seminary —it would be a *noble* location. Move quick, and we'll come out—this winter will be our struggle—once over it, we will have passed the Rubicon!

Eventually, Isaac Pennock bought the mill, and formed a company which operated there for several years.

Stephen wrote to Morrison from New York on July 8, 1853, saying that he had plenty of work to keep him busy. And indeed, he must have had, because the following January, Firth, Pond & Company published, in addition to his songs, *Foster's Social Orchestra* which is a compilation of many of Stephen's own compositions and the works of others arranged as solos, duets, trios, and quartets for piano, violin, and flute. The book contains waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, schottisches, and quicksteps, the popular parlor and ballroom dances of the day. Several of Henry Kleber's and William Byerly's compositions are introduced, and Stephen's complete "Village Festival," a very lively and tuneful piece for five sets of quadrilles. Dancing at home was a universal diversion; the better class of people did not allow their daughters to attend public ballrooms unless the party was a private one. Therefore, the young people provided their own music, and Stephen's book had a large sale. It reveals a great deal of patient work on Stephen's part.

Stephen's *Social Orchestra* contains two compositions of his that never have been published in sheet music form, a graceful melody called "Anadolia" and a piece evidently composed to please his wife, for he called it "Jennie's Own Schottisch."

New York, July 8, 1853

My dear brother

Your letter of the 6th is received. The vest arrived safely, I am glad you sent it. I wish you could send me Mess. F. P & Co's note for 125$ which I gave you. In my anxiety to pay you I rather stinted myself expecting to be able to live modestly at home, but circumstances have increased my expences as you know since that time. They have just rendered my account which is over five hundred dollars, and that for the dullest season in the year, so you see my prospects are good but I dare not claim any money until these notes are all paid, though full amt of my a/c current is passed to my credit, & bal. due to be claimed after that time. If you will let me have the note I will take the first occasion to pay you. I am not living expensively, and I hope it will not be long before I can pay you back the amt. I made it payable to your order, so if you send it don't forget to indorse it.

I am getting along first rate, with plenty of work to keep me busy.

Hippodrome no humbug—races there very exciting. Taylor's new saloon *great.* Sontag in opera with Salvi Seffanoni [?] &c. next week. Crystal Palace in a week. Fourth of July here good for nervous sick people I dare say, cleared myself out of town, went over to Statan Island and saw Vin Smith. Gilliad and wife at Niagara—home next week.

I am about bringing out a couple of good songs.

Love to all
Your affectionate broth
Stephen
To Morrison Foster.

Taylor's new saloon was not nearly so bad as it sounds. A piece called "International Quickstep" by Theodore Schallehn, dedicated to John Taylor, Esq., has recently come to light at Foster Hall, which shows the place to have been Taylor's International Hotel at the corner of Broadway and Franklin streets. The exterior of the hotel, and the grand saloon inside are pictured on the cover of the music. Elegant and dignified ladies in sweeping mantillas are shown promenading in the magnificent square-tiled lobby. The piece was published in 1855 by Horace Waters, disseminator of a great number of Sunday-school hymns and temperance songs; therefore, the morals of Taylor's Saloon must have been above reproach, despite the dubious name.

All this time, since November, 1852, Stephen's erstwhile rival, Dick Cowan, had been pursuing his cheerful way within the halls of government at Harrisburg. He found time to write frequently to Morrison and relay to him accounts of his political and social activities.

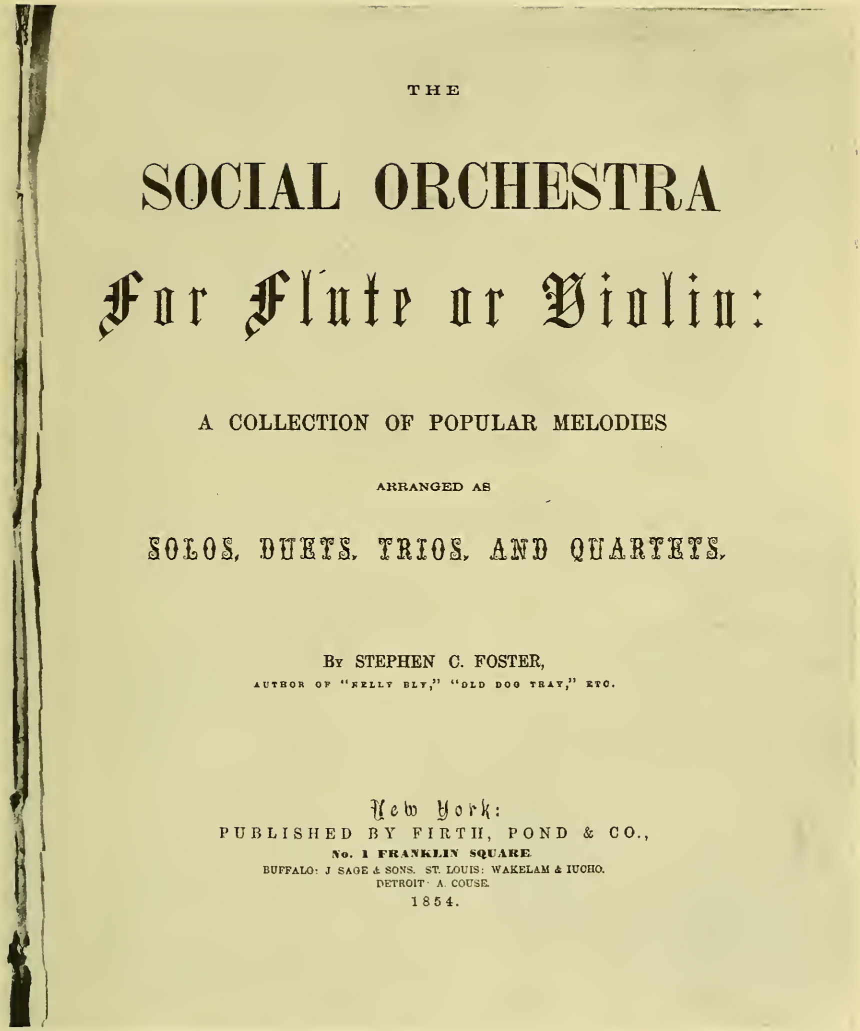
Harrisburgh, Jany. 14, 1853.—You may remember that I left certain temporal and spiritual interests in your care, and in due time will require an account of your Stewardship in regard to the affairs spiritual—but at present this letter relates to affairs secular, to Mammon so to speak. There is one Breed, commonly called Kerr, who oweth me the sum of Fifty marks of silver, which I do much need and desire to have paid. Herewith you have an order upon him.—

> To Sir George Breed. B.B.B.B.B.
>
> Upon the presentation of this his warrant pay unto Sir George Armstrong. K. C. B., K. S. T. the just and lawful sum of Fifty Silver Sheckels—without default or defalcation.—Failing thereof, a warrant of Cap per Testiculum shall issue against thee and thine.—
>
> Witness,
> SHIRAS
>
> 50$—Barbarian Dollars.

Lest this warrant might not seem good in the sight of the barbarian scribes and officers of justice, I have sent also a warrant written in the mode common among those of the outside. I would have sent this by other and perhaps ignoble hands, but that I do believe it will afford you, Sir George, great pleasure to levy that money from Breed, as he loveth not over much the paying of moneys.—If he pays that, you will please deposit it to my credit at Kramer & Rahm's, unless you are in want of money, in which case please retain it, and upon hearing from you to that effect, I will forward you the balance I owe you. As for those notes, which are to open to you such a fair field for brilliant financial operations, I will notify you of them in due time.—

Write me and communicate all the news from Home. Remember me to the folks on the Commons. When you next see Julia Murray & Mary Anderson present them my warmest regards.

Harrisburgh, Jany. 22, 1853.—Your very agreeable letter has been read by me this afternoon with much delight and profit. And now let me explain how it was not read until today.—On last Friday evening, I went down to Phila. to disport myself, when I fell suddenly ill, not having been entirely cured from a slight bilious attack I had a few days before.—From Saturday evening, until yesterday at noon, I did not leave my bed, having been most of the time seriously unwell. Now I am back in Harrisburg in my room with a hugeaceous pile of letters before me—long documents and short—long petitions & short, fat letters and lean.—



THE

SOCIAL ORCHESTRA

For Flute or Violin:

A COLLECTION OF POPULAR MELODIES

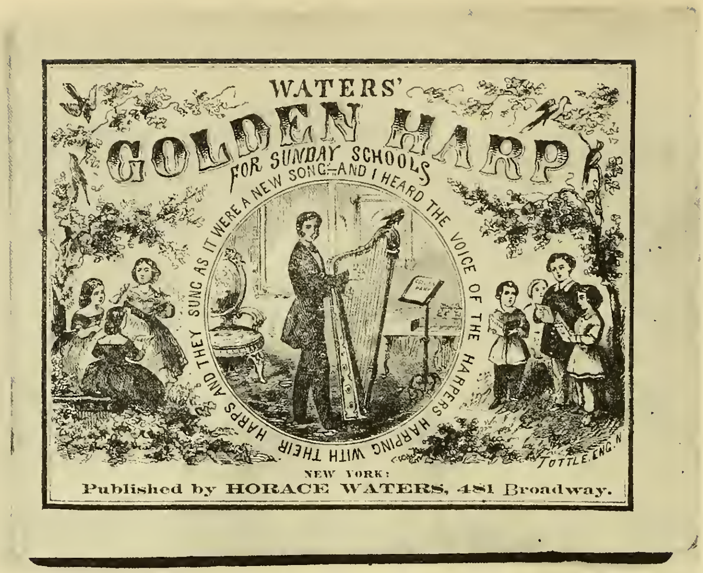
ARRANGED AS

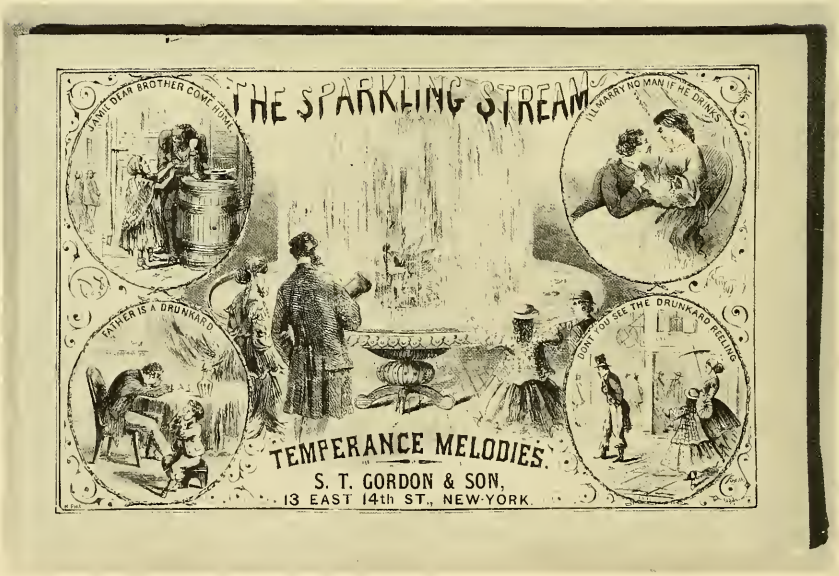
SOLOS, DUETS, TRIOS, AND QUARTETS,

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER,
AUTHOR OF "NELLY BLY," "OLD DOG TRAY," ETC.

New York:
PUBLISHED BY FIRTH, POND & CO.,
No. 1 FRANKLIN SQUARE.
BUFFALO: J SAGE & SONS. ST. LOUIS: WAKELAM & IUCHO.
DETROIT· A. COUSE.
1854.

Title page of first edition, copyrighted January 26, 1854


WATERS'
GOLDEN HARP
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND THEY SUNG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG—AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE HARPERS HARPING WITH THEIR HARPS
TOTTLE ENG. N
NEW YORK:
Published by HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.


THE SPARKLING STREAM
JAMIE DEAR BROTHER COME HOME
I'LL MARRY NO MAN IF HE DRINKS
FATHER IS A DRUNKARD
DON'T YOU SEE THE DRUNKARD REELING
TEMPERANCE MELODIES.
S. T. GORDON & SON,
13 EAST 14th ST., NEW-YORK.

*(above)* Cover of Sunday school hymnal containing songs by Stephen Foster, copyrighted April 14, 1863. *(below)* Cover of temperance song book containing adaptations of melodies of Stephen Foster; an 1895 reprint of an 1866 copyright

I left my room at Jones' to breathe a little fresh air, when whom should I meet in the street but that great *swell,* Mary Anderson, with that little *cove* Julia.—I was greatly rejoiced and called myself a well man from that moment! There never were such girls as those two and Tilly Dallas!! They told me how they had sent after me in Harrisburg and how they were disappointed, etc. Mat Stewart took care of them for me, and shewed them around. Mary says when they called on Till D. they found her sick in her bed. Without being announced, they went to her room—Jule knocked and opening the door put her head in—Till uttered a slight ejaculation of surprise—then Jule withdrew her head, and Mary put hers in, whereupon Till almost screamed—thinking it some Swedenborgian vision come to warn her!

I took dinner with them at McKibbins & took tea with them also—then went to the lecture (Thackeray's) with them & Joe B—but was too unwell to enjoy it, having eaten imprudently I suppose. I am now suffering from the effects of repeated mustard plasters & blisters—my stomach being quite free of that useful & ornamental article called *skin.*

Your brother William was at McKibbins with his family—I was not introduced to Mrs. F. I thought her an exceedingly attractive looking lady—*sweet* the girls would say.

How did the great Breed deport himself on the demand for the 50 marks being made? Was he properly awed?

Now to business—ponderous business! Jany. 24/27 my note at Bk of Pittsburgh for 500$ endorsed by N. J. Ardan. Enclosed I send you a blank signature & blank chk. Use them judiciously, O Foster—endeavor to obtain a renewal at whatever time (say 90 ds) and at what reduction you can. William will not hesitate about the endorsement, I know. If they make any objections about the renewel whatever, then you will please lift it. I have endeavored to soften the heart of the Master of the Strong Box by sundry agreeable little pamphlets—such as the Auditor Gineral's Report—but I doubt me he is not to be beguiled.—Have no hesitation, Mit, if you want that 100$ I owe unto thee, to let me know—taking it for granted that you will tell me when you want it, I shall discharge my mind of it from this time!

Next, O Armstrong, let me inform thee that I have not placed any moneys at risk upon those games whereof you speak, but once. That time, I played a small game of brag with four grave and dignified Senators. Our chips were buttons. I, in course of time, as was right and proper, became lawfully possessed of all the buttons. One of those grave men was so sore pressed that he is believed to have cut the buttons off his breeches, and to have *wrung* them in. I have felt no yearning after their barbarian lucre, my emoluments being already great.

Gird on thy sword, O Armstrong, and stand boldly against the hosts of young America—Keep the pass against them for a brief time, and I will be at thy right hand.

"I will stand at thy right hand
And keep the Bridge with thee!"

Above all, I adjure thee defend that lovely maiden of whom thou didst speak—let them not approach so as to touch the hem of her garments. When next thou dost hold converse with her, say that a wise man & statesman would be remembered by her—to wit,

SHIRAS.

Harrisburg, Tuesday. Feb. 8, 1853.—Beloved Armstrong—Your short but potent letter of the 2nd instant was duly received, as also the valuable document bearing my hand and seal, upon which those sage men and alchemists, Sir John Snyder and Sir John Graham, were foolish enough to advance me 500$ marks of silver, less a few marks for use. How came it, O most potent clerk, that you had that note renewed for its full amount? I thought to have sacrificed at least two hundred and fifty marks to their barbarian avarice.—When the noble order of the K. S. T. again sit in council, O Armstrong, you shall sit upon the Strong Box, or I shall never again draw sword—and the better to enable you to unite the seemingly incompatible offices (in barbarian eyes) of Grand Pantler and Most Penurious Sir Miser, the Strong Box aforesaid shall be removed from the Palace of the Treasury to the Court of the Grand Pantler—By my Beard, so it shall be.

In my blindness, I endeavored to pay a note in another Bank by the same Beautiful process, being thereunto incited by your marvelous success, but was compelled to pay unto the President & Directors of the said Bank, dollar for dollar thereof.—which caused a great sensation in my coffers!

But, fear not, O Armstrong, there be other debentures yet for your genius to expend itself upon, and that your triumph shall be the greater, but little coin in the treasury. You shall be duly notified of them.

I was out visiting tonight and some of the musical members of the family sang "Old Folks at Home" and the duet from Romeo & Juliet. These songs were favorites of our party last winter on our trip to Orleans, and I was vividly reminded of our delightful journey. When we reach'd the warm latitudes, we used to sit on deck to enjoy the moonlight and the sight of the negros burning brush & cotton stalks at the plantations. Tell Miss Jessie that the duet was well sung tonight, but the second was very different from hers. Indeed, I used to think that Steve must have written that piece of music for Miss Jessie & Mrs. R.—they sang it so well. I had the pleasure of correcting them as to the authorship of the "Old Folks at Home," and informing them who the author of the other piece was and who *Julia N. Murray* was to whom the duet is dedicated!

Present my warmest regards to the folks at the "Traveller's Rest," to the ladies of the "Rising Sun," and your mother. Write to me and tell me all the news—describe the Ball. Give my love to Hays, Roberts and Anderson, and the *two coves*. I have heard that Bill Denny was thrown from a wagon and much hurt. Is it so?

Yours truly,

Rich'd. Cowan.

Dunning came home on a visit in July, 1853, to see the family in Allegheny, then went on to the East to see Ann Eliza and William. He was prosperous and content as captain of the *Norma* but was beginning to be troubled by a persistent cough and what he thought were "spells of chills and fever." His mother placed the blame on the river fog and begged him to leave steamboating and secure a position in town away from the damp and the chill of the water. He was thinner, and the flush in his cheeks was not the same as the former healthy, boyish glow so loved by Eliza Foster and others. He and all the family thought "a change would do him good," so he went to Philadelphia to visit William and Ann Eliza, and hoped to see Stephen there also. But Stephen did not come; neither did he send Dunning any word. Perhaps he dreaded the explanations he knew his older brother would demand.

The Thornton and Foster Coal Mine had become so profitable under Jesse's management that Morrison went out in August to assist his brother-in-law in laying one and a half miles of track from the mine-mouth to the line of the Cleveland and Mahoning Railroad. The agreement seems to have been that the railroad would purchase the right of way if the mine operators would pay for the track. The expense to Thornton and Foster was itemized as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 3000 cross ties at 4½c. | $ 135.00 |
| 30000 ft. 3 x 6 Oak at 12c. M. | 360.00 |
| Laying track at 8c. a yard | 240.00 |
| 30,000 ds. Iron at 4 ct. | 1200.00 |
| | $1935.00 |

This does not seem to be a very high cost for a mile and a half of railroad track. Of course, it was probably made of light rails only strong enough to support small coal cars from the mine; they found it well worth the expense.

On August 24, 1853, Morrison's brother-in-law, the Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, requested that Morrison recommend some Pittsburgh lawyer prominent in his profession who would be willing to take a student into his office. The Buchanans were anxious to have their son James suitably placed, as the latter was now twenty years old and impatient to be settled. He had just graduated from Trinity College, in Hartford, and had so perfected himself in the German language that he had rendered his uncle, James Buchanan, inestimable service in expounding the Democratic cause to the Pennsylvania Dutch in Lancaster County. His uncle had offered to pay all the expenses of his nephew's education. Ann Eliza was very anxious that James should board somewhere near her mother and brothers, who she felt would be a restraining influence in his "exposed condition so far from home." Judge Hopewell Hepburn, of Pittsburgh, a friend of William B. Foster, Sr., accepted James as a student, and the young man joined the family circle on the East Common late in the fall of 1853. Ann Eliza believed that it was an imposition on her mother and father to have an extra one on their hands, especially as they would accept no board from James; but his grandparents loved to have him and begged that he might stay with them, so Ann Eliza finally had to resign herself to the situation for a time at least. After Stephen and Jane returned home to Allegheny in the autumn of 1854, James went elsewhere to board, but spent many of his leisure hours at his grandparents' home. He loved music and even tried his hand at composing, under his Uncle Stephen's tutelage. Several of his compositions were published under an assumed name, but we do not know what they were, nor the name he used, so they have passed from mortal ken, and all memory of them died with their young composer.

Brother William was now vice-president of the prosperous Pennsylvania Railroad and had moved with his family to Philadelphia where he lived for the remainder of his life. He tried to keep in close touch with all of his brothers and sisters, and worried when he did not hear from Stephen, about whom he was growing very anxious. Why Stephen's family should all be so concerned about a grown man of twenty-seven years of age may seem strange to some readers, but they were all familiar with their youngest brother's temperament. They knew he was suffering, and would accept neither sympathy nor advice from any of his family. He withdrew into himself and hid his hurt as best he could. Although Stephen had gone to see Elizabeth's family, the Smiths, when he first came to New York, he had lately been keeping away from friends and spending his time either alone or in the company of acquaintances he had made along Broadway.

Since Morrison had a pass on the Pennsylvania Railroad, it is certain that Stephen also had one through the kindness of Brother William and thus traveling expense was not one of his major concerns. William gave out passes not only to his own family, but to friends and acquaintances. One instance of this is recorded by George Alfred Townsend, a widely-read newspaper correspondent of Civil War times and later, in his *Recollections and Reflections,* published in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine,* November, 1886:

> At the age of sixteen I published a little magazine for an advertising personage; and a brother of Stephen Foster, the song-writer, who was vice-president of a railroad, gave me on that behalf tickets to Pittsburgh and return—a longer journey than I had made in all my preceding days.

In August, 1853, "Old Dog Tray," a song Stephen had finished shortly before leaving Allegheny, was published. This is a song that has touched the hearts of everyone who ever loved a faithful dog. The beautiful setter that inspired Stephen was owned by Matthew I. Stewart, a lawyer friend who lived on the West Common. Stephen at first had not thought much of the song. He started it one evening at the home of Mrs. Julia Mitchell, but, losing interest, put it away in a table drawer and forgot about it. But Julia brought the song out for him the next time he came to the house, and told him she thought it well worth finishing. Stephen set to work on it, and when she put her head in the parlor door a while later (as Mrs. Jessie Rose, Stephen's granddaughter, tells us) Stephen's eyes were shining with enthusiasm as he played it over and over, and she knew that "Old Dog Tray" had come to stay.

Other songs that Stephen published in 1853 were "Old Memories" and "Little Ella," neither of which became so popular as "Old Dog Tray." It is evident that most of his hard work that fall was put on the *Social Orchestra.*

Their separation seems to have been sufficient to heal the breach between Stephen and his young wife, and in the winter or spring of 1854, Jane and little Marion joined Stephen in New York. According to recent investigations of John Tasker Howard, they lived for a time at 233 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken, New Jersey, which was then a charming suburb of New York, boasting an extensive and beautiful park along the water front, where a band played on summer evenings. Mr. Howard's researches disclose that there is good reason to believe that the house in which Stephen and his family lived is still standing, and is now numbered 601 Bloomfield Street. It is one of a row of houses built for Wm. Van Worst by the "Hoboken L[and?] and Improvement Company" about 1852. If further checking proves that the house numbered 233 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken, in 1854, is the present number 601, then this building represents, as Mr. Howard truly states, "the only house standing today in which Stephen Foster is known to have lived."

In his original manuscript book, opposite the finished draft of "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," Stephen has made the following notation:

HOBOKEN

Where wranglers bid you to their scenes of strife
In wrong conception of your plan of life.

Whether or not this is Stephen's opinion of Hoboken, he does not tell us! Jane's little Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer,* published in 1854 (now preserved in the Foster Hall Collection) bears on the flyleaf the inscription, "Jane D. Foster, Hoboken."

"Willie, We Have Missed You," was published in March, 1854. This song, my father told me, was inspired by the memory of one of Stephen's own home-comings. Morrison describes this incident in his biography of Stephen C. Foster:

> He went to house-keeping and liked New York very much. But after a year the old fondness for home and mother began to be too strong for him to overcome. One day, he suddenly proposed to his wife that they return to Pittsburgh. He brought a dealer to the house, sold out everything in the way of furniture, and within twenty-four hours was on the road to the home of his father in Allegheny. He arrived late at night and was not expected. When he rang the bell his mother was awakened and knew his footsteps on the porch. She rose immediately and went down herself to let him in. As she passed through the hall she called out, "Is that my dear son come back again?" Her voice so affected him that when she opened the door she found him sitting on the little porch-bench weeping like a child.
>
> His love for his mother amounted to adoration. She was to him an angelic creature. There is not one reference to mother in the homely words in which he clothed his ballads but came direct from his heart and symbolized his own feelings.

We do not know the date of this episode, and probably Morrison did not remember just when it occurred; he only recalled what occurred. We do know that in the first few years of Stephen's and Jane's married life, there were several home-comings and several leavings, and Jane went oftener to New York while Stephen was there than the record shows. "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," a composition that many persons consider Stephen's most beautiful love song, was published in June, 1854, and indicates more than anything else, that Stephen was reconciled to his young wife, the owner of the lovely tresses. The writer of these Chronicles never heard this song called *Jeanie* by Morrison Foster. It was always "Jennie with the Light Brown Hair," and *Jennie* you will find in Stephen Foster's original manuscript book. Jane was not called *Jeanie* by her family, but was often addressed by the affectionate diminutive, *Jennie*. It is more than likely that the publishers suggested to Stephen that he change it to the more euphonious and romantic *Jeanie,* as more appealing to public taste. But *Jennie* it was to Stephen, and *Jennie* it was to his brother Mit.

Frequently, when Stephen took his songs to Mrs. Julia Mitchell and her lovely sister, Jessie Lightner, for rehearsal and criticism, Morrison found it very pleasant to go along with his brother. It was not long, however, until he did not wait for Stephen to go; his calls on eighteen-year-old Jessie Lightner became a regular thing. The "three Marys" were married now, Mary H. Irwin to John H. Brown, of Philadelphia; "that great swell," Mary Anderson, was married on April 25, 1854, to one of the Knights of the S. T., R. Biddle Roberts; and Mary D. Evans had married Alex Dallas.

Although Morrison still maintained his office at the Hope factory, his business connection with Mr. McCormick had come practically to an end with the physical collapse of his old friend. The children of the sick merchant did not care to carry on the cotton business, and sometime in 1854, or 1855, Isaac Pennock took over the warehouse.

However, Morrison had plenty to do, for he was serving in 1854 as a councilman in Allegheny from his own ward, the Fourth. He still retained his interest in Jesse Thornton's mine, and he was trying to develop a small mine of his own near Salem, Ohio.

Dunning was back on the river, in spite of the threat to his health and the protests of his anxious mother. River trade was now so very brisk that Dunning wrote to Morrison that he could not forego just "one more good trip."

Steamer Norma, Mississippi River
Near Vicksburgh March 3d. 1854

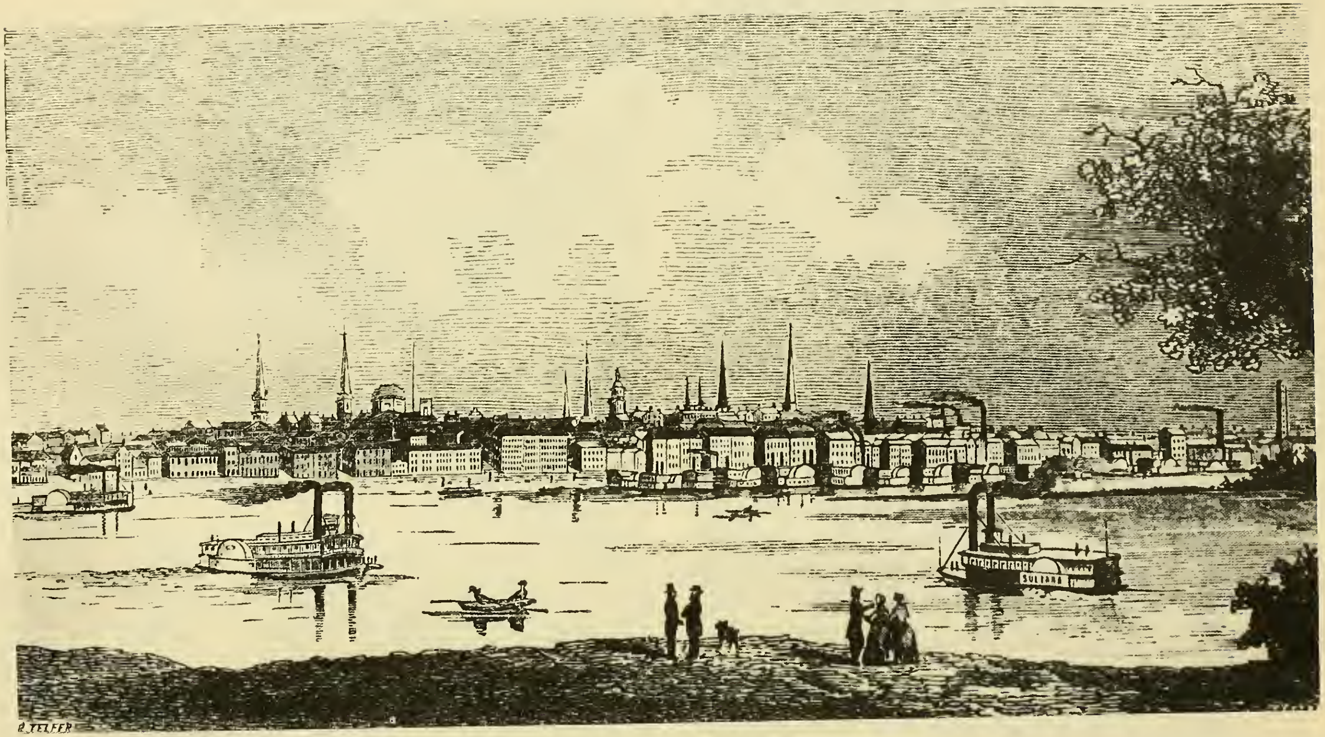
Dear Brother,

I am ashamed to confess that I have received three different letters from you within the last three months without replying to either of them in a proper time. My only excuse is that I am so busy at Cincinnati when I am there that I keep putting it off from time to time, until I get started down. I shall now however endeavour to answer the whole of them.

I have not yet been able to make a final settlement with my friend (as you call him) Col. Sloo, although I have received from him in addi-

Foster's Melodies
No 49.
OLD BLACK JOE
SONG
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.
NEW YORK
S. C. FOSTER'S
Admired
SONGS & BALLADS
SUNG BY THE
CHRISTY MINSTRELS
COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.
Solo and Quartette
Composed by S. C. FOSTER.
S. C. FOSTER'S SONGS & BALLADS
FOSTER'S MELODIES
JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR
NEW YORK
LINGER IN BLISSFUL REPOSE
Serenade
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Early editions of Foster songs


SULTANA
R. TELFER

St. Louis
From *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory and Disasters on the Western Waters*
(Cincinnati: James T. Lloyd & Co., 1856)

tion to the security I had before, convertible bonds in the Teuhauntepec Railroad which will be good and above par as soon as the Treaty with Mexico now before the Senate is ratified. Under this state of affairs, it is still impossible for me to make any definite promises about money.—I am glad to learn that your coal prospects are good and that you have made a contract that will enable you to develop the mines as well as pay an interest on the money you have invested.

I would advise you in making any arrangement with the Rail Road Co. to have it well understood what the cost of Transportation is to be, as I have no doubt they will ultimately oblige the canal to suspend operations entirely.

I thank you for your suggestion to run the "Norma" to Pittsburgh—but as the New Orleans trade is paying about as well as I want at the present time, I shall decline the proposition. Our season has been one of unexampled success so far, and if I can get one more good trip out of the trade, I shall be satisfied. The season has been short, but good so far.

I send you as you request my acceptance at 60 days for one hundred dollars to pay the Doctor's bill. You will please informe me what time you have dated it.

I cannot now undertake the Agency of the Penna. Railroad at Cincinnati, unless very strong inducements were held out. If they do not make any permanent arrangement before next summer, I shall likely see William and have a talk with him about it. A great deal could be done for the interest of the road there that is not now attended to, and I think my general, and I may say favourable acquaintance with all the business men in Cincinnati would enable me to do justice to the Road were I to undertake it.

Have you heard anything from Stephen lately? It is a subject of much anxiety to me, notwithstanding his foolish and unaccountable course. —I hope he will continue to make a comfortable living for himself.

If you and Jesse do not make any disposition of your coal mines, I am in hopes that by next summer I may be enabled to do something. I am exceedingly anxious to quit my present occupation, as soon as I can to advantage. I have been so often put off and disapointed by Sloo that I have ceased to calculate anything upon his promises.

Give my best love to our Dear Mother, also to Henry and Mary.

Your brother,
D. M. Foster

Dunning's determination to take his boat down the river once more that season resulted profitably from a financial standpoint, but it ended by putting him in his bed on his return to Cincinnati, in the latter part of June, 1854. On hearing of his illness, his mother's friend, Mrs. Cassilly, sent for Dunning, and insisted that he come to her house so that he would receive proper care. Accordingly, Dunning went to the Cassillys' where he remained ten days, waited on and "watched over like a mother" by Mrs. Cassilly. Then he went up to Etty's in Youngstown, to get a little strength back before his mother would see him. Already, there had grown up a conspiracy of silence amongst the children not to let Ma know how very serious Dunning's condition gradually was becoming.

To Eliza Foster's great comfort, Ann Eliza, with her latest and last baby, Alice, visited Allegheny in the spring of 1854, and in June, Henrietta with Tom Wick, now aged twelve, and little Will Thornton, aged five, came for a visit to Grandma and Grandpa. Eliza Foster needed the encouragement of their bright company, for Stephen's troubles oppressed her, and her husband was slowly sinking into a state of dull unresponsiveness to his surroundings. To hear Stephen's music sung or played caused his mother to burst into tears.

In July, Morrison's only entry in his account book that reveals anything of a personal nature is the notation: "July 21, 1854—To 1 silver cup, $16.50. For Julia LeMoyne's baby Frank." This shows that all was forgiven and made right between Mit and Julia. Even to the last year of his life, Morrison never forgot her, and spoke often and affectionately of "lovely Julia Murray." In the year 1943, this same little silver cup is used by John LeMoyne Randall, of Baltimore, Julia Murray's great-grandchild.

Eliza Foster's spirits received something of an uplift when another daughter was born to Mary and Henry at "Elm Cottage" on September 10, 1854, and it pleased her greatly when they called the baby Eliza Clayland Foster. In October, she received an invitation to the wedding of Eugene Borda and Matilda Dallas, daughter of her old friend of happy White Cottage days, Jane Wilkins Dallas, in whose old home Eliza Foster had lately held her new granddaughter in her arms. Mrs. Dallas now lived in Philadelphia. Henry and Morrison insisted that their mother go to the wedding as she was badly in need of a change of scene and a little gaiety. With Biddy's and Margaret's help, they promised to take good care of Pa. In September, 1854, Mr. Buchanan had removed to Trinity Church, Oxford, one of the oldest colonial parishes in the city of Philadelphia. Ann Eliza's new home was on the Church Road, which goes from Trinity Church, Oxford, twelve miles north of the city to the old Whitemarsh Church, then to old St. David's, Radnor. These parishes formerly were all served by the same pastor, who traveled on horseback from one to another but Mr. Buchanan had charge of the Oxford Church only. William and his family also were living in Philadelphia, at 3 South Oak Street; so, filled with pleasant anticipation, Eliza Foster set forth on her first and last trip to the East on the great railroad her oldest son had helped to bring to her door. No more being hauled up the mountainside by a donkey engine, or crowding on a rainy day into the stuffy cabin of a canal-boat! What the mother's thoughts were as she sped along on the cars through the deep cuts that William's men had made through the towering mountains we can well imagine.

Her impressions of the Philadelphia visit are conveyed to Morrison in the last letter he ever received from his mother.

Philadelphia October the 19, 1854

My dear son Morison,

My cold was much increas'd by traveling all night, but by Wednesday, I revived from my fatigue and headake, and put my best on, to apear at the reception. William had a cariage in which he accompanied me. Matilda with the party in waiting, appeard very elegant, and Mrs. Dallas with whom I took tea last evening, told me that she was not only glad to see me—but that she was proud of me, and that she wrote to that effect to Mrs. Murry, and that I acted well my part in every circumstance of life.

Tell Stephen I was much relievd when I opend his letter; that it gave me more time, knowing that every thing was comfortable. I would have left for home today, but with present information shall not go untill Monday, when James Buchanan will accompany me. Ann Eliza with her family are all settled in the new parish. I have to be escorted there by some of them this week. They are all well. Anne was here yesterday, she is infinately better of the change.

I have dined twice at Doctor Tucker's. Anna is a nice girl and kind.

I dined once at the Washington House—found Doctor McClelend in Mrs. Glasses parlour—invited me to come to Burlington. Mrs. Glass went with me to the ladies ordanary, a very long table with a great many gentlemen who had families at it. Judge Eldred sent the waiter with a bottle of champane, and his compliments to me. Mrs. Glass has a daughter about sixteen, so much like me that you would take her for my daughter. All the family, Doctor McClelend, and a lady visiting there declared they never saw such a likeness.

Louisa Geise came to see me, and I spent one day with them. All very kind—like to devour me for the sake of the Evans' news.

In walking down Chesnut Street in my new bonnet, new shawl and brown silk dress, when I met the Coruthers family and shortly after, Harry Ballard.

William lives very grand! and everything here is fine—but give me my good old home—with Pentlands next door—give my love to them all—and tell Mr. Pentland to tell Mrs. Marian Robenson that I sent my love to her—and to say to her, that she will still be able to bet on me.

How is Biddy getting on? I told her she must be mistress of the house in my absence. I had every confidence in her care of Pa, whom I trust will be quite as well when I return, as when I left.

Anne has been here all the morning, she looks charming, and seems so much pleased with the people at Oxford.

Mary Dallas left this moment; I told her I was writing to you; she bid me say to you for her to be sure and make your appearance at Mrs. Levly's when you make your contemplated jurney east, which I told her you were talking of.

If everything would go on as well without me as with me, of course, I would stay longer; but the first consideration is duty, however painfull or long suffering that duty may be. God inflicts it, and we can do nothing better than to say by every act,—thy will be done.

Tell Stephen I hope to find him at home when I come, to help make it more like one, which I verily think I shall greatly treasure when I get back to it.

Be very kind to Biddy—were she to leave, we would be broken up; Margaret is a good person, I like her, and feel easy whilest I know they are there.

I shall return some richer in clothes, but no richer in the knoledge of having such dearly beloved sons. And, my dear Morison, you can very readily answer to that.

Give my love to dear Stephen and tell him I wrote a letter to him after I came here; and directed to New York. It was writen on Wednesday night by Robert Bernet.

I will now close, my dear son, as he is waiting to address my letter. Give my love to your Father, and remember me,

Your affectionate Mother,  
E. C. Foster.

It was a relief to Eliza Foster to find Stephen and Jane at home again when she returned with James Buchanan, and the care that she reassumed was somewhat lightened when she had the proud satisfaction of seeing this oldest grandchild admitted to the bar on November 19. They were probably all as happy together as it was possible for them to be under the circumstances. Stephen had recently brought out "Ellen Bayne," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," and "Come with Thy Sweet Voice Again." Perhaps the loving longing expressed in the lines of "Jeanie" had a great deal to do with healing the breach between Stephen and his wife.

Mit lost pretty heavily on his friend William Bigler that fall, for the governor was defeated for re-election by Mr. Pollock, of the Native American, or "Know-Nothing" Party. On October 7, 1854, Morrison entered the following rash bets:

—Bet a hat with Jo Hays on Bigler against Pollock

—Hugh Skiles bets M. Foster Oysters for 12 that Pollock, Mott and Baird will all be elected.

—Jo Hays bets M. Foster that Pollock will have 4100 Maj. over Bigler in Allegheny County. One Pair best boots.

The "Oysters for 12" set Mit back over sixteen dollars at the Monongahela House!

While their mother was in Philadelphia, Dunning was taken with a very severe spell of sickness in the Broadway Hotel in Cincinnati. He made light of it, and instead of coming home, went "up to Etty's" and stayed until his "infernal cough" had subsided. A few weeks after his mother returned from Philadelphia, her evident weakness alarmed Morrison, who wrote to Dunning to find out what the latter thought of having Etty and her family come to Allegheny to take the burden of caring for their father from Mother's shoulders. Dunning did not consider it a very wise plan, and he wrote to Morrison accordingly. Morrison's first anxiety was caused by the departure of Margaret, which left only Biddy to do the housework, and left almost the entire care of their father to Ma when he and Stephen had to be away. In accordance with Dunning's suggestion, a woman was obtained to come and help with the nursing, and the situation seemed to improve.

Cincinnati Decr. 13, 1854

Dear Brother,

I have received yours of the 5th inst. I am much distressed to learn that our dear Mother is likely to have her health injured by her attentions to Pa. I do not know what to advise in the matter, but I think you will find that if Etty removes to Pittsburgh, and you move into the large house, that you will find the expenses to be increased much more than you calculate, as her girls are just at such an age as to require considerable expense in keeping up appearances in a city; also, you will find you will have to be under the expense of much new furniture.

Could not some assistance that would take off the charge from Mother's mind in a great degree, be employed? If I am in health, it will give me great pleasure to do my share in whatever you undertake.

I am still troubled with a slight cough, but am improving every day; as yet, I am unable to do any business.

I would have been up to see you if the river had not closed. My Doctor advises me not to go by Rail Road for fear I might take a fresh cold. If the navigation is good between this and Christmas, I will go up.

I intend going South this winter for a short time to get my strength and get clear of my sickness entirely. I have a good many things I would like to say to you but I cannot explain fully on paper.

Write me soon. I will be here for a week or ten days at any rate. Excuse my scroll as my nerves are not in the best condition. Give my love to all.

Your brother,
D. M. Foster.

Christmas of 1854, all the sons except Brother William, were home with their mother and father. But the elder Foster did not now realize who came and went in the house, as he was fast sinking into a stupor from which it was hard to rouse him.

# Clouds of Sorrow, 1855-1864

ONE day in the middle of January, 1855, Eliza Foster wended her way in a carriage hired from Isaac Charles, of Allegheny, "down the hill and over the bridge" to do a little shopping in Pittsburgh and stop for a few minutes' chat with some of her old friends in Penn Street. She had dismissed the hack, and was walking slowly along Marbury Street, between Penn and Liberty, when a passerby saw her waver and fall to the pavement. Solicitously, he helped her to her feet, and she explained her fall by saying she had suddenly become faint but was entirely recovered and would go on. She seemed to be herself again, and he watched while she turned the corner into Liberty Street. She managed to reach the home of John F. Loy, at 50 Liberty Street, whose store she had just visited, but, according to a newspaper account of the occurence,

> . . . when the servant answered the summons, no one was at the door, and thinking that some mischievous lad had pulled the bell, she turned back. On passing the parlor door, she thought she distinguished a sound of someone moaning, and going in, she discovered Mrs. Foster lying on the settee in great agony of pain. It was presumed that she was unable to wait while the bell was answered, and walked in and threw herself upon the lounge.

When Mr. Loy, who had been sent for, reached the house, he picked up a little package that Eliza Foster had dropped to the floor. Inside was a length of blue satin ribbon which he had sold to her only a few minutes before.

The Loys did all they could to relieve their stricken friend, and Dr. W. F. Irwin, whose office was next door, was immediately called in. But, just as he arrived, Eliza Foster breathed her last. She died on January 18, 1855, just three days before her sixty-seventh birthday.

The following little prayer, written by his mother shortly before she died, was found in Morrison's scrap book.

### PRAYER

*by Eliza C. Foster*

Oh! Mighty God! on me still keep
    Thy ever watchfull Guardian eye,
And if I smile or if I weep
    Or breathe alloud the hurried sigh—
Be thou my mentor; and controal
    My spirits wanderings, and pride,
And say to my yet restless soul,
    "Take up thy cross; thy Saviour died."

The children had been expecting that their father shortly would be released from his physical bondage, but that their mother should be taken first was almost insupportable. When Henrietta received word of her mother's death, she presumed it was a telegram announcing that her father had passed on. She opened the message with sad resignation. Little Tom heard his mother scream, and rushed to her side as she sank to the floor. "Oh, Tom, dear, dear Grandma is dead!" A neighbor running in at the sound of the crying found them clasped in each other's arms. She hurriedly brought water from the well, and applied it to their tearstained faces until they became coherent. At home in Allegheny, the old man in the upstairs bedroom was not told of the calamity. When he roused, he frequently asked for Mother, but sank back again into a stupor. He no longer kept track of time, nor of the passing of people in and out of his room. Sometimes, he addressed Ann Eliza or Henrietta as "Ma."

Colonel Samuel W. Black, writing of Eliza Foster's death in the Pittsburgh *Daily Union,* January 22, 1855, said:

> The little children of our two cities will long lament their lost friend. Her pleasant smile and looks of love, that never changed, are all gone forever, and many hearts beat heavily and sad. We could name many that sob in their sleep, and will not be comforted, because her door will open no more with the cheerful welcome she alone could give.

There is sincerity and beauty about these old-time obituaries that is absent from the cold and matter-of-fact funeral notices of the present day, with their lists of clubs and charitable organizations to which the deceased belonged, but for whom no one "sobs in his sleep." Eliza Foster's friend continues:

> But the especial grief of this affliction is within her own house and home. There, the wife who never faltered in the fondest exercise of her duty and devotion, has quickened her eager step for the last time. By the bedside of him whom God has stricken, other eyes and hands must perform the ministrations of love. The faithful servants, that looked upon her as a mother, rather than a mistress, will sigh for another home like theirs with her. And her children, who have "fulfilled by affectionate obedience the first commandment with promise," reciprocating love with love, will tell to one another at the fireside how vacant it looks, because she is not there. "Sacred to sorrow is the day of her death!"

It is now the fashion to scoff at these loving and lengthy tributes as sentimentality—but how we would love to lean down from the place we-hope-we-are-going-to, and read one of them written about ourselves. Instead of a long list of college degrees and club memberships, there are few of us who would not glow with happiness to have it said of us as of Eliza Foster, "Her intellect is remembered with just admiration, but her life is cherished *for her heart's sake*."

The death of their mother was a severe shock to all of the children, but to Stephen a blow from which Morrison said he never fully recovered. For all his gentle humor, he was more inclined to fits of brooding and melancholy than the others. It was well for him that Jane was there, and his cheerful little baby brought a ray of sunshine to the sad household.

A letter from Stephen addressed to his sister Henrietta shows that he was trying to make the most of the latest good news he had received from Dunning, and he wrote to Henrietta in as cheerful manner as he could.

Allegheny City, March 19, 1855

My dear sister

You will be delighted to hear that I have received a letter from Dunning written at New Orleans conveying cheering news with regard to his health. He says that that he is so much improved in health as to feel that he will ultimately overcome his complaint entirely, at the same time saying that he has suffered a great deal both in body and mind. His letter is full of kindness and affection expressed towards us all and of deep feeling on the subject of our dear mothers death. He hopes to visit us all in the summer, nameing in this connection Youngstown, Allegheny City & Philada.

Pa's health has been excellent ever since you left us. I have taken great care to see that he is treated with regularity and system. Biddy is my main stay, and is even a much better girl than I had expected to find her. Margaret is also an excellent girl. I found, for many reasons, that Mrs. Gibson was any thing but an assistance to us, though her intentions for the most part were good. She and Carry, her daughter, have gone home. I get along much better without having any strangers in the house except as servants. I hope dear Mary's health is firmly established by this time. Mit is in Philada. With love to all

Your affectionate brother
Stephen

Jane sends her love.
She is making summer dresses
for Marion. Please let me hear
from you.

Morrison was fortunate in May, 1855, to receive a commission which took him away from home for a few weeks. He had gone to Philadelphia to see William and Ann Eliza in March; Major George H. Crosman (who married Hannah Blair Foster), army quartermaster at Philadelphia, had put Morrison in charge of a large shipment of military supplies going to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Morrison sent these supplies as far as Pittsburgh by rail. Dunning was down South with the *Norma,* but Morrison was able to charter the steamer *Prairie City* at Pittsburgh and left there on May 4 with 96,549 pounds of army stores. He arrived home again on May 24, 1855.

A letter from Richard Cowan addressed to Morrison when the latter was in Philadelphia shows that this Knight was doing all he could to raise the spirits of his old friend. Dick recalls the good old days when he and Morrison used to visit the young ladies at Deer Creek, and how cleverly they circumvented the watchful guardianship of the formidable Major St. Clair Denny.

April 17th.—Ah, brother, those days when we did in barbarian guise and secretly invade the castle of the Ogre were in truth happy—very happy. Little knew he what guests he did entertain, nor their secret thoughts, or by the holy rood, he had slain us! Dost remember the inflamed countenance with which he regarded us as we returned from our woodland retreat of Annie's Arbor? the raw beef & the cask of blood-red wine which he had but just swallowed, were not so red—truly he was fearful to look upon, and I did well wish me clothed in knightly armor & sword in hand. He was a watchful & jealous wight, and but for the learning and astuteness of our order, we had not at any time deceived him!

The Astrologer, the Brother of Herronford & myself, have beguiled certain barbarians into establishing a *club,* where we of the Square Table will feast at their expense. We permit none of them to sit with us but those who have hoarded money, and their money will we spend. —Already have we procured a goodly square table as the symbol of our order and the corners of it do impinge upon their barbarian sides. Wines have we in great store, and the strong drink called brandy doth abound. We await thy arrival with impatience that we may induct thee. —The dolts have chosen me to preside over them for the space of six moons and our father of Herronford have they chosen scribe and elder. —We could have had a Miser of Noble Degree, but we said, "Rather let us choose from amongst the barbarians one who hath much money, and his money will we use and cause it to flow like brandy & water." This seemed good to the brethren, & we chose one Jones, an infidel and contumacious barbarian of the worst degree. Come home to thy loving brethren, Sir George, and meet a knightly welcome. When thou dost arrive, a royal salute (240 great guns or culverins) shall be discharged and one thousand maidens clad in white shall line thy path—and also twenty-one bottle holders and ten Ethiopian pipe-bearers, and ten beaters of gongs, shall, assisted by our royal pipers & accompanied by 500 drummers, discourse sweet music for thy war horse to tread to.

Hath the Wizzard of the east who casteth nativities and presides at births, been yet able to relieve thy head? He is a wonderful doctor and worthy of our ancient college in Bagdad. Write to us and relieve our royal heart of all anxieties concerning thee.

One of the Ogre's little damsels, she of the raven pigtails, and sister of fair Annie, is now here. On last night, the Holy Father of Herronford and ourselves did clothe us in sable habiliments & fine linen & thus equipped, did betake us to the house of Denny, and sat and conversed in courtly strain to the ladies. While the Holy Father did discourse privately with Mistress Caroline, whom his reverence seemeth to regard with eyes of affection, there entered a vile barbarian surnamed Smith, a haberdasher who sat him besides the holy Abbot and Mistress Caroline, & conversed with them, discoursing gravely concerning certain churches & missions!—to the great injury and manifest discontent of his reverence of Herronford, who scowled upon the barbarian fiercely. We sat comfortably behind the spinnet, with she of the raven pigtails, recalling ancient days at Deer Creek, and our royal stomach felt deeply for our brother of the Square Table—but we remembered a scurvy trick that he had served us but the other night at a revel, where he did rid himself of a stupid damsel and cast her upon our courtesy—but then he was in his cups. So we went not into his assistance, altho grieved, as you well may believe, O Armstrong!

In thy prayers, remember us, worthy brother, and write. Forever thine, by the Tail of ye Fish,

SHIRAS

Stephen did not produce many songs in 1855, but he published two of his best; "Hard Times Come Again No More" was copyrighted January 17, the day before his mother died; "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" appeared in June. "Hard Times" is wholly a song of the people; it was probably composed in November or December of 1854, when Stephen saw many of his own good friends amongst the helpless victims of hard times right in the neighborhood of his home. That winter in Pittsburgh and Allegheny was a time of great distress owing to the shutting down of the mills. Morrison's accounts show no income at all from the Hope Cotton Mill in 1854, and a contemporary newspaper article states that the suffering amongst the families of the unemployed was pitiful. Stephen's mother would have known everybody in the neighborhood that needed help; no one in trouble was ever turned from her door.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" is written in an entirely different vein, being a song of love and happy youth. Stephen composed and practiced this lovely quartette with the assistance of his two nieces, Lidie Wick taking the soprano part and Mary Wick singing the alto, while their Uncle Stephen played the piano accompaniment. There are few of that generation who do not remember what an overwhelming success it was. "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" is such a supremely beautiful arrangement of simple harmonies that it deserves a place high amongst American musical classics.

Stephen's lively little song, "Some Folks," was copyrighted the same day as "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," June 28, 1855. "Some Folks" had a great vogue; in addition, it was copied and parodied on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Forty to fifty years ago the air was used for a temperance hymn in English Sunday schools. Mrs. Ellen Galey, of Dearborn, Michigan, remembers how she used to sing "temperance words" to Stephen's tune when she was a little girl in London. A song called "Some Folks," with air credited properly to Stephen C. Foster, also appears in an American publication called *The Sparkling Stream, A Collection of Temperance Melodies* compiled by M. F. H. Smith. At least two early editions of this book were published in New York in 1866 and 1870. The cover of a third edition, printed in 1895, is reproduced opposite page 445. Following are a few samples of the cheerful verses:

Some folks drink their wine,
  Some folks do, Some folks do;
And think it very fine,
  But that's not me nor you.

CHORUS:—
Three cheers for water, water pure,
  From every rill that pours,
And three times three,
  For the boys in the temp'rance cause.

Some folks get home late,
  Some folks do, Some folks do;
And don't walk very straight,
  But that's not me nor you.

Some folks often try,
  Some folks do, Some folks do;
To "sample" on the sly,
  But that's not me nor you.

It is easy to understand why these verses were very popular with temperance children.

The household in Allegheny now (summer of 1855) consisted of the sick father, Jane, Stephen, little Marion, Morrison, and faithful Ann Evans. On July 27, the tired heart of stanch old William Barclay Foster ceased its struggle, and his valiant spirit escaped from its long bondage. He was laid to rest beside Mother and Charlotte on the green hillside near the little town he had mapped out so proudly a little more than forty years before. One by one, the Fosters were coming home again to Lawrenceville.

That fall, following the death of her parents, Henrietta experienced for the first time the same weight of sorrow that had been her mother's when Charlotte died. On October 3, 1855, her loving, manly little Tom fell to his death from a chestnut tree. He had kissed his mother good-by, and gone out gaily with the boys on a nutting expedition; within an hour he was brought home crushed and bleeding. Tommy had climbed out too far on a high limb which broke under his weight. He was just thirteen and a half years old. The family in Allegheny and Dunning (who had returned from New Orleans) hurried to Youngstown and found Henrietta in a pitiful state of grief. Her submission to what she considered God's will was complete, but her poor heart bled on, nevertheless. Dunning stayed on with the Thorntons for several weeks after little Tom's funeral, comforting his sister and her family as best he could. But over his own spirit had settled that chill which warned him of what he himself must shortly face. In those days, to have the symptoms of dread consumption appear in one's family was to see the loved member marked for certain death. Every cure that anyone suggested was hopefully tried. One that was recommended to William B. Foster, Sr., which he carefully placed in his "Scrap Book" when Mary and Thomas Wick were ill, was a dose concocted of liverwort leaves and rain water. A remedy which Morrison noted, between specifications for "two-bushel seamless" and "short-reel and long-reel bags," comes a little nearer present-day treatment, as it calls for "8 gr. of Phosphate Lime three times a day with Cod Liver Oil." The desperate attempts of these devoted ones to hold back the Destroyer in their midst makes one's heart ache with sympathy. Why did efficacious treatment of this disease have to be so long in coming? We are no worthier than they were, but we are relieved by modern medical science of that hopeless, peace-destroying fear that darkened the lives of our fathers and mothers.

In the six months immediately following his father's death, Stephen published only two songs, "The Village Maiden" and "Comrades, Fill No Glass for Me." The words of "The Village Maiden" are plaintive and sad, of old-time ballad style; the melody is much better suited for religious purposes than some of the hymn tunes that he turned out later in life. In that dark, last year of his life, 1863, when his critical faculties were at a very low ebb, he produced about a dozen uninspired expressions of religious hack-writing. The worst of all are "Little Ella's an Angel in the Skies, Sing, Merrily Sing" and "Willie's Gone to Heaven, Praise the Lord"! Knowing the family risibilities as I do, and especially those of Stephen's closest associate, Morrison Foster, I can assert positively that if Stephen actually wrote these barbarous compositions, he was far from being his normal self, or he wrote them with his tongue in his cheek. It might be that he had not forgotten a certain communication published in the *Musical Review and Choral Advocate* of May 2, 1853, by Thomas Hastings, a composer of hymns, who resented the fact that certain Sunday schools were using the melody of "Old Folks at Home" for a hymn. Perhaps it was a sad revenge Stephen took when he foisted "Little Willie" and "Little Ella's an Angel" on the sanctimonious pedants who had recoiled in horror from "Old Folks at Home." Following is the communication from Mr. Hastings:

> I was quite sorry to see in your last number, Mr. Editor, that our Sunday-school committee had brought upon themselves so severe a rebuke as you gave them, and still more so, to feel the conviction that it had been richly merited. Not being myself very conversant with Ethiopian minstrelsy, the sorry trick of adaptation had escaped my notice, till an incident brought it to mind. A superintendent gave the music into the hands of a lady who had charge of about a hundred infant scholars. She saw the trick and remonstrated. "But," says the superintendent, "the children will never know it!" "Come and see," was her reply. She sang a line or two, and then said, "Children, have you ever heard anything like that before?" "Old folks at home! Old folks at home!" shouted the little urchins with such merry glances and gesticulations as showed them upon the very point of "Cutting up," when the experiment ended and the piece was abandoned.

[Little did Stephen know when he wrote "Swanee River" that it ever would have the insidious effect of bringing children to the very point of "Cutting up" in Sunday school!]

It is marvellous to me that so many good men will insist on perpetrating such mischief—just as if children could not discriminate; as if it would do no injury to vitiate their taste, or tamper with their susceptibilities. If there were no good tunes or hymns in circulation, there might be some apology for the abuse. Every committeeman might then take his turn in fishing up something from the lowest dregs of music and poetry, and the poor children be allowed to suffer. But the state of the case is directly opposite. There is an abundance of available materials, and every committee, therefore, is bound to make a good selection.

The matter you refer to is nothing of a novel character. We are not referring to a first offense of the kind. It is an old trick, which many seem determined to "play off" every time they have an opportunity. No matter what is said against it; anything will do for children: merry dances, street ballads, bacchanalian songs, and negro melodies, often tricked with parodies which, by a double power of association, bring wicked and irreverent thoughts to mind! No matter, they are for children. And thus their minds are filled with poisonous trash, to forget which in after life would be to them a blessing.

It is high time for good men to bear witness against such abuses. I hear they will not yet be abandoned. Christy has more melodies; and then "Yankee Doodle," "Frog and Mouse," and "Jim Crow," I believe, have not yet been appropriated.

Yours, &c.

TH. HASTINGS.

This was without a doubt the same Thomas Hastings who composed the best-known and beloved melody ever set to Augustus M. Toplady's great hymn, "Rock of Ages." Thomas Hastings' air is universally used in American churches today. That Mr. Hastings could compose such splendid music himself, and still not be able to see any worth in "Old Folks at Home" because it happened to come under the category of "Ethiopian minstrelsy," is "marvelous to me."

We presume the guilty committeemen were overcome with shame and completely crushed by the withering sarcasm in the last paragraph of Mr. Hastings' letter. In commenting upon the Hastings article, John Tasker Howard says: "Strange enough to us today, it was not the Sunday School doggerel that was blamed for desecrating a fine melody, it was the tune itself that was attacked for daring to show its face at such a lily-white gathering!"

"Comrades, Fill No Glass for Me," although decidedly a temperance song, is not of the same inferior order as Stephen's gospel hymns. It is the cry of a young man who has ruined his life and broken the hearts of his parents, with his slavish devotion to alcohol. We don't know what inspired Stephen to write in this vein, unless it was that in reading over the reminiscences of his mother, which had occupied a great deal of her time shortly before she died, he was deeply impressed by Eliza Foster's sorrow expressed over the wayward son of one of their old family friends. "Clinton Sanford" is the name employed by Stephen's mother to conceal the identity of her sad young character.

> Poor unfortunate Clinton Sanford! A father and mother in their graves that made an idol of thee in thy infancy. A boy wert thou so beautiful and so wise that thy childhood's hours were counted ominous of high destiny, that thy star would conduct thee to the pinnacle of fame. Thus said the old nurse that watched thy growing charms and saw unfolding all the beauties of thy tender mind. But many a lovely boy as promising as thou wert, has been sacrificed like thee for want of resolution to withstand the tempter, Alcohol.
>
> Alas, I have seen him in after years, as ragged and much more miserable than his poor simple companion Joslin. A pauper's death and an unknown grave were the fate of Clinton Sanford.

## II

IN the fall of 1855, the pre-election excitement diverted the Foster family a little from their sad and sorrowful routine. Even the weary Dunning found strength to add to one of the short notes he sent to Morrison, "The Know-Nothings have won everything in these parts!" The winter of 1855-56 Dunning divided between Cincinnati and Youngstown; he no longer was able to take command of a steamboat. The firm of Taylor and Cassilly had failed, owing him several thousand dollars. Like many sick people, Dunning exaggerated the importance of his losses out of all proportion. He was obsessed with the fear that he might die without leaving all his financial affairs straight and in order. Mit entreated his brother not to worry about a couple of hundred dollars Dunning had borrowed to pay doctor bills, but Dunning kept insisting that he must protect his brother in case he should die. At last, Morrison received a letter from Dunning which sent Stephen, Henry, and Morrison to Cincinnati in great haste.

Cincinnati Mar 17, 1856

Dear Brother

Since the change of weather I have been obliged to keep my room at the broadway Hotel, and am quite week

I wish you would send me your acceptance on Pittsburgh at ninety days for two hundred dollars, I enclose you your last acceptance for 200$ due 17th Feby last, it was allowed to go to protest for a few hours by the blunder of the teller of Gilmore & Brotherton saying he had no funds to pay, when he had

I dont feel ill enough for any of you to come here and hope by care and attention to be strong enough to see you again, I made a fatal mistake in remaining here this winter.

It fatigues me write Give my love all

Your affectunate Brother

D. M. Foster

The misspelling and labored writing must have alarmed his brothers—at any rate, they lost no time in leaving Pittsburgh. By the time they reached his bedside, Dunning was dying. On Monday morning, March 31, 1856, he slept peacefully away.

That night, the steamboat *Philadelphia,* fighting her way through floating ice, brought Captain Dunning McNair Foster home on his last journey on the river he had loved so well and which had served him so ill. He was buried on April 3 from the home on the East Common where Stephen was now head of the house. The friends of Dunning's old regiment, the Duquesne Grays, and the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged, marched behind his casket. Three of his steamboat cronies, Captain David Holmes, Captain R. J. Grace, and William Hervey Allen, on April 3, 1856, prepared, in the name of the Pittsburgh Marine Association, resolutions of respect, which, although expressed in slightly involved sentences, nevertheless came straight from their good hearts.

> *RESOLVED,* That we reciprocally feel with and condole with those "nearer and dearer" to him in the deep sorrow and dark shadow now overclouding them, and as consolation is best afforded to the mourner in the contemplation of the living virtues of the beloved dead, we do bear this spontaneous and fervent testimony to the worth that has gone to its reward, for "honor and truth and excellence were attributes of him," and when he died
>
> "They gave the grave a noble heart,  
> And goodness to the dust."
>
> *RESOLVED,* That as a mark of respect and sorrow for the lamented deceased, all the boats now lying in port are respectfully requested to hoist their flags at half mast.

Truly, more shadows than sunlight were beginning to fill the years for the children of William and Eliza Foster.

Stephen's notebook reveals that he tried to start a little song, possibly in memory of Dunning, but abandoned it after finishing one verse.

Blow light, ye wandering zephyrs
Ye willows, gently wave,
Let peace forever linger
Around my brother's grave.

Another unpublished verse, referring to "my brother," evidently is dedicated to William, as it appears in Stephen's original manuscript book with songs written in 1860, the year of William's death.

If, in my trembling wayward path,
To the land of love or the land of wrath—
If I should reach the doubtful goal
Before his steadfast, earnest soul,
Lest at the bitter trying end
He dies without one poet friend—
Now, I'm that friend, he'd wish no other,
Carve on his tomb these words—"my brother."

Whichever brother it was, Stephen felt that his own course was "trembling and wayward" in comparison to the other's "steadfast, earnest soul." A conviction of inadequacy and weakness grew on Stephen; and even this imperfect little rhyme reveals the skepticism that was beginning to color his whole outlook on life.

Ann Eliza and William were not able to come home for Dunning's funeral. In the fall of 1855, William had been compelled to take Elizabeth to the South to spend the winter, as her health was failing rapidly. Ann Eliza wrote to Morrison in her usual serious, loving way.

Olney, Phila. April 8, 1856

My dear brother,

The intelligence of the death of our beloved Dunning gave me a great shock, as I had heard nothing whatever of his increased sickness. I have made one or two attempts before since hearing of it, to write to you, but have found myself unequal to the task. Although from a natural feeling towards a brother I had watched over & nursed in childhood & for whom I had daily offered up my imperfect prayers, I should have mourned deeply, my sorrow for his loss is greatly enhanced by the increased affection with which his late visit to us inspired me & by the disappointment it has brought to my hopes of having him with us through this coming summer, & it might be at intervals for many years to come. But the "will of the Lord be done," it is always the best, & if as I most humbly trust, He has been merciful to that precious soul & received it into the joys of the blessed, I know & feel that it *is* best. Life in its best estate is "altogether vanity" & what remained to him could have been little more than weakness & suffering. While we mourn him then, tried by losses & sickness, & cut off by death in the pride of his manhood, we cannot tell what those trials have prepared him for, what that apparently untimely death has saved him from. Nothing remains to us but submission to his loss & a solemn appropriating to our hearts the admonitions it brings. May none of us disregard or pass them over lightly.

Before this, you have no doubt committed his cherished body to its resting place beside our dear parents & sister till the summons of the "great day."

William returned to Phila. on Saturday getting Elizabeth safely back, which is more than I expected, as from a letter I received from him a few days before they left Savannah, I feared there was great risk in the undertaking. William seems fully aware of her situation & has made up his mind to part with her, it being now as he says, but a question of days or months when that must take place. His grief at the prospect he says is beyond expression.

With a great deal of love to Henry & Stephen,—say to them,. as soldiers in battle close together as death thins their ranks, so I trust shall we become more firmly united in heart as our number decreases. I shall hope to hear from them before long & from you, too, dear Mitty, as soon as possible. Give much love to James & believe me to be ever

Your attached Sister,
Ann Eliza

Will you not be soon coming to see us again?

---

Office Pennsylvania Rail Road Company,
Philadelphia, April 23d. 1856

To Morrison Foster.

My dear Brother,

On my return from Harrisburg last evening (after an absence of several days) I found your letter of the 12th inst. giving me an account of the last illness of our dear departed Brother.—It is a consolation to have these particulars, and to feel that he passed from time to Eternity, without bodily pain.—As you request, I enclose you a receipt for my share of the amount you paid at Cincinnati, etc. and am only happy that I am able to do it.—

I wrote you from Harrisburgh, in regard to the health of my dear Elizabeth, and felt at the time, very desponding about the matter.—As soon as we got home, I had to go to Harrisburgh & remain there, and as she had not recovered from the fatigue of her journey home, I could scarcely judge of her condition.—Since she has got quietly settled in our old home, and recovered from the effects of the journey, she appears better—at least she is comparatively comfortable. The cough & expectorant still continues, but no further hemorrhages have occurred, and I have good hopes that she may get along through the summer with a reasonable share of comfort.—I hope Mary [Wick] will make her visit this spring, or summer, while her Aunt can enjoy her visit.—Elizabeth goes about the house, and sits up nearly all the time, only lounging on the sofa when she becomes weary.—The children are all in fine health & spirits.—Ann Eliza's family continues well as usual.

Let us hear from you frequently.—With much love to all, I remain

Your most affectionate brother William.

It was a good thing for all the Fosters that the excitement of the presidential campaign came along to turn their thoughts forcibly outward and away from their recent losses. Morrison and Stephen were charter members of a political marching and singing band called the Buchanan Glee Club of Allegheny City, whose purpose it was to parade and serenade in the interests of the Democratic candidates, James Buchanan, and John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. The new Republican party, formed at Jackson, Michigan, in 1854, held its first official convention at Pittsburgh in February, 1856, and the strain of excitement ran high. In June, they nominated Colonel John C. Fremont and William Dayton as their candidates, while the Know-Nothings and Whigs united on Millard Fillmore and Andrew J. Donelson. The Democratic glee clubs had plenty to do, shouting down the rival clubs. They all surged through the streets, fighting for the best corners and making life interesting for the residents of the different neighborhoods they invaded. The Buchanan Glee Club of Allegheny City was organized on August 6, 1856, with the following officers: president, Wm. Blakely; vice-president, Thos. N. Smith; secretary, Geo. C. McKinley; treasurer, Morrison Foster; musical director, Stephen C. Foster.

The campaign went on, in a blare of Fremont torchlight parades in the North; Rocky Mountain Clubs, Freedom Clubs, Pioneers with shiny axes; political clubs which marched from town to town, from one huge mass meeting to another—recalling the Whig processions of 1840—giving the famous new "staccato" cheer, distributing handbills, shouting for "Bleeding Kansas" and for "Free Labor, Free Speech, Free Men, Free Kansas and Fremont," drowning out the "Buck and Breck!" of the Democratic "Buchaneers" with the promise to "take the Buck by the horns." ... And the Democrats laughed at the Republican "shrieks for freedom," and made a point of decorum and quiet dignity.*

A story told by Billy Hamilton, one of the Buchanan Glee Club members, does not quite bear out the Democrats' reputation for "decorum and quiet dignity"! The minutes of the club report that on "Wednesday, Sept. 3, Glee Club met at 7½ o'clock, Wm. Blakeley President in the chair. Invitation from Col. S. W. Black to go to his house on tomorrow evening; accepted. Invitation from

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*Meade Minnigerode, *Presidential Years,* New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1928.

H. B. Foster to go to Lawrenceville on Saturday evening. Accepted." Mr. Hamilton reports that on their serenading party in Lawrenceville they got into a terrible fracas with the husky lads of the volunteer fire department. He says (*Pittsburgh Press,* July 11, 1895):

> In a twinkling, our peaceful body of serenaders was transformed into a howling mob. Foster, his brother [Stephen and Morrison], myself and other vocalists hastened out of the crowd. We were all too small for our ages and had no business around where any fighting was going on. We always left that to our bodyguard, and they protected us most effectually in that case. None of us was hurt, and few of the members of the guard suffered, but the firemen were completely routed and driven back into their headquarters. They had tackled the wrong crowd that time.

The "Buck and Breck Club" also had chapters in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and when the two organizations combined their forces at Excelsior Hall, the uproar was deafening. Perhaps some of our Allegheny readers might be interested in the membership of this old Buchanan Glee Club. Besides the officers already mentioned, there were:

Charles A. Kurtz
George M. Young
John Power
George Blakely
Col. Thomas Moffit
Isaac Wright
John Minnic
James H. Clark
Jordan Fritz
William Speers
Capt. David Campbell
Major "Davie" Lynch
Col. William M. Stewart
Joseph Gordon
Charles Paulson
William Hamilton
David B. Oliver
Charles A. Smith
H. N. Greatrake
Thomas N. Smith
J. A. Neeson
William Bready
A. C. Bell, Jr.
Jno. J. McDermott
Lewis H. Cochran
John Haffey
Jas. McElroy
Lewis Lewis
David Henry
John Carroll
Joseph Gordon
W. A. Lawton
Thomas Haffy
James Carroll
R. C. Brown
A. G. Milby
Thomas H. Johnson
W. H. Rogers
Saml. W. Black
William Neville

James Buchanan, Jr.
R. S. Lynch
George Keenan
James I. Kerr
Wm. C. Gallagher
James L. Smith
W. L. Reynolds
John Connolly
Henry Kurtz
Lawrence Clark
Wm. M. Herron
N. S. McCalley
Geo. Laumon

The Foster family were not only in political sympathy with, but they personally liked Ann Eliza's brother-in-law, James Buchanan. Having no wife or family of his own, he took a kindly interest in the children of his brother and sisters; but Ann Eliza, although willing that her children should accept favors from "Uncle," was very independent where her own sister and brothers were concerned and requested that none of them "put themselves under any obligations to him." The reasons, their sister told them, were "easier to explain when I see you than to write." Probably some little in-law difference was at the bottom of it, but we'll never know what it was. Whatever it was, it did not dampen their enthusiasm for Mr. Buchanan as the presidential candidate. Morrison was a member of the Allegheny County "Democratic Committee of Correspondence" from September, 1855, until September, 1856; and he and Bill Blakely were delegates from the Fourth Ward, Allegheny, to the convention which met at Pittsburgh on August 27, 1856, to nominate a county ticket. According to the *Daily Union* of August 28, the meeting was fiery with enthusiasm.

> Col. Samuel W. Black, as Chairman of the County Committee of Correspondence, called the Convention to order. After so doing, he considered it his duty to report to the delegates of the county the political condition of things throughout the Commonwealth. He had recently visited most of the western counties—Washington, Fayette, Greene, Westmoreland, Somerset, Cambria, Blair, Bedford, Franklin, Fulton, Dauphin, and the home of the "sage of Wheatland,"—(cheers)—old Lancaster. Never, since the speaker had a vote, had he seen half the enthusiasm as is manifested for their gallant standard bearers, Buchanan and Breckinridge. (Cheers.) Somerset County had turned completely over, and instead of giving eighteen hundred majority against the Democratic party as heretofore, she would give a handsome majority for Buchanan and Breckinridge in November next. (Cheers.) Fayette,

Washington and Greene present prospects bright as day, and in the mountain counties the shout for "Buchanan and victory" has already been sounded. Such was a plain account of what his eyes had seen, and his ears had heard! (Enthusiastic applause.)

Judging from the way the delegates received the account of what his eyes had seen and his ears had heard, Colonel Black surely found it more than a mere "duty" to give his report. It must have been a pleasure!

A number of fervent resolutions were adopted unanimously:

> *RESOLVED,* That the Democracy of Allegheny county are pleased to acknowledge the compliment paid to the State of Pennsylvania, by the nomination of her favorite son in the National Democratic Convention, as the standard-bearer of the Democracy of the nation, in its approaching conflict with the combined fag ends and factions of all isms.
>
> *RESOLVED,* That we heartily ratify the nomination of the gallant Breckinridge, of Kentucky, as our candidate for the Vice-Presidency.
>
> *RESOLVED,* That Col. S. W. Black, is the choice of Allegheny county for Governor; the Democracy of his own home present him to the people with the full endorsement of those who know him best.
>
> *RESOLVED,* That the election of the Hon. Wm. Bigler to the Senate of the United States meets our entire approbation. He fell with the Democracy, and it was just that with it he should rise.

Stephen made at least two contributions to this famous campaign. Billy Hamilton said in later years that Stephen wrote many of the songs sung by the Buchanan Glee Club in their evening gatherings, but so far only two, "The Great Baby Show" and "The White House Chair," have come to light. Stephen wrote both words and music of "The White House Chair," and Billy Hamilton said it was one of the best they had. "The Great Baby Show" (or "The Abolition Show") is set to the tune of "Villikins and his Dinah," and is a satire on a monster daylight parade put on in Pittsburgh by the Fremont-Republicans on September 17, 1856. Stephen's verses, with two added at the end of the poem by Morrison, were published in the Democratic Pittsburgh *Post* on September 26, 1856.

The following is Stephen's own version, as he sent it to his brother William on March 11, 1857.

### THE GREAT BABY SHOW
### OR
### THE ABOLITION SHOW

On the Seventeenth day of September, you know,
Took place in our city the great baby show;
They shut up the factories and let out the schools,
For the Seventeenth day was the day of all fools.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

They made a procession of wagons and boats,
Of racoons and oxen (they all have their votes)
Sledge hammers, triangles and carpenter's tools,
One thousand and eight hundred horses and mules.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

They had gemmen ob color to join in their games
And jokers and clowns of all ages and names.
They had pop guns and tin pans and all kinds of toys,
And a very fine party of women and boys.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

They had young men on horse back, so nice and so gay
Aged Seventeen years on this Seventeenth day,
And the ladies all thought they were bold cavaliers
These bright looking lads aged seventeen years.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

They had grim border-ruffians, I'll bring to your mind,
And they've plenty more left of the very same kind,
They drank from a flask and played cards on the way,
And the children looked on, on this Seventeenth day.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

They had Ohio yankees of Western Reserve
Who live upon cheese, ginger cakes and preserve,
Abolition's their doctrine their rod and their staff,
And they'll fight for a sixpence an hour and a half.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

Now was it not kind in these good simple clowns
To amuse all the children in both of our towns
To shut up their work shops and spend so much money,
To black up their faces, get tight and be funny.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

They called it a council of freemen you know
But I told you before 'twas a great baby show,
For when they had met they had nothing to say
But "Poor Bleeding Kansas" and "Ten Cents A Day."
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

(The following two additional verses were written by Mit.)

Then their ship Constitution was hauled through the street
With sixteen small guns she was armed compleet
But the brave ship of State by which Democrats stand
Carries thirty one guns with old Buck in command.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

In the year '45 when the fire laid us waste
Old Buck gave us five hundred dollars in haste
They then took his money and lauded his name
But he's now "Ten cent Jimmy," their banners proclaim.
Sing tu ral lal lu ral, &c.

Stephen also wrote the melody for William with the instruction that the song "Should be sung rather slowly," and accompanied it with this note:

Pittsburgh, March 11, 1857

My dear brother,

Herewith I send you the words of the show song in full, with one verse of the music.

We are all quite well

Your affec. brother
S. C. Foster

Wm. B. Foster, Jr.
Philada.

Stephen's sarcastic reference to "Ohio Yankees of Western Reserve" is based on the fact that the northern section of Ohio was originally owned by the state of Connecticut and was known as the Western Reserve. The largest element among the early settlers of this reserve were the Connecticut Yankees from the mother state.

They were thrifty, hard-working people who gained for themselves a reputation for driving a hard bargain. Hence, Stephen's scornful line, "They'll fight for a sixpence an hour and a half."

Moreover, the term *Yankee* was one of reproach to the Union Democrats of Pennsylvania or Ohio, as it was associated, in their minds, exclusively with the abolitionists of New England, and they resented most emphatically the Southern custom of lumping all Northerners under the name. It takes a long time for sectional animosities to die out, and even many years after the Civil War, if you wanted to get a rise out of a Pennsylvania Democrat, all you had to do was call him a Yankee.

In going carefully over all of Stephen's songs for phonographic recording in 1935, Luella C. Conn, of Dayton, Ohio, discovered that the air composed by Stephen for "The White House Chair" is the same one that he afterwards used for a song published in the May, 1862, issue of *Clark's School Visitor* entitled "The Merry, Merry Month of May." The verses of "The White House Chair" first published in the Pittsburgh *Post* of September 29, 1856, reflect the threat of disunion that was already menacing the country.

Let all our hearts for Union be,
For the North and South are one;
They've worked together manfully
And together they will still work on.

CHORUS: Then come ye men from every State,
Our creed is broad and fair;
Buchanan is our candidate,
And we'll put him in the White House Chair.

## III

THE year 1856 closed sadly for Brother William and his children, for Elizabeth died on October 22. Her remains were preserved in a vault until February 19, 1857, when William brought his wife back to Pittsburgh and laid her to rest beside their baby girl in the Allegheny Cemetery. At home that Christmas were only

Morrison and Stephen and Henry and their families. James Buchanan went home to see his relatives, and reported that his Uncle James had come to see them the Sunday before Christmas and had made the girls go back to "Wheatland" with him for the holidays. James spent a few days with Uncle William and the little children in their lonely home, and then joined his sisters at "Wheatland." He was back in Allegheny in January ready to get to work; and "work it will be" the young lawyer wrote decidedly to his Uncle Mit.

Morrison had been working for some time in the office of the Pittsburgh and Steubenville Railroad Company where Henry had formerly been employed. He did not stay regularly at Stephen's, as it was too hard on Jane when they had no servant. Mit boarded at the Monongahela House, then managed by their family friend John Crossan, and during July and August, 1856, he stayed at Mrs. Leech's on Penn Street (not the same Leech family who now lived in the old White Cottage). In January, 1857, however, Morrison was back home again with Stephen and Jane on the East Common —that life there was not dull will be seen from a cheerful letter sent by Stephen to their crony, Billy Hamilton. Regarding this letter, Mr. Hamilton has left the following note:

> This letter written by Stephen C Foster was addressed to, and received by me at Point Pleasant Virginia. (now West Virginia) This place is situate at mouth of the Big Kanawha river. At this time I was first clerk of the Steamer "Clara Dean" George W Reed was Captain. We were on our way from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh and arrived at Point Pleasant on Christmas Day AD 1856. The river was running so full of heavy ice that we could pro[c]eed no further and the boat remained there frozen in the ice until the first week in April 1857

Pittsburgh, Jan. 16, 1857

Dear Billy

Your letter from Point Pleasant has been received, and I am glad to know the whereabouts of the great North American ballad singer. When can you promise to appear again before a Pittsburgh audience? Masonic Hall can be had now. I have also had an engagement tendered me, but I declined. Kleber is going to give a concert and he has offered me the post of first *anvil* player in the "Anvil chorus" from a new opera. I was unwilling to go through the course of training and dieting requisite for the undertaking, and consequently declined. I understand he has sent to Europe for a "first anvil." We have had another little political brush in the election of Mayor, but there was very little excitement.

I have not yet received the Cincinnati Gazette and suppose that puff has not appeared. I will send you by this mail a copy of "Jeanie with the light brown hair" if I can find a copy. Mit is now living with us. James Buchanan returned yesterday from a long visit home. Mrs F. and Miss Maggie are quite well. Your account of your appearance on the stage rather got them.

I am much obliged to you for that dog, "Rat-trap" as we called him, on account of his well known ferosity towards those animals. You must pardon me if I inform you that he is now with us no more. He continued to devour shoes, stockings, spools, the cat, and every thing else that he could find lying aroud loose. At last we held a council of war, and thought we would put him in the yard, then we thought we wouldn't. We concluded at last to put him in the cellar. There he stayed for three days and howled all the time, and would have howled till now if I had not let him out. I was afraid the neighbors would inform on us for keeping a nuisance. Solitary confinement did not agree with him. He lost his appetite. Then I gave him some garlic as you had instructed me. This gave him a sort of diarrhea, and he got into Mit's room and relieved himself on his bed, then he scattered his dirty shirts over the floor, sprinkled his shoes and played hob generally. This performance seemed to bring him to his appetite, for that same evening he stole a whole beef steak off the kitchen table and swallowed it all raw. We concluded this was too much to stand even from "Friendships offering", so I made up my mind to trade him off. John Little had a friend in Chicago who wanted *just such a dog,* so he gave me a very fine Scotch terrier Eighteen months old for him. "Trap" is enjoying the lake breezes. *I am very much obliged to you for that dog.*

James Buchanan has just come in to see me, so here I will wind up.

Your Friend
S. C. Foster

The little Scottish terrier that Stephen traded "Friendships offering" for, was not Old Dog Tray, but Stephen was just as greatly attached to him, and he to Stephen. Stephen and Marion, accompanied by the little black dog, were a familiar sight to the neighbors of the East Common as they wended their way through the park in the pleasant summer weather. The little girl and the little dog frolicked around, while Stephen threw himself down on the grass and listened to the singing birds and the leaves rustling in the gentle breeze. From the river came the continual deep resonant blasts of the steamboat whistles, softened by the distance. Often they would wander down to the canal to watch the heavy barges and passenger boats as they were hauled along, giving the little black dog a chance to race along the path and bark at the mules and the canalboat dogs. The three would always stop in at the toll house for a chat with the collector, who was a great admirer of Stephen's music, especially "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"; this gentleman later told the story that he talked nearly every day for a month with the friendly man who was always accompanied by his little girl, and a little black dog, before he discovered that it was the famous Stephen C. Foster.

Another letter of Stephen's has recently come to light which explains what is meant by the "puff" mentioned in his letter of January 16, 1857, to Billy Hamilton. This original Foster letter was until lately preserved in the Rush Rhees Library of the University of Rochester, and, through the kindness of the university, is now in the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh. This letter from Stephen is addressed to John B. Russell, who was on the staff of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. Stephen's letter reveals that he and Mr. Russell were very good friends.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 28/57

Dear Sir

I have received the Copies of the Gazette which you sent me also your letter inclosing one copy of your complimentary notice of me and my music. I am beginning to think, since reading it, that I am "some punkins" and that the Nation will have to put on crape when I take my flight to a higher (or lower) sphere. I gave a copy to the editor of the "Dispatch," (the largest circulation here) and he was in the same fix that your Gazette has been, expecting a new dress, when that is received, he intends to make your article the basis of an editorial, as suggested by the notice in the Gazette.

Your humble servant, the gentleman with the "amiable character" will send two or three copies to his publishers in New York, for insertion in any paper, or papers that will not place over the article those diabolical words "New Advertisements."

"Contents noted" as regards sending Miss Eliza anything new that I may bring out. It will be attended to, although I have nothing "in press" at present.

How a man likes to show these little flatering testimonials to his wife! If it were not for that, the benefit to me of your kind and friendly action would be half lost.

With my best regards to all,

Your Friend
S. C. Foster

J. B. Russell Esq.
Cin. O.

In addition to the above, through the researches of the late E. Jay Wohlgemuth, of Cincinnati, we have the "puff" itself written by John B. Russell, which was published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* on January 22, 1857.

### FOSTER'S MUSIC

If popularity is any test of merit, to Stephen E. [sic] Foster's Melodies must be assigned a high rank. Probably no man's ideas have been more often repeated, when we consider singing, playing, whistling, etc. His tunes are a perpetual solace to the miner of California, the slave in the cotton fields of the South, and they gladden the tedious watches of the sailor in every sea reached by American or English enterprise. It is hardly too much to assert, there is not a family in this country where any musical taste exists, that has not been cheered with the melody of his songs. In fact they are sung all over the civilized world, the sea-coast cities of China not excepted. We lately read of an American traveller (Bayard Taylor, we think) teaching "Uncle Ned" to the Arabs in Africa, and explaining to them, at their request, the meaning of the words, in their own dialect. A Paris correspondent of a Boston paper says, on hearing "Oh, Susannah" whistled through the streets, he enthusiastically cried out, "America for ever!" Dickens speaks of its popularity in the prisons of England; and a friend who has spent some time in Central America, says he has heard the natives amuse themselves by the hour, in singing snatches of Foster's early songs, which they had caught from the roving Californians.

Some account of these songs may prove interesting. For the main facts we are indebted to Mr. Wm. C. Peters, who was one of the first to discover the extraordinary talent of Mr. Foster, and who has been from first to last, his firm friend and adviser. His attention was called to the subject by Mr. Blancagniel of Louisville, who had heard Mr. Foster at some musical soiree at Pittsburgh, and was so struck with the originality of his music, and its perfect adaptation to the sentiment of the words, that he offered to procure him a publisher.

Foster's earliest song was "Uncle Ned," which was first sung in Cincinnati, at a concert by Pond, McCann, and others, in 1845, and enthusiastically encored. It was soon published by Mr. Peters, and reached a sale till then unknown in the music-publishing business. With one exception, there have been more copies of it sold, than of any piece on his catalogue.

"Oh, Susannah," was the next piece, and about equalled "Uncle Ned" in popularity. Several editions of each having been surreptitiously printed at the East, it is impossible to say how many thousands have been sold.

"Camptown Races" soon followed, and was also very popular; so much so, it had the effect (perhaps not complimentary to the song) of compelling the good people of Camptown, New Jersey, to change the name of their place. We suppose every new acquaintance to whom they were introduced, involuntarily ejaculated, "Du-dah!"

"The Old Folks at Home," next appeared, which has reached a sale of upwards of one hundred thousand copies in this country, and about as many in England.

Of his later pieces, there have been sold eighty thousand copies of "My Old Kentucky Home,"—seventy thousand of "Old Dog Tray"— and about the same number of "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground."

Of the ballad style, "Willie, we have missed you" is the most popular. "Maggie by my Side," and "Jeannie with her light brown hair," have also had a great run. His last song is "Gentle Annie."

Like Tom Moore, Haynes Bayley, and Mrs. Norton, the poetry of Mr. Foster is wedded to his own melodies. It is this intimate connexion between his poetry and music that gives such a charm to his compositions. His subjects are always simple, and so is his treatment of them; yet they are broad and well defined. It is impossible to conceive of any thing better suited to the popular ear, than the subject matter of his melodies and words.

Mr. Foster resides somewhere near Pittsburgh, and has always contented himself, we think, with a moderate clerkship and a small per centage on the sale of his songs. With a most amiable character and the modesty allied to true genius, he has never resorted to any clap-trap, or puffing of the press, to bring himself or his music into notice. In fact, we have seldom or never observed a passing "notice" of any of his songs in the papers, although the songs themselves are "familiar as household words," all over the civilized globe.

As a specimen of Mr. Foster's poetical talent, we subjoin the following song, clipped from the Pittsburgh *Journal.*

### SONG.

### OH! COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME

*by Stephen C. Foster*

Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me
To drown my soul in liquid flame;
For if I drank, the toast should be—
To blighted fortune, health, and fame.
Yet, though I long to quell the strife
That passion holds against my life,
Still boon companions may ye be;
But, Comrades, fill no glass for me!

I know a breast that once was light,
Whose patient sufferings need my care—
I know a hearth that once was bright;
But drooping hopes have nestled there.
Then, while the tear-drops nightly steal
From wounded hearts that I should heal,
Though boon companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me!

When I was young, I felt the tide
Of aspirations undefiled;
But manhood's years have wronged the pride
My parents centred in their child.
Then, by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me!

Whether the story is true that Camptown, New Jersey, changed its name because of the derision resulting from Stephen's race-track song, we do not know, but we do know that "Gwine to Run All Night" was entered for copyright by F. D. Benteen on February 19, 1850, and through the researches of John Tasker Howard in that neighborhood, we learn that the dignified town of Irvington, New Jersey, went by the name of Camptown from pioneer times until November 2, 1852, when the name was changed to Irvington, in honor of Washington Irving. The celebrated author was invited to the rechristening ceremonies, but was unable to attend. There is nothing to show that Stephen had this town in mind when he wrote his song—it is far likelier that he remembered the name from the old days at Athens, and the little town of Camptown near by.

Following are extracts from an article called "The Magic of Music," recently discovered by John Tasker Howard in the November 15, 1852, issue of the Newark *Daily Advertiser.* Judging from the general contents, it checks very closely with the first paragraph of J. B. Russell's article in the Cincinnati *Gazette,* and "The sprightly correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* who is traveling through Syria" might well be Bayard Taylor, as Mr. Russell believes. "The Magic of Music" probably was reprinted extensively in many newspapers, and although Mr. Russell places his Arabs in Africa, and the sprightly correspondent says it happened in Syria, this is a mere bagatelle, and I think they are the same Arabs and undoubtedly the same Uncle Ned.

### THE MAGIC OF MUSIC

*The Newark Daily Advertiser*

NOVEMBER 15, 1852

The sprightly correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* who is traveling through Syria, and at last accounts had reached the ancient city of Balback or Helipolis, gives the following description of the effect which his flute and the negro melody had upon the descendants of Ishmael:

In traveling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carried my flute with me, to relieve the lonely hours at night, and excite a social feeling among the natives. . . . As soon as it was dark, we had a good fire lit in the corner, and pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down cosily to enjoy the cheerful fire. . . . The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way. . . . At last I got all the pieces adjusted, and commanding silence by a mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of "Old Zip Coon," which I dare say was never heard before among the ruins of Baalbeck. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by the suppressed exclamation of *Tahib! Tahib!* . . . I merged into the doleful air of "Give me back my heart again!" which was a miserable failure; not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it. They commenced in the very middle of the most pathetic strain to call for "Old Zip Coon." When I had ended there was no end of the *tahibs*. Mr. Coon was a decided hit.

In order to vary the entertainments, silence was commanded again, and Yusef was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song of an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a pacha among the blacks; that he was called uncle Ned because he was so venerable, and, being very old, the hair all fell out of his head, and there was no hair at all in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and consequently was as blind as a post or stone wall, or any thing else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that he neither had teeth to eat bread with, and that he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as canes in the brake, which was about an average of sixteen feet; and eventually, that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster, called Grim Death, came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of these facts.

Thereupon, having excited the most profound interest in the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers. At length, when I arrived at the final catastrophe, where Grim Death seizes the old gentleman by the heel, I made a sudden motion at the heel of one worthy who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as it would never come to an end! It was the best hit of the evening, and completely removed all constraint. . . .

The last verse which Bayard Taylor acted out for the Arabs, where Grim Death catches Uncle Ned by the heel, evidently was added by some other writer, because Stephen was not the author of it.

"Complimentary puffs" for Stephen also were appearing in other publications throughout the country. We have evidence of one such article in a Southern paper, but so far the notice itself has not turned up. There is a letter to Stephen in the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh, written by John Esten Cooke, who was on the editorial staff of the *Virginia Index,* a magazine published at Richmond, Virginia.

Richmond July 26 '59

Dear Sir,

I enclose a recent notice of your late publications, made by myself for the "Virginia Index" of this city with which I am connected. I have always found words of honest commendation pleasant in my own case, and assure you that these are wholly honest.

Your compositions have afforded me a great deal of enjoyment, and I hope to have much more from your pieces.

I am,
Very truly Your's
Jno. Esten Cooke.

S. C. Foster Esq.

Stephen was quiet and simple in his tastes, warmhearted and affectionate. He was, however, capable of amazing irritability at times and hated interruptions when he wanted to work. For that reason, he had his piano moved to an upstairs back bedroom where he could shut himself off from the ringing of the doorbell and the prattle of neighbor ladies who dropped in to call. Little Marion knew when it was unwise to disturb her father. If he was in one of his "composing moods," she and her little dog Blackie kept out of his study until the song was completed and it was entirely safe to interrupt him. Then, suddenly, her father turned again into the merry, romping comrade, and her laughter was music in his ears.

When she was quite a little girl, Marion started to dancing school, and Stephen took her himself every Saturday afternoon to Professor Cowper's Academy on Liberty Avenue, returning for her when the class was over. In the eyes of the little girls of Marion's class, her famous father was a glamorous figure. One of them, when an old lady, told me she remembered how romantic Stephen Foster looked in his long blue cape as he sat waiting for Marion with a detached, dreamy expression in his dark eyes. In her secret heart, she told me, she was terribly in love with him, and she marveled that little Marion could accept in such a matter-of-course way the fact that this wonderful being was her father.

Of his nervous susceptibility to noise, Morrison relates the following incident:

> [Stephen] had bought a small clock, run by springs, and set it on the mantelpiece of his chamber. The thing had a very loud tick, and there was no way of stopping it after it was once wound up. He could not get to sleep, for the clock, with its monotonous clang, drove slumber away. He wrapped a blanket around it, and shut it up in a bureau drawer. But the dull throbbing sound which reached his ears from that retreat was, as he said, worse than the loud, open, defiant tick from the mantelpiece. He then lit a candle, and took it down to the dining-room cupboard, but still he could hear it faintly. At length, in despair, he carried the ticking monster down to the cellar, in the profoundest depths of which he covered it with a washtub; and then, returning to his room, carefully closed every door behind him, and at last found rest.
>
> His sympathies were . . . always with the lowly and the poor. Once on a stormy winter night a little girl, sent on an errand, was run over by a dray and killed. She had her head and face covered by a shawl to keep off the peltings of the storm, and in crossing the street she ran under the horse's feet. Stephen was dressed and about going to an evening party when he learned of the tragedy. He went immediately to the house of the little girl's father, who was a poor working man and a neighbor whom he esteemed. He gave up all thought of going to the party and remained all night with the dead child and her afflicted parents, endeavoring to afford the latter what comfort he could.
>
> It was difficult to get him to go into society at all. He had a great aversion to its shams and glitter, and preferred the realities of his home and the quiet of his study. When he was eighteen years old, a lady who was an old friend of the family, gave a large party, and invited us all, and added, "tell Stephen to bring his flute with him." That settled it so far as he was concerned. He would not go a step. He said, "tell Mrs.——— I will send my flute if she desires it." This dislike to being classed as a

mere performer characterized him during his whole life, though he was not at all unsocial and willingly sang or played for the enjoyment of himself or others, if the occasions were spontaneous and not set up. He, however, often sang in chorus with others, upon occasions of concerts for charitable purposes, in Pittsburgh.

There is a tradition that a little girl named Annie Jenkins, daughter of Morgan Jenkins, a grocer of Federal Street, Allegheny, inspired Stephen's song "Gentle Annie." Stephen had frequently seen the child in her father's store and was greatly attracted by her sweet and amiable disposition. Her sudden death affected Stephen deeply, and it is said he told her father that the song was written in Annie's memory. And this may be so; but Stephen's favorite cousin, Annie Evans, who had long been ill, died shortly before "Gentle Annie" was composed, and Martha Morse, who went with Stephen to see Annie, told her children in after years that Annie Evans was the subject of the song. This seems most likely to the writer of these Chronicles for the Evans cousins were very close to the Foster family and were frequently mentioned by Morrison Foster in later years, with deep affection.

> And yet [said Morrison] this sensitive man had the nerve and courage of a lion physically. From earliest childhood he was noted for his courage, coolness and skill in the combats which continually occur among boys of the same town. As he grew up, no odds ever seemed to awe him. He was known as one who must be let alone, and was held in high respect accordingly.
>
> One night as he was returning home from Pittsburgh to Allegheny, he found at the end of the bridge two brutes abusing and beating a drunken man. He of course interfered, and fought them both, rough and tumble all over the street. He managed to pick up a piece of a board in the scramble, with which he beat one almost senseless and chased the other ingloriously from the field. A knife wound on the cheek, received in the encounter, left a scar which went with him to his grave.

(This scar on Stephen's cheek is plainly discernible in the daguerreotype reproduced opposite page 516.)

On April 1, 1857, Brother William sold his property on the East Common to Dr. John S. Kuhn, who bought the brick house and the two frame houses. Stephen and Jane gave up housekeeping and boarded at the Eagle Hotel at 274 Liberty Street; Morrison returned to Mrs. Leech's. With Mr. McCormick's abandonment of the Hope mill, Morrison found himself without steady employment, and he was very anxious to get settled at something. Henry and Mary and their two little girls were living with Mary's mother, Mrs. Burgess, at "Elm Cottage," just beyond the Allegheny Cemetery in Lawrenceville; the house had formerly belonged to Mrs. Trevanion B. Dallas. Henrietta and Jesse Thornton had moved from Youngstown to Warren, Ohio. It was a momentous spring for sister Ann Eliza's family because Uncle James was inaugurated President of the United States in March. "Siss Anny's" health was very delicate, but the Rev. Edward Buchanan, James, Edward, and the older girls, all went down to Washington for the inauguration ceremonies.

Although Stephen was receiving a fair return on his songs, he had not been living within his means, and in the winter of 1857, found himself overdrawn at his publishers and with several pressing debts. He raised the money by selling out to Firth, Pond & Company, for the sum of $1872.28, all his future rights in the songs Firth, Pond had already published. Stephen also sold out completely his rights in sixteen songs published by F. D. Benteen (including "De Camptown Races") for $200. With this two thousand and some odd dollars, Stephen cleared up his debts and had money in the bank, but when we realize that "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in de Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Nelly Bly," and "Hard Times Come Again No More" were amongst the songs relinquished, we can agree they were the dearest debts Stephen ever paid. John Tasker Howard has figured accurately from Stephen's own account book that his yearly income between 1849 and 1857 averaged $1425.84—enough to support a family of three very comfortably, living as unpretentiously as Stephen and Jane. Undoubtedly, it was Stephen's own fault that he managed his affairs so badly that he was continually in debt to his publishers and was forced to sell out to them his most famous songs at such a low figure. Undoubtedly, it was not the fault of the publishers if he accepted this sum for his rights. Nevertheless, we would think better of them if they had refused to take advantage of his necessity and lack of business foresight and had given him a more generous share of the profit they derived from his bad bargain.

## IV

IN the fall of 1857, J. Edgar Thomson offered Morrison the post of collector on the canal at Pittsburgh (the canal had been taken over by the Pennsylvania Railroad) but Brother William wrote him on December 5 and urged Morrison "not to squat in that place," but to come on to Philadelphia and spend the winter with him. William's stepson, Robert Burnett, was away at school, and the other children were too young to be of much intellectual companionship to their father. William wrote:

> I feel lonely and want your company, if you are not employed. I feel too some twinges of neuralgia in my shoulders and every cold I take settles into a pain in my left (weak) breast. I would like you here, so that in case the severity of the weather should make it advisable for me at any time to escape from it to a milder climate, I could leave you in charge of my family and affairs. This is only a remote contingency, but having no estate, my life is all to my children and I feel as if an attack on my weak lung would be very alarming to me & I might want to get away on a short notice. This, of course, is all for your own information, as I don't want the impression to get out that my health requires any such precaution, and only would resort to it in case of necessity. Let me hear from you soon, and if you are disengaged & have nothing in view for the winter—come on at once.
>
> Love to Stephen & Jane & Henry & Mary. Your affectionate brother
>
> William.

William was not altogether successful in concealing from his colleagues in the railroad company the state of his health. They urged him to take a month's leave of absence.

Morrison first went to Warren and spent Christmas with Henrietta and her family. Besides Willie, there were now two more little Thornton boys, George and Dunning. The girls, Lidie and Mary, were overjoyed to see Uncle Mit. Mary (Siss) was still absorbed in her affair with her good-looking cousin, George Crosman, and spent a good many of her waking hours in planning ways and means of getting to St. Louis to "visit Cousin Hannah." Her Uncle Mit promised to do what he could to procure a pass for her, but it was not so easy to get one on a railroad not directly under William's supervision. Her sister Lidie was deep in her music and church work; the latter, instead of sobering her, caused the light-hearted Lidie so much amusement that her gentle mother was really distressed about it.

It had been rather difficult for Morrison to tear himself away from Pittsburgh, greatly as he wanted to oblige his brother and be near him. The pews of old Trinity Church knew Mit Foster as they had not known him for a long time. Jessie Lightner, pronounced by Dr. Lyman as "our incomparable soprano," was "unwearied in well-doing in the Choir." Then, the musical evenings spent at Dr. John Mitchell's in company with Jessie, Jane and Stephen, Henry and Mary, the Andy Robinsons, the Blairs, and Dick Cowan were hard to give up. But Morrison knew that William really needed him, and in February, 1858, he joined him in Philadelphia, at 3 West Penn Square, where William and his family were now living, near Mr. and Mrs. J. Edgar Thomson, so that Aunt Vinnie, Elizabeth's sister, could mother the children. Ann Eliza's daughters were not sorry to have their Uncle Mit in Philadelphia. He liked minstrel shows and concerts and always seemed to have a few extra tickets on hand. Sister Ann Eliza was in feeble health and could not go out much; Edward was at school; and James was in Washington acting as private secretary to his uncle, the President. So, the girls were glad to have Uncle Mit to escort them many places they otherwise might have missed. Morrison was also a faithful attendant at their church entertainments and festivals and brought Willie and Lottie Foster to Sunday school.

Back in Ohio his nieces, Lidie and Mary Wick, continued to write a great deal of youthful nonsense to their appreciative and sympathetic bachelor uncle. In the spring of 1858, the Thorntons moved to Mahoning Avenue in Warren. According to Lidie, their new house was "beautifully situated on the Turnpike, third house from Mr. Hutchins," and just across the street from the beautiful Kinsman mansion, built by Frederick Kinsman in 1832. (This fine old house is now the property of Hiram College.) Farther up the street lived their little friend Louise Marvin, whose good-looking brother, Dana Marvin, was in the naval academy at Annapolis, and of course an object of great interest to the young ladies. Louise Marvin (Mrs. Frederick Kinsman) was still living in 1934, a bright old lady of eighty-nine, with her son, Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman, at Bryant Pond, Maine. Louise was younger than Mary and Lidie Wick, but she was a welcome visitor at the Thorntons', being musical and lively. When Uncle Steve came to visit his sister Henrietta, he played and sang his songs for the girls, and also taught them the little song that his sister Charlotte had played and sung so long ago, "I'd Be a Butterfly." When the Stiles girls and Sis Hutchins came down, they made the parlor ring with "Camptown Races" and "Lily Ray." Mrs. Louise Marvin Kinsman, recalling these events in her old age, said they "jazzed" them; she considered Lidie Wick the best singer of them all.

On February 23, 1858, Lidie forwarded some of the latest Warren gossip to her Uncle Mit in Philadelphia.

> I have a good deal of news to tell you and hardly know where to commence. There was a ball at the Gaskill House last Friday evening. I believe Miss Emma Reeves was "the Belle," she was dressed in a "White Crape trimmed with green leaves," and must have looked very beautiful from the glowing descriptions I have heard many give of her. Mary David & Becky Patch were the only girls of *"that set,"* who were there. Kittie Hoffman has been very ill and could not go. Sis Hutchins mother "does not approve of Public Balls," so Sis says, and Maggie is so taken up with the Baptist Church, and as it does not allow dancing, she has given it up *entirely*. Maggie was baptized last Sunday in the *Mahoning* —poor girl, I felt so sorry to see her; it was such a bitter cold day; they had to break the ice and kept her waiting almost an hour, and then took her in up to her waist, kept her standing in the water about ten minutes, and then with "My Sister, I baptize you, &c." she went down head and all, and of course came out faint and almost frozen. You would hardly know her she is so changed—her face is as long as her arm, and she says "she prays constantly for her *wicked companions*." Sis Hutchins has gone to be prayed for once or twice, but she told me the other day she did it because Maggie wanted her to, but she thinks she is as bad as ever and will not try it again. . . . The Baptist minister thought as long

as Sis had gone forward to be prayed for, that she intended being immersed; he therefore thought it a duty to call on her. He told her Maggie was going to be baptized next Sunday and wanted her to be at the same time; Sis told him that she never thought of such a thing and if she did she would wait for a change of weather. . . .

May 27, 1858.—Have any of you heard from Uncle Steve lately? I wonder if he is moved yet? He said perhaps they would make us a visit before they went away, for that reason I suppose they have not gone. I think I will write to Aunt Jane anyway and find out.

Don't you think you will get out to see us this summer? You would be delighted with our house—the Miss Wicks are very much pleased—it is beautifully situated on the Turnpike, third house from Mr. Hutchins. Sis and I are great friends—she is in here every day. She often inquires after "Uncle Mit" and told me to tell you she regretted your staying in Phila. as she intended making you a visit had you remained in Pittsburgh!

Mother, Mary and I were over there Wednesday evening to a Mite Society. We had an elegant time of course. We had every enjoyment except dancing and as Parson Clark was present the young people came to the conclusion it would not be very respectful, as he disapproves of it.

Have you heard the sad news about Aunt Susan? She has gone deranged and is now at the Asylum in Philadelphia. I believe the cause is Religion.

I expect you would not know Dunning and George—they are so sweet. Dun is just as cute as he can be, he can say everything now. George is not so much for cutting up didos; I think he will be a very quiet child; but of all the children I ever saw, Dun beats, just on the go all the time—Ruth Hannah Harris (he calls her) and he, are as great friends as ever—Mother has almost got his chills broken up. He has not had one for three weeks. George weighs as much as Dunning. He is a beautiful child and is just beginning to be interesting. Father thinks there never was "such boys."

You remember of seeing David Evans at Mr. Tod's don't you? He has gone into the Machine Shop and is getting along nicely. He plays very well on the Guitar and as he keeps it here, he comes up occasionally to play.

Do write soon, dear Uncle *to me,* and tell all thats going on. Tell Lottie I hope she will come out and see us—you speak to Uncle William about it. Tell him we all want her so much. Your affectionate niece, Lidie.

Henry was a good correspondent and wrote frequently to Morrison, giving him news of their Pittsburgh friends, especially those in his own neighborhood. His home, "Elm Cottage," was beautifully situated on the Allegheny River, just beyond the Allegheny Cemetery on the Butler Road. The Shoenberger family lived in a splendid mansion on Butler Street immediately west of the cemetery. This house is now used as the business office by the cemetery managers. About a quarter of a mile farther out Butler Street, John Duncan, the Knight of the S. T. who married Martha Shoenberger, lived at "Whitehall," a summer home built by his grandfather, Thomas Collins, in 1833. Across the street from the Duncans, lived Judge Wilson McCandless, whose wife had been Sarah Collins. The McCandless estate was called "Aliquippa"; it was said that on that spot George Washington had interviewed Aliquippa, the Indian queen, when he and Christopher Gist, on their eventful scouting expedition to the Western Country, crawled out of the icy waters of the Allegheny where Lawrenceville now stands. Next to Judge McCandless lived Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, whose daughter had married Colonel Joseph Leech, a son of Malcolm Leech who now lived in the fine brick house built beside the White Cottage. Their little girl, Maria Leech, was equally at home at both grandparents', and when she came to visit Grandpa Davis, she delighted to run over to Mrs. McCandless's and hear her tell of the days of old when Mrs. McCandless, then Sarah Collins, used to visit the White Cottage when the Foster family lived there. She told how the popular composer, Stephen Collins Foster, had been born there on July 4, 1826, and named for Sarah's little brother, Stephen Collins, who had died. Little Maria was very proud that Stephen Foster had been born in her own grandfather's house over on the Turnpike Road. Henry Foster liked to tell Maria of his own happy boyhood at the White Cottage where he drove the cows to pasture and "minded the pigs" by day, and sang in the evening with his pretty sisters round the "deep ton'd instrument" procured for them by Brother William.

In 1857 Henry was employed at the Duquesne Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, located at the foot of Second Street, almost at the Point. He was still as devoted to the church as he had been when a boy; and it would have rejoiced his mother to see him working faithfully along at St. John's, the same little church in Lawrenceville that she had helped to establish. And it would have touched her heart to see him many an evening leave the horsecars at the forks of the road and walk up around the bend, in order to pass the old White Cottage where Malcolm Leech now lived, then cut down to Butler Street by way of Prospect Street, and so home.

We include one of Henry's letters to Morrison, which is just full of news and even winds up with a bit of scandal.

Pittsburgh July 5th, 1858

Morrison Foster

Dear Brother

Lately I have missed you more than at any former period in the same length of time, being at numerous places where it would be natural to suppose you would be present. In the first place, there was a grand wedding at Genl. Robinson's, the next was a grand entertainment at Mr. John H. Shoenberger's, then an entertainment at Geo. S. Selden's, then a festival for the benefit of our Church for two evenings in Duncan's Grove—then a grand entertainment at Rev. T. B. Lyman's, at all of which I met some of your old chums, such as Cowan, Blair, Murray, &c. There is a Miss Simington at the Arsenal from Baltimore who is considered one of the celebrated Baltimore beauties. Mike Jones & Henry Murray are sold, & no doubt numerous others will be in like predicament before she leaves. Cowan would have been, had he not hedged off on one of the Miss Watts, two of whom are at Duncan's & one at Shoenberger's. Miss Walker from Cinna. is also at Shoenberger's.

Mr. John H. Shoenberger said to me that he was very sorry he did not see you while he was on his last visit to Phila. just previous to the dedication of the Assistant Bishop. I said I presumed you did not know he was in the city. I think S. is about one of the most clever rich men we have about Pitt.—

G. & J. H. Shoenberger & families leave on Thursday next for Bedford.

By the bye, did you hear of Tom Holmes Baby & marriage? If not, I will inform you that one gloomy day not long since, a carriage stoped at the door of the Rev. Van Dusen, out of which alighted J. N. Duncan and Robert Finney, who informed the Rev. Gent. that they would like him to accompany them to a house not far distant and baptize a *Baby*. The Revd. complied & was ushered into a room containing about half a dozen Gents. when the *Baby* was handed in, not a female to be seen.

Some of the Gents. informed the Revd. its name which he gave it, the last being *Holmes* & the party returned to Grant Street. About a week after, the same Gents. called again at the same place & informd the Revd. that they wished him to bury that *Baby* which he did—not a female to be seen on this occasion either. When they returned, the Revd. Gent. considered it necessary to have some explanation of this misterious affair & called the Gents. into his parlor, where it was divulged that Mr. Thomas Holmes was the Father of the infant at whose house it died & that the mother was kept by him as his mistress, but was quite an educated & pretty woman, at which the Revd. expressed his regret at so sad a prospect & determined to use his exertions to have the parties married, which he did, & Mr. Holmes gave him a check for $500 for his church.

Cally Palmer & Young Alexr. Williams, son of Tom, are married—Sam Hutchinson & his cousin Miss Adams ran off and got married.—

Give my love to William & the children.

In Haste your affect. Broth.
Henry.

Morrison made a short trip back to Pittsburgh and Warren during the late summer of 1858. Since Stephen and Jane had given up William's house on the East Common, Mit's belongings were scattered about in various places. Henry Murray, Julia's brother, was keeping several trunks full of books for him and odds and ends, such as fishing tackle and stationary engine models, and Morrison also had a few boxes of personal belongings in Philadelphia.

As guardian of Henrietta's two daughters, Morrison was taking care of their inheritance from Thomas Wick's father. Litigation had arisen amongst the heirs of Henry Wick (Mary's and Lidie's grandfather), the very thing the old man had tried so hard to forestall. The death of little Tom Wick in 1855 had complicated matters. Morrison contended that Tom's share should revert to his mother and sisters; some members of the Wick family thought otherwise because the grandfather's will had specifically stated that he wished "none but his own blood" to benefit by his property, and Henrietta was not a Wick, but a Foster. Eventually, the courts decided in favor of Henrietta and her daughters, but it was a long, miserable battle.

In Pittsburgh, Mit found his old friend Bill Blakely dying. Many a fierce battle had Bill shared with them back in 1856 when, as president of the Buchanan Glee Club, he had sung and marched and fought with Stephen and Morrison and Billy Hamilton. But he was on his deathbed now. He was pretty far gone in September, and in October, after Mit had returned to Philadelphia, Stephen wrote to his brother:

Pittsburgh Oct. 22/58

Dear Mit

I recd. the medicine you sent me for Bill Blakely and took it over to him. I also left with him all the directions contained in both your letters. Bill looks worse than when I last saw him, and he told me that he had been sinking for the past two weeks more than formerly. He says that your medicine is much better than that by the same name which he has been using. I will call on Cupid [the barber] and get the shaving fixings.

If you are not in any particular hurry for Benton's books I would like to read a little in them before sending them to you.

Please give my love to Brother William and ask him whether he would like to have me send him the Assembly books that Pa had. We are all well—

Your Affec. bro.
S. C. Foster

If you have the book containing scotch melodies I wish you would send it to me, I will return it to you. I have sent to F. P. & co the Song "Sadly to mine heart appealing" (Lines suggested on hearing and old Scottish melody) and would like to select an old tune for the introductory symphony. If you have not the book probably you can tell me where to find one.

S.C.F.

To Morrison Foster
Philada

The book to which Stephen refers was left by Morrison with his sister in Philadelphia, and was graciously returned to me in 1938 by John L. B. Brooke, great-grandson of Ann Eliza Buchanan. It is called *The National Melodies of Scotland, United to the Songs of Robert Burns, Allen Ramsey, and Other Eminent Lyric Poets;*

*with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte by Haydn, Pleyel, Kozeluch, and other Celebrated Composers,* and it was published in 1849 by John and Frederick Tallis, of London and New York. This book contains the words and music of Burns' "Logan Water," a song that was a favorite of Morrison's and one he said they frequently sang in the evenings at home when their father and mother were living. Evidently, Morrison did not send the book on to Stephen, because the "symphony" that Stephen selected as an introduction to his song was "Robin Adair," which strangely enough, is not included in Morrison's *National Melodies of Scotland.*

The verses of "Sadly to Mine Heart Appealing" were written by Eliza S. Carey. Robert P. Nevin has stated that Stephen composed the melody for this song in 1839.* He dedicated it to Rachel Keller Woods, sister of Mary Keller, that sweet singer of old-time ballads whose death in 1846 affected Stephen and his family so deeply. But Stephen did not publish the song until 1858. During that year, he brought out four other compositions, "Linger in Blissful Repose," "Lula Is Gone," "My Loved One and My Own, or Eva," and "Where Has Lula Gone?" These compositions are all of a sentimental order, and there are no negro melodies amongst them. Stephen was hewing to the line of "refined" composition with a vengeance, and his income suffered accordingly. Sweetly pretty they all are, but without the melodic and poetic inspiration that make "Swanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home" stand apart. Instead of sticking to his own avowed ambition to establish his name as the best Ethiopian song writer, for some reason Stephen allowed seven years to go by without producing a single song with the exception of "Hard Times Come Again No More" that might be termed a plantation melody, and towards which style of composition his whole talent was inclined. "Gentle Annie," published in 1856, and "I See Her Still in My Dreams," published in 1857, are sincere songs, and the former became immensely popular. "I See Her Still in My Dreams" is not a love song, but seems to refer more directly to Stephen's recent loss of his beloved mother.

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*Robert P. Nevin, "Stephen C. Foster and Negro Minstrelsy," *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1867.

> Though her voice once familiar hath gone from the day,
> And her smiles from the sunlight have faded away,
> Though I wake to a scene now deserted and bleak,
> In my visions I find the lost form that I seek.

The refrain of the chorus is very appealing; it has that quality of plaintiveness, that brings quick tears, which distinguishes even the least of Stephen's melodies.

The verses of almost all the popular sentimental songs of the '50's and '60's adhered to a certain standard of refinement, no matter how crude and trifling they were. In the present day, as Sigmund Spaeth truly puts it, "The only way to write a really popular song is to put one's self first in the state of mind of a less than average person, with a less than average vocabulary, range of thought, experience and sense of grammar."

Mary Wick was keeping Morrison informed about the progress of their legal affairs in Youngstown, but at the same time, did not neglect to remind Uncle Mitty that she still was very anxious to get to St. Louis as soon as possible. "I want to go so madly," she wrote on November 3, 1858, "that I cannot bear to do anything towards getting my clothes fixed for fear I will be disappointed." This must have resulted in a great flurry of preparation at the last minute, for a few days after writing the above, Mary received word from Philadelphia that Uncle Mit had procured her a pass to St. Louis, and, if she would proceed immediately to Pittsburgh, she could go as far as Cincinnati with Aunt Jane and Uncle Stephen on the steamboat *Ida May*. So, in great elation, happy little Siss lost no time in packing her trunk and getting down to Uncle Steve's as fast as she could. She was there in time to go to the theater with Jane and Stephen, and probably little Marion, to see that "favorite artiste," Miss J. M. Davenport, playing at Porter's Pittsburgh theater the part of Adrienne Lecouvre in "Adrienne, the Actress." The program states that the part of Maurice, Count de Saxe, was played by Mr. McFarland; in addition to the play, the audience was favored with a "Dance" by Jennie Hight. The orchestra played an "Overture," Julia Turnbull danced a "Pas Seul," and the evening concluded with that "laughable farce, Anthony and Cleopatra."

There were very few celebrated artists of the day, who came to Pittsburgh, that Stephen's family missed, whether dramatic or musical. Although Dan Rice's circus and all the minstrel shows were equally favored with their presence, Stephen loved the better music presented by Henry Kleber, Professor Rohbock, and William Evens' choral societies. He was impatient of poor taste and careless performance, and to the great embarrassment of Jane and Marion, frequently would stamp indignantly out of the theater at some especially offensive discord by the singer or orchestra. His nieces, Mary and Lidie Wick, enjoyed attending concerts with Uncle Steve when some "fancy" pianist was performing. When they reached home, Stephen would go to the piano, dash back his hair from his forehead, flip out the tails of his long-tail blue, and proceed to give a "fantasie brilliante" on "Jim Crow" or "Camptown Races" in the frenzied manner of the artist of the evening. Stephen in his gay moods was a clever mimic, and a subtle clown. At Henrietta's, with all the children rendering tumultuous applause, they rocked the house with discord and noise and laughter which under any other circumstances would have driven Stephen out into the street.

The party that traveled to Cincinnati on Billy Hamilton's *Ida May* was a very congenial one. Stephen said he looked forward to the trip with pleasant anticipation. Billy was then employed as clerk on the *Ida May.* Their immediate departure was saddened, however, by the death of Bill Blakely the day before they started. Stephen, of course, went to see the family and then dropped in at the *Chronicle* office on Third Street, to give his friend Daniel O'Neill certain items which he felt should be contained in Bill's obituary. Then he wrote a short note to Morrison.

Pittsburgh. Nov. 11. 1858

Dear Mit

Mary Wick, Jane, Marion and I start tomorrow for Cincinnati on Billy Hamilton's boat, the "Ida May." We all went to see Miss Davenport last night at the "old" theatre. We will stirr old John McClelland up in Cincinnati, make the children sing and bring in Billy's bass voice. The trip will be a recreation and variety for me. Siss gets along very well since her mothers death. We had a nice duck supper with her the other evening. She had plenty of jokes about Andy, as usual.

Our old friend Bill Blakely died this morning. There is a very favorable notice of him in this evening's "chronicle." I *posted* O'Neil on the matter. When I saw him last he [Blakely] said he wondered whether he would ever see you again.

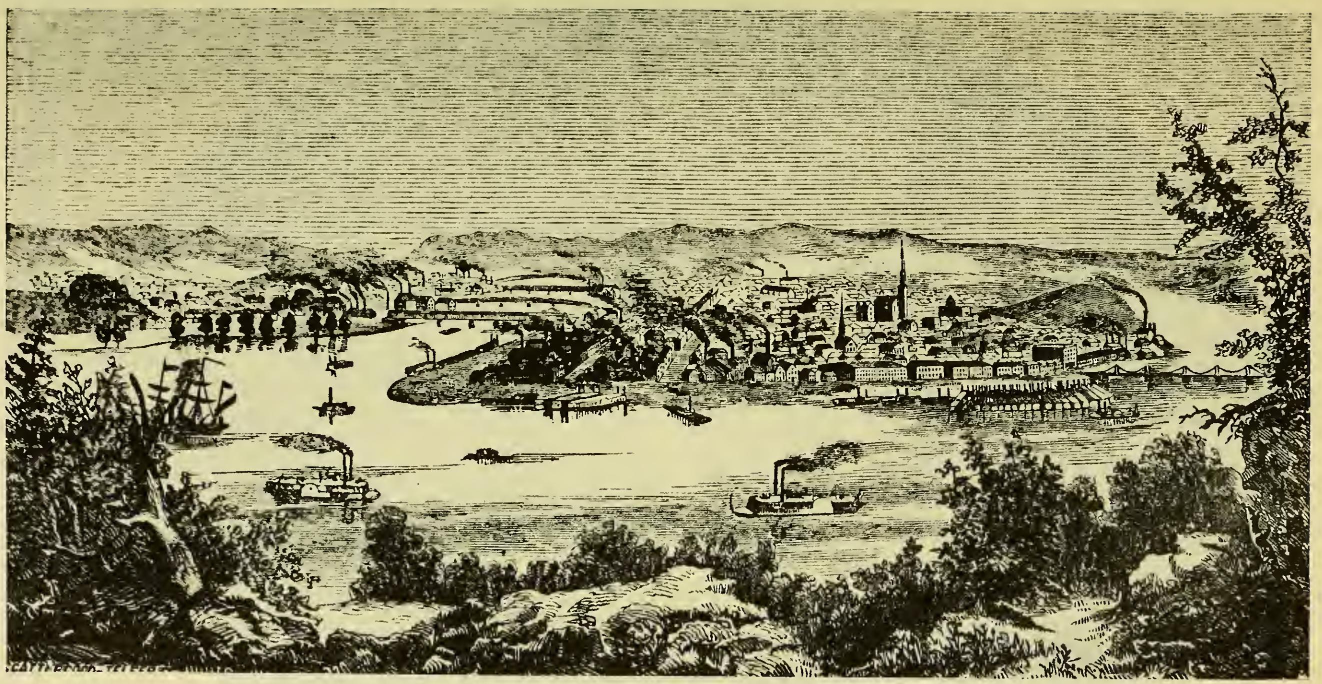
Your Affectionate Brother
S. C. Foster

By *Siss* in this instance, Stephen does not refer to Mary Wick, but to Siss Pentland Robinson, who now lived across the Common from the former Foster residence in Allegheny.

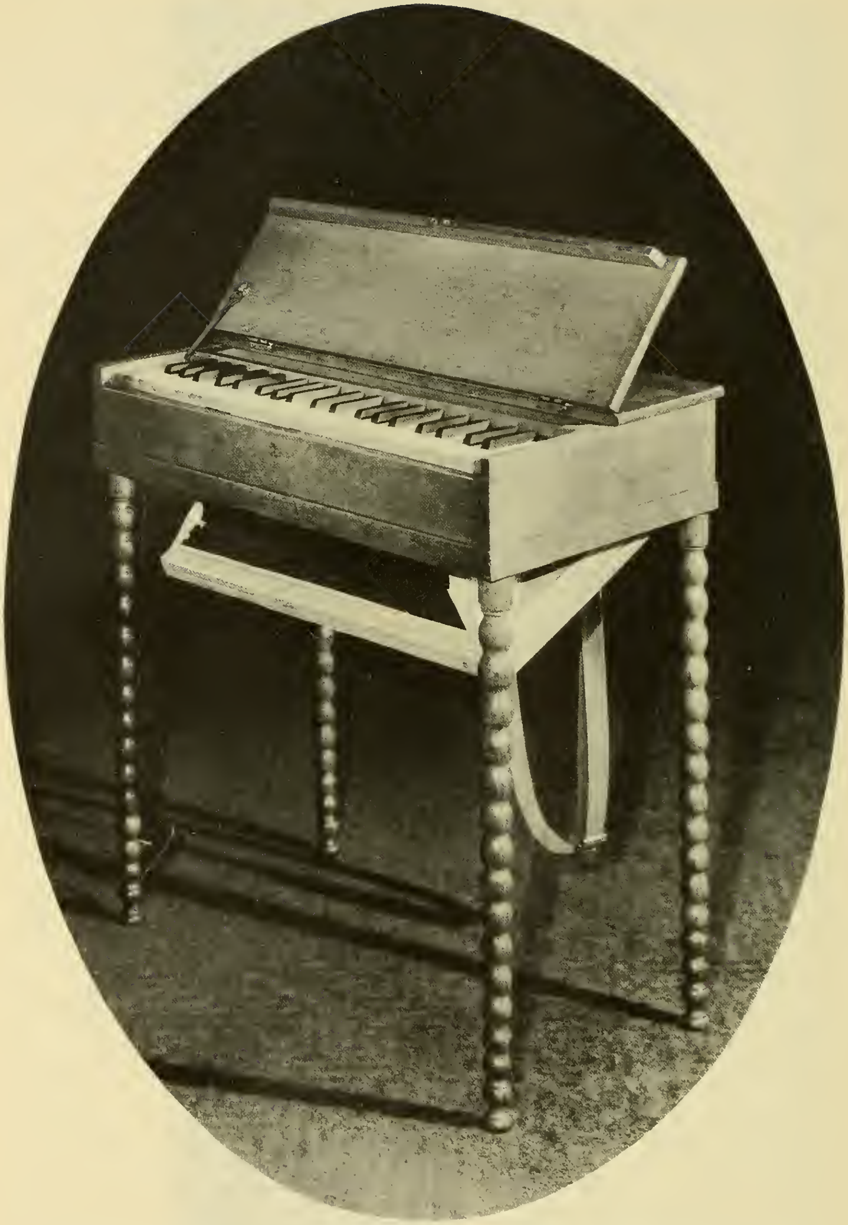
The "favorable notice" which Stephen mentions reads as follows:

> OBITUARY.—Lieut. Wm. Blakeley, who served with distinction in the ranks of the J. I. Blues, of this City, in the Mexican War, died this morning at his residence in Allegheny City. His disease was contracted while in service in 1846, and, although of a stout, athletic nature, his system was not capable of withstanding its ravages. He was a noble soldier, a steadfast friend and a good citizen and his old companions in arms and friends generally will hear of his demise with unfeigned regret.

According to Billy Hamilton, Stephen, on his way down the river, finished a song he had been working on called "Parthenia to Ingomar." Only the music is his; the romantic verses were written by William Henry McCarthy, a young actor friend of Stephen's, who was one of the congenial group that used to meet at the Hazelwood home of Harry and Rachel Keller Woods for evenings of sociability and music. Mr. McCarthy's poem, "Parthenia to Ingomar," evidently is based on a popular contemporary drama entitled *Ingomar, The Barbarian* which was adapted from the German by Maria Lovell, and, according to some remarks published on an early copy of the play now in the Foster Hall Collection, was "produced simultaneously in New-York, on the evening of the 1st of December, 1851, at the Bowery and the Broadway Theatres, and was triumphantly successful at both." Stephen collaborated with William H. McCarthy on two other songs, "For Thee, Love, for Thee" and "Linda Has Departed." All three of these songs were published the following year, 1859.



Pittsburgh
From *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory and Disasters on the Western Waters*
(Cincinnati: James T. Lloyd & Co., 1856)



Stephen Foster's melodeon often enlivened serenading parties

Another close friend of Stephen's in Hazelwood was George K. Flower, and many were the times when these boon companions gathered in the summerhouse beside Mr. Flower's splendid apple orchard to partake of the cider for which it was famous. The Flower homestead, at 307 Georgekay Road, Hazelwood, where Stephen Foster was entertained so many times, is still standing and occupied at present by Mr. Flower's daughter, Annie D. Flower.

The Allegheny visitors spent several days in Cincinnati, and on the evening before they returned to Pittsburgh, Stephen and Billy Hamilton went into the office of the *Commercial Gazette* on Third Street, to see Cons Miller, river editor of that journal. They chatted a while with Cons and then started for the wharf and the *Ida May*. On their way down Broadway, they heard music and discovered a party of serenaders in a yard directly opposite George K. Shoenberger's residence, at Broadway and Fourth streets. (This was the same George K. Shoenberger who was in the iron and nail business in Pittsburgh with his brother J. H. Shoenberger.) Billy remarked that the melody of the serenade sounded familiar. "Why," said Stephen, "they're singing my song, 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' " "Yes," responded Billy, "and making an awful bungle of it, too. Let's go over and help them out." Accordingly, Stephen and Billy crossed over and joined in with the singers. After the song was finished, the Cincinnati boys turned on the newcomers and demanded to know why they had intruded. Billy Hamilton introduced himself and stated that his companion was Stephen Foster, the composer of their serenade. The singers scoffed at the idea and began to grow so belligerent that Billy asked them if they knew Cons Miller down at the *Gazette* office. They replied that they did, and Billy asked them if they would take Cons' word for it. They agreed to put the case before Cons, and Stephen and Billy trailed them all down to the newspaper office where Cons Miller identified them both beyond question and assured the skeptical Cincinnatians that the brown-eyed stranger was indeed Stephen C. Foster, the composer. Nothing was too good for the visitors after that, and instead of returning to the steamboat, Stephen and Billy spent the evening in the company of their new friends, serenading the entire neighborhood, and otherwise making merry.

In the meantime, they did stir up "old John McClelland," who took care of putting Mary Wick safely on the cars to St. Louis after her Uncle Stephen's family had started back to Pittsburgh.

## V

MORRISON stayed on during the fall and winter of 1858 with William, helping him with his affairs, besides doing some clerical work at the Pennsylvania Railroad offices.

He also acted as Philadelphia representative for his friend, Thomas S. Blair, and placed numerous orders for steel springs for Tom in that neighborhood. In October, 1858, William was sent to Harrisburg and remained there during the session of the legislature to represent and protect the interests of the company. The tonnage tax bore so heavily on the railroad that William was engaged in publishing and disseminating arguments favoring the repeal of the tax which had been imposed. William B. Wilson, writing of Brother William's work in this matter, in the *Pennsylvania Railroad Men's News,* of August, 1897, said, "Mr. Foster's work at Harrisburg was purely defensive, and the campaign of education he pursued bore fruit in future years when the object of his assignment to the Capital was accomplished." William made four trips to Harrisburg in the interests of what we today would call the railroad lobby. The total sum of his expenses for attorneys' fees, printers, newspaper publicity, agents and investigators, and his own personal expenses amounted to $1762.25. It might be of interest to railroad budget officials of the present day to know that out of this sum, the personal expenses turned in by the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad on his report were just $24.25 for lodging at Buchler's Hotel. Such a pathetic sum would be considered hardly sufficient to pay taxi fares for a railroad official today. However, men of William's caliber, used to being in the saddle at daybreak and working by lantern light far into the night and being drenched by mountain storms, bitten by the frost and burned by the summer sun in building the great railroad, did not require large sums to spend on lavish entertainment, in order to accomplish anything for their company. The company did name Fostoria, a little town on the Pennsylvania Railroad in Blair County, after William.

Morrison was now actually engaged to his lovely Jessie, and the pass on the railroad which William had given him was kept actively employed taking Mit back and forth between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh whenever he could spare a few days for a visit with the girl of his heart. He found a great deal of pleasure, however, with his nieces in Philadelphia, and especially Lottie, who of late had attached herself to Uncle Mit like an affectionate little burr. He continued to hear regularly from Mary and Lidie; the girls had grown to depend on him for a ready sympathy with all their trials and problems.

On January 4, 1859, William added another sorrow to his already long list when he lost his youngest son, Harry, not yet seven years old. It was a hard blow to them all; the dear little fellow had been the pet of his father's household and also of Uncle Edgar's and Aunt Vinnie's. Once again, William made the sad journey back to Pittsburgh and laid little Harry beside his mother in the Allegheny Cemetery.

After Mary Wick's reluctant return home to Warren from St. Louis, in the spring of 1859, it became Lidie's turn to travel. She had received a very pressing invitation from her grandmother's cousin, Betsy Skinner, living on the Eastern Shore of Maryland where Eliza Foster had spent such a happy time seventeen years before. Lidie was very anxious to go, and she was also anxious to have her Uncle Mit go with her. The years had not changed greatly the routine of the Skinner household at the great plantation, except that Henry's old flame, Selina, was married, as were also Amanda and Ellen—Caroline was the only girl left at home. Lidie writes from Warren, Ohio, on April 10, 1859:

> She [Mrs. Skinner] says she is going North the middle of July, for that reason she wants *my Uncle & me to come as soon as possible,* as she seems to think from now until July will be a very short visit. (I would not call it very short.) She says, too that "she would like to hear at least a week before we start so that *her Carriage will be sure to be at the boat.*" I

think her visit north is at Mr. Thomas Tilden's, New York. I can get ready I think in two weeks, *we expect Mary home in a week* & she can assist me a great deal. I can come to Philadelphia & we can write from there to Cousin. I would love to go & even if you cannot go to make a long visit, could you take me & make a short one? I think you need some recreation, & had better avail yourself of such a grand opportunity. I think too, my health requires a journey South! I expect you have concluded from my letter that my mind is made up to go—but Dear Uncle, it is not, and will not be made, until I hear your opinion, what do you think of it? And whether you can take me, as you know I could not go alone from Philadelphia.

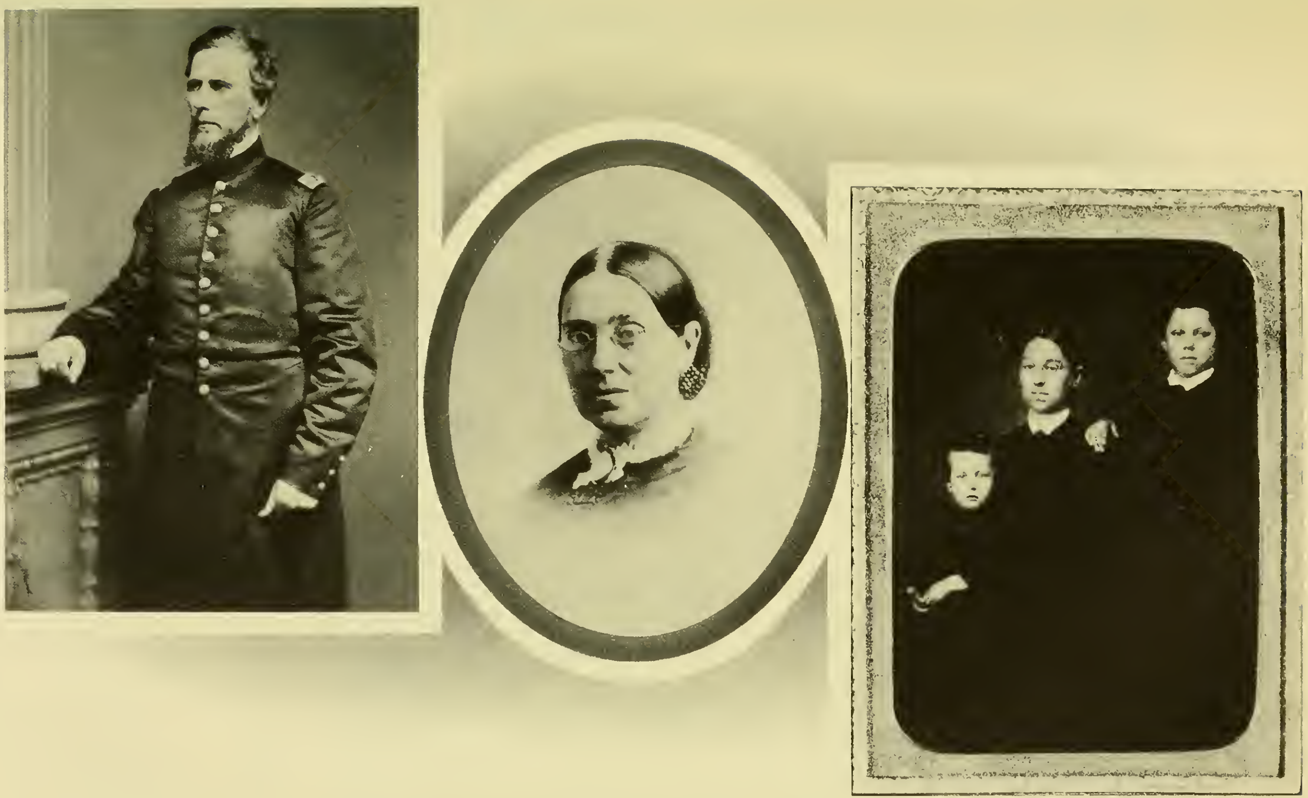
Morrison was not able to take his young niece down to "Wood Lawn," as his business plans interfered, but when Lidie reached Philadelphia, he put her in the care of some ladies who were making the journey to the Eastern Shore, and promised to come down for Lidie in July.

Henrietta's path had not been a very easy one since the death of her little Tom. The income from Mr. Thornton's mines lately had been greatly reduced, and Henrietta was augmenting household expenses by taking in two young businessmen as boarders. To add to the sorrow caused by the loss within fourteen months of her oldest son and her mother, father, and brother Dunning, her baby boy George was also taken. But she took time from her own cares to give thought to Morrison and Stephen, whose "unsaved" state was still a cause of great anxiety to both Henrietta and Ann Eliza. Her letter to Morrison is an earnest plea, yet shows that she is fearful of giving offense to her brother and defeating the end she hopes to serve.

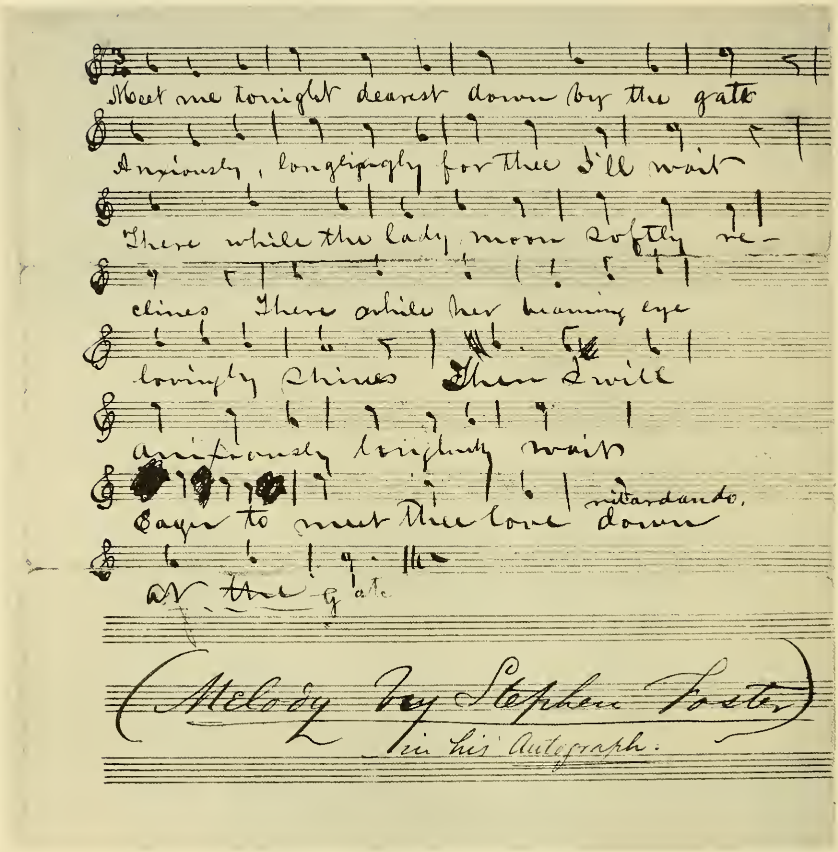
Warren June 10th, 1859

My dear brother

As I date this letter, it occurred to me that it was your birthday, but I really forget how old you are. Time waits for no one, we all are hurried along towards the tomb with such rapidity that we almost forget our own age. Poor Mary Dallas—she has seen the end of earth. How suddenly, too. How sorry I feel for those who are left to mourn for her. For her, we need not sorrow, if she was in Christ to her "to die is gain." She has made a happy escape. As year after year rolls round, each



Major Jesse Thornton, his wife Henrietta Foster Wick, and their two sons, William Foster *(right)* and Dunning Foster


Meet me tonight dearest down by the gate
Anxiously, longingly for thee I'll wait
There while the lady moon softly re-
clines There while her beaming eye
lovingly shines Then I will
anxiously longingly wait
Eager to meet thee love ritardando. down
at the gate
(Melody by Stephen Foster)
in his Autograph.

Unpublished manuscript in Stephen Foster's handwriting of a poem by George W. Birdseye, "Down by the Gate." The music is Foster's own. Birdseye's poem was set to music by J. R. Thomas and published in 1863. Foster's music was published in 1869, as the setting for George Cooper's poem, "Dearer Than Life."

one seems shorter to me than the last. Your very affectionate letter of the first of this month was received, and I have written to Thomas Struthers on the subject talked of between us. You need not be afraid of my becoming dispirited. I have no fears but that my Heavenly Father will provide those things which are needful for me. My anxiety was to try and relieve Jesse if possible, so that he would be less careworn. As to all these things, and indeed everything that relates to me, either bodily, or spiritually "I know in whom I have trusted" and am persuaded that nothing shall ever separate me from his love, if I am but faithful to myself and Him. It is of Him who has been so much to me, that I would venture again to speak to you, my very dear brother. . . . He alone knows how my poor prayers go up to him daily for my precious Morrison and Stephen. William and Henry are already in the Ark of Safety, for them therefore my prayers are calm, knowing that they have put themselves voluntarily into his fold, the Church, and that if they but continue faithful, he will bring them safely into his rest at last. But you, my dear brother, and dear Stephy, are wilfully remaining out of his Church, keeping yourselves away from those holy influences which course you must know is calculated to grieve away the gentle spirit of God entirely. So, after I have presented my own children, my husband, dear Siss Annie, William and Henry before the Saviour for his blessing and protection, then comes up the names of my sweet brother Morrison, and Stephen, and it seems as if my very soul would burst away and lay hold on my Saviour's garments, that I might detain him until he would promise to bless you and save you. I beg of you, my dear Mitty, to hearken to his voice, when he calls you to give him your heart. . . .

I hope you will forgive me if there is anything in this letter that looks like preaching to you. You know I seldom say anything on the subject, though indeed it is always the subject nearest my heart, and when I have been with you, how often would I have put my arms around your neck and implored you to think of these things, and not only think, but act, but that I feared to make you offended at me, or that you would get tired of me. Dear, dear Mitty, these things are the only realities there are, all things else are passing away. . . .

Please tell dear Lidy when she returns to Philadelphia that it will not be possible for me to get away from home this summer, so she must give that up. When will you be able to get out to see us again, dear Mitty? I hope soon. Warren looks very pretty now. Jesse seems to be in good spirits, he was telling me today that he had a mind to take his engines to Memphis, Tenn. and sell them, as there is a greater demand for them there than there is a supply. He has six engines all nearly ready for sale which ought to bring him four thousand dollars in cash. . . . We are all very well. Little Dunning is better than he was before he had the scarlet fever. I am in hopes it has eradicated the ague out of his system entirely. . . . Good-bye, my dear brother. Remember that while I live, and you live, you have the sincere love and earnest prayers of

Your sister Henrietta.

Mary was home in Warren again, but it was evident that she had left her heart in St. Louis with her Cousin Crosman, to whom she was now engaged to be married. On May 30, 1859, she wrote to her uncle:

You cannot think how lonesome Warren is after Saint Louis. Oh, Uncle Mit, how badly I want to go back in the fall, and Cousin Hannah is so anxious to have me. Mother does not say one word for or against it. Cousin Hannah wrote her begging her to let me return as early in the fall as possible, but Mother wrote her that it was too long to promise. It don't cost me but very little more to live in Saint Louis than it does here. The price of my board would keep me there. I would not get one thing this spring. I am saving everything for next winter. . . . I suppose Sister told you about the passes. I had the greatest time you ever saw. The conductor between Saint Louis and Vincennes took my pass and made a hole in it, and when the new conductor got on at Vincennes, he made me pay my fare from that place to Cincinnati. Mr. J. McClelland took the passes of the little Miami road to Mr. Straders office, they told him that my fare would be charged to the P. R. R. Company. I did not know what to do about it, but according to Mr. McClelland's advice, I bought tickets, and started home. I would not be surprised if Cousin Hannah would pay us a visit this summer. . . . I know sister Lidie will enjoy herself so much while she is away, and I hope she will, for it must have been dreadfully stupid here last winter. . . . Do come out this summer to see us, it will not be so expensive. Write whenever you can, my dear Uncle, for I want to get as many letters as I can of yours. I store them away as I would so much gold. I wish you would have a good photograph taken for me. I want to have it framed to hang up. Please do have it taken right away.

Mary's Uncle Mit evidently lost no time in having a new picture taken; in fact, several of the family including Lidie, Lottie, and Hackie (Harriet), all had their pictures taken before Lidie went on to Maryland. After she was settled at "Wood Lawn," Lidie wrote her uncle on June 15, 1859, to thank him for sending the photographs and give him some news of her Eastern Shore relatives.

> We have a very small family, no one but Cousin Eliza, her daughter Carrie and myself. We are the only white individuals, plenty of blacks, as you know Cousin keeps a great many servants. Indeed a person has every thing any mortal could wish for, and does everything in her power to make it pleasant for me. I ride a great deal on horseback & like it so much. You never saw such a set as they are for tea and dinner parties. I declare last week I was obliged to attend them every day—am going to one today and tomorrow. By the time night comes I generally feel *tired.*
>
> I promised Pet Smith when I was in Philadelphia I would get her a "circular" of Miss Bayard's School—I forgot it entirely until mother reminded me of it in her last letter & said Pet wanted it very much. Will you be kind enough, dear Uncle, to get one & send it to mother & she will hand it to Pet.
>
> Cousin Eliza seems very much disappointed that you did not come with me, as she had heard Grandma speak so often of you. She is anxious to see you—you know I told her in my letter from home, "that you would go with me." She seems to think you had some reason for not coming. I think therefore if you possibly can you had better come either while I'm here or when I'm ready to leave. Uncle William spoke of coming for me and you had better come too. Cousin Eliza's friends go on their trip the first part of next month. Harvest begins, too, so Cousin Eliza says I must have all my fun before harvest, as nothing at all goes on then. Altogether I think I will be ready to go in two weeks. You come if you can in the boat two weeks from today (Wednesday). Be sure and write so we can meet you. Tell Lottie to be sure to be ready to go home with me, as I fully expect it. You had better bring her with you to "Eastern Shore."
>
> I received the small package & am very much obliged *Our's* I think very good—but *yours* I do not like at all. I hope you will *come* so that justice can be done you . . . do bring Lottie if you can, they would all like to see her. Please, dear Uncle, don't forget the Circular for Pet Smith.

The photograph which Lidie calls "Our's" has been published before, and the central figure of the group, Lidie Wick, then was erroneously believed to be Stephen's wife, Jane. But several copies of this picture have come to light recently in possession of Alice B. Ewing, and other descendants of Ann Eliza Buchanan, and the three young girls have been identified left to right as Harriet Buchanan, Lidie Wick, and Lottie Foster. It is reproduced opposite page 517.

Morrison yielded to Lidie's pleas that he come down for her and spent a pleasant week with his mother's cousins. In fact, they liked him so well that he and Carrie kept up a correspondence for a long time. They had the Wrights, the Beaches, and the Tildens come to "Wood Lawn" while Morrison was there to meet the son of Eliza Clayland Tomlinson, the cousin they had all loved so well in years gone by. Lidie and Morrison then left for a little trip to New York, where, in August, they enjoyed the hospitality of Gil Smith, William's brother-in-law, who now lived in Passaic, New Jersey.

Before going down to "Wood Lawn" to fetch Lidie, Morrison had made a trip to Pittsburgh early in June, first, of course, to see Jessie Lightner, and second to discuss with Tom Blair certain plans that Tom had for him. Thomas S. Blair was now manager of the Juniata Iron Works of Pittsburgh, owned by J. H. and G. W. Shoenberger, which had opened a branch in Cleveland, with Major W. F. Carey in charge, and Tom was eager to have Morrison go to Cleveland as Major Carey's assistant. As Morrison was anxious to be settled as soon as possible in some position or business with a future, he was extremely pleased with Tom Blair's offer, and after consulting with Brother William, he accepted the position in Cleveland. Morrison returned to Philadelphia with two very important dates tucked away in his notebook—his new position was to start December 19, 1859, and his wedding day was set for February 23, 1860.

Morrison heard very shortly from Stephen after he (Mit) returned to Philadelphia, and enclosed with the letter was a daguerreotype of Stephen which has become very familiar to the public—the one with his head leaning on his hand, and showing the scar on his face. The one which most people prefer (that is, the full-face picture) was never published during Morrison's lifetime because he did not care for it. It was just a little tintype and shows Stephen's hair in some disorder. The expression of Stephen's face is very sweet, but the eyes are sad, and I believe this fact distressed Morrison. The letter Stephen sent to Morrison with his picture is as follows:

Pittsburgh, June 13, 1859

My Dear brother Mit,

Yesterday my neighbor who has the Daguerreotype establishment invited me to have my picture taken. I think it is rather good and I send it to you, my dear brother.

Did you receive my letter intended for Mr Bateman? And did you forward it?

I sent off a first-rate song the other day to Firth, Pond & Co. When I receive a printed Copy I will send it to you. [This song probably was "Fairy Belle."]

Your Affectionate bro
Stephen.

Stephen, Jane, and Marion boarded with a Mrs. Miller possibly part of the winter and spring of 1859, as well as part of the summer. Stephen was frequently alone, as Jane and Marion visited a great deal with Jane's sisters and also in Warren with Henrietta. Stephen's refined and sentimental parlor pieces, composed after he had relinquished all rights to his better songs, brought him a poor return. Money worries completely unnerved Stephen—he was not able to cope with poverty in a reasonable manner, as his brothers were able to do. But Jane of late years had learned to curb her desire for pretty new dresses and fashionable little trinkets and trifles for Marion. She was acquiring experience and patience in a hard school for which she was totally unprepared by training or inclination. Her frequent long visits with Henrietta might have furnished the help she needed to strengthen her in her daily battle with circumstances. For Jane had not only poverty to cope with—Stephen's growing inclination to wipe out all his worries by a closer association with the Devouring Enemy left her the one on whom all the burden fell. Temperamental and light-minded Jane might have been the first few years of her married life, but the last two years had steadied and matured her. The sister-in-law who had once critized her, Henrietta, was now first to spring to her defense and give Jane credit for keeping her family together and steadfastly guarding the irresponsible

Stephen in his "strange and unaccountable course." Without Jane to encourage him, it is quite likely that Stephen would have succumbed completely to the wave of melancholy that engulfed him after the deaths of his mother, father, and Dunning. But with all his lapses from grace, there is no record that Eliza Foster's trust in her son's strength to resist temptation of a baser sort was ever misplaced. No instance can be found that anyone ever made Stephen Foster waver in the loyalty he owed to "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." There was no trace of a worldly man about town in the make-up of the composer of "Swanee River" and "Gentle Annie." He was as true and as good as the great brown eyes gazing so sorrowfully from his picture reveal him to be.

For some portion of the year 1859, Stephen managed to maintain a studio at 112-114 Smithfield Street. This was an office building located on Smithfield between Virgin Alley and Sixth Avenue. Robert Wray occupied the first floor with his grocery and tea store. Other tenants of the building were Robert A. Cunningham, the city assessor; James H. Latshaw, agent for the West Branch Life Insurance Company; Fred Steil, leather manufacturer; John Brunner, bookbinder; and D. M. Coates, "Ambrotypes," probably the "neighbor" who made Stephen's picture for Morrison. Henry and Augustus Kleber now had their own music store at 53 Fifth Street, about two blocks from Stephen's office. This, as well as John H. Mellor's music store, was a favorite gathering place of the musical, theatrical, and literary lights of the day. Stephen's studio was in the heart of convivial, Bohemian Pittsburgh. He could not escape the cheerful strollers, the visiting minstrels, the old friends of the S. T. who had their offices in the bank block and the law block if he would. And when his spirits and his finances were low, alas, Stephen more frequently wouldn't than would.

Morrison still owned his farm property in Baden—in fact, he held on to it for fifty years—and in August he asked Stephen to call on the tenant, who had not been paying his rent, and find out what the matter was. Accordingly, Stephen, Jane and possibly little Marion piled into a buggy and took the pleasant drive up the Beaver Road to Baden, which lies along the Ohio River about twenty-five miles north of Pittsburgh.

Stephen's report of the trip is dated Pittsburgh, August 15, 1859.

Dear Mit,

I went to Baden on Saturday, and took Jane with me. I saw Mr Deerdorf who said that the crops had been bad and dull payments &c. &c. In short he had not the money. He had not recd. "the scratch of a pen" from you for a long time that you had not demanded the money when it was due, &c. I asked him when he would be ready with the money, he said, about the 1st of October. I told him to leave it with Henry. We took dinner and tea at Mr Aderson's. [sic] He was not at home, but the girls were. Mrs Berry (the youngest daughter) is very pretty and entertaining, being a combination of Mary Wick, Mary McClelland Mrs Mitchell Mrs Woods, &c.

With Much love to all

Your Affec. bro

S. C. Foster

It is very likely that the Mr. Anderson mentioned by Stephen was the head of the Anderson family of Leetsdale which is about halfway between Pittsburgh and Baden. The late Captain John C. Anderson, well-known river captain of Sewickley, was his son and a good friend of the Foster boys. If there is any place more beautiful in this world than the hills back of Sewickley, Edgeworth, and Leetsdale, I'm sure I don't know where it can be. No wonder real music and natural native melody welled up in the hearts of those two geniuses born in the beauty of Allegheny County—Stephen Foster and Ethelbert Nevin, the latter born in Edgeworth. Both were so strangely alike in temperament—both cut off so cruelly before their time.

In August, 1859, Morrison returned to Pittsburgh, as William was feeling better and able to have him leave Philadelphia. William and Robert Burnett had moved to a small hotel at 1235 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Willie was away at a military school in Dresden, Austria, and Lottie was staying with her uncle, Edgar Thomson, and Aunt Vinnie and her cousins, Edgar and Adelene, at their home on North Sixth Street. Loving little Lottie wrote her Uncle Morrison all the latest news on August 18, 1859. She had been with her uncle and aunt to Bedford Springs and had seen many notables there. The President and his niece, Miss Lane, were guests at their hotel. Mrs. John Brown (who had been Mary Irwin), Miss Shoenberger, and Dick Cowan were there from Pittsburgh. "Shiras" was still his old gay self, and still fancy free. Lottie said in her letter, "I suppose Aunt Annie [Mrs. Gilead Smith] has given you an account of our Bedford trip and how we enjoyed ourselves—of Addie's *flirtation with Mr. Dick Cowan?"*

August 18, 1859

. . . Aunt Vinnie and Uncle Edgar left this morning for Niagara. They expect to be home the early part of next week. I hope they will come then, for the house is desolate enough without them, although Addie and I are capital friends.

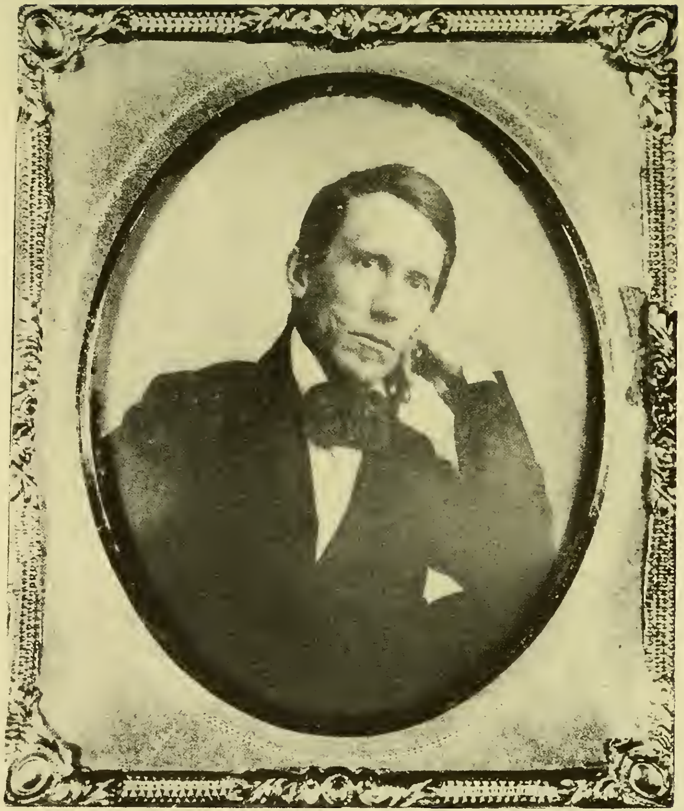
Pa has been here for more than a week, but I think he will go home today. He is so very much better. He goes to the office now every day for a few hours. He will probably go to Atlantic City next week for a few days. The Doctor advises change of air. I asked the Doctor if he did not think West Point would be more beneficial to Pa than the seashore. You see, I wanted to go to West Point. The Doctor laughed but did not recommend it particularly.

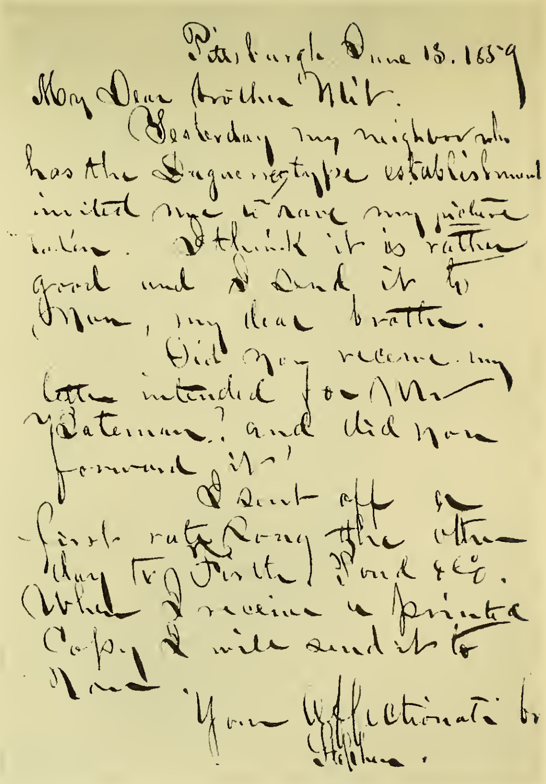
I expect we will go to "Christy's Minstrels" tonight. We were to have gone last night, but Edgar had an engagement and could not escort us, so, as we had no beaux, we were obliged to stay home. James Buchanan was here to see us the other evening.

Alick Crosman has just been here to see us. He is on his way to St. Louis where he will remain a few weeks, and then he is going to Africa. I asked him if he is not going to *Guinea*? He said he had been to *Jericho,* and was now going to *Guinea.* He will be away two years.

"Alick Crosman" was Lieutenant Commander Alexander Foster Crosman, brother of Mary Wick's fiance, George H. Crosman. Commander Crosman was drowned off the port of Greytown, Nicaragua, on April 12, 1872, while in command of the *U.S.S. Kansas.* He had been ordered to Nicaragua to survey a route for an interoceanic canal and was drowned in attempting to rescue a seaman who had fallen overboard.

Another letter from Lottie Foster to her Uncle Morrison is dated August 30, 1859.





Pittsburgh June 13. 1859

My Dear brother Mit.

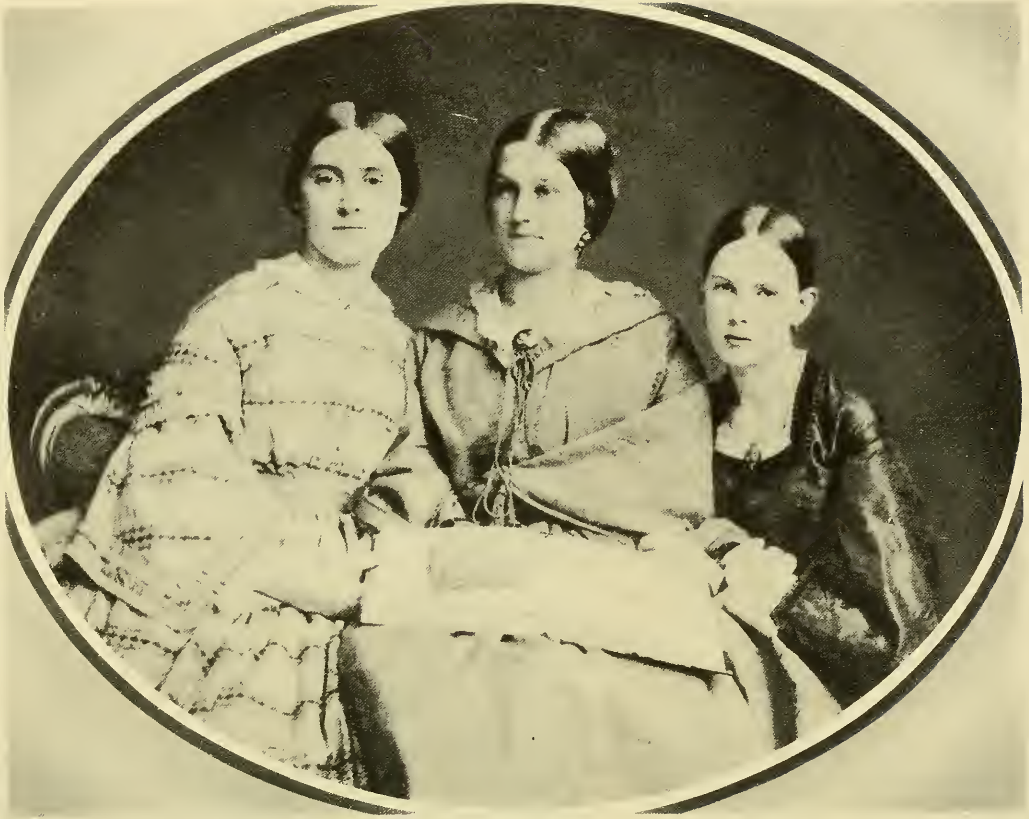
Yesterday my neighbor who has the Daguerreotype establishment invited me to have my picture taken. I think it is rather good and I send it to you, my dear brother.

Did you receive my letter intended for Mr Bateman? and did you forward it?

I sent off a first rate song the other day to Firth Pond &c. When I receive a printed copy I will send it to you.

Your affectionate br
Stephen.

Stephen Foster, from an original daguerreotype taken June 12, 1859, and the letter to Morrison Foster that accompanied it



Harriet (Hackie) Buchanan, Eliza (Lidie) Wick, and Charlotte (Lottie) Foster, nieces of Stephen Foster

Pa stayed Friday night down here, and in the morning we had quite an impromptu breakfast party. Aunt Vinnie got home from Niagara last Thursday after a very pleasant trip. Pa is much better. He goes to the office every day, but his head does not heal up as it ought. [William had been afflicted for some weeks with a very painful carbuncle on the base of the skull.] He however goes frequently to the doctor's, who I believe burns it with costic. . . . A company of "Washington Blues" from Baltimore are visiting here, and as they are visiting the Washington Greys, Rob [Burnett] has been very much taken up with them. Yesterday, they went to Independence Hall and Girard College, and last night they had a supper given by the Washington Greys at the Falls of Schuylkill. . . . At last accounts, Willie was very well and happy. His letters are growing longer, I am glad to say and very interesting, too. . . . I was very glad to hear that you have been well for when you left home you were far from being so. I hope to hear from you soon or rather to see you. Aunt Vinnie says I am a pretty good girl, considering. Gratifying, is it not? Good bye, dear Uncle, take good care of yourself for the sake of your dearest little niece, Lottie.

On October 3, 1859, the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad started on a grand excursion and sight-seeing tour over their own lines, and those lines connecting with the Pennsylvania from Pittsburgh to St. Louis. Lottie was away at school, so William B. Foster took his two nieces, Adelene Thomson and Harriet Buchanan as his guests. The object of the excursion, according to the souvenir booklet presented to each of the travelers after his return, was "for the purposes of acquainting themselves, by personal observation, with the condition and capacity of those Western Railways having intimate business relations with the Pennsylvania Railroad and of procuring general information as to the trade and resources of the country traversed and reached by them." The officers in the excursion party included: William B. Foster, Jr., Washington Butcher, William R. Thompson, Josiah Bacon, Thomas Mellon, Samuel Megargee, John Hulme, Wistar Morris, Benjamin T. Curtis, George W. Cass, Thomas T. Firth, H. H. Houston, W. H. Wilson, and John W. Hunter—with their families and guests the travelers numbered forty-nine. The tour, starting from Philadelphia on October 3, extended to Altoona, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, to St. Louis, returning by way of Cincinnati, Wheeling, Cumberland, and Baltimore, with a stopover all night at each place. They returned to Philadelphia on October 19, 1859.

It was William's farewell view of the great enterprise he had helped to establish. The journey fatigued him greatly, and the pain in his head from the still-unhealed carbuncle was almost unbearable. When he reached home on the nineteenth, Robert Burnett put him to bed immediately in the bachelor apartment he and William shared. However, William recuperated and seemed to be almost recovered by February, 1860. On the evening of the thirteenth of that month, he and aunt Crissie Smith attended a gala opening at the new Continental Hotel, and the next evening, William, Lottie, and Rob Burnett, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Edgar and Aunt Crissie (making a "full turnout" as William said) attended a grand St. Valentine Ball at the Academy of Music. William did not feel equal, however, to making the trip to Allegheny to attend Morrison's wedding to Jessie Lightner on the evening of February 23, 1860. Morrison's other brothers and sisters were there, and the ceremony was performed by Reverend Edward Y. Buchanan. Jessie and Morrison left next day, by way of Niagara Falls, for their new home in Cleveland. Hardly had they reached home when word came from Robert Burnett that good Brother William was no more. He had been confined for several days to his room which he and Robert shared at 1235 Chestnut Street, but he seemed to be improving, and the doctor believed he was recovering. Towards midnight of March 3, Robert was awakened by the sound of his father's labored breathing, and, hurrying to William, found him almost unconscious. Robert called to one of the hotel attendants to send for the doctor immediately, but before the doctor could get there, William laid his head on Robert's shoulder and died in the young man's arms. The abscess at the base of his brain had healed over from the outside, but the infection had seeped into his system.

William's funeral services were held at the home of his brother-in-law, J. Edgar Thomson, on North Sixth Street, and then his remains were brought back to Pittsburgh to be laid with others of his family. The engine and the car were draped in black, and the stations along the line were hung with the same emblem of mourning. One of William's pallbearers was his old friend, Sam Black, who was now governor of Nebraska and by chance happened to be in Pittsburgh when William's body was brought home. R. Biddle Roberts, and Dr. Jonas R. McClintock also were bearers. An old gentleman by the name of William Caven, formerly sheriff of Allegheny County for whom William had once served as deputy, and who had not seen William for thirty years, came from McKeesport to pay his respects. Scores of old friends were there from the river, the canals, and the railroad. All conditions and classes gathered to pay homage to the man they remembered as a kindly, generous friend. His brother Morrison wrote of William in after years:

> With a heart as "tender and true" as the Douglas, and as brave, he was a dutiful, loving son, and a generous, affectionate brother. He was a Christian, firm in his devotion to his Redeemer, and his life's pathway was blazed with the marks of his goodness. Always devoted to duty, he put on the harness of industry and usefulness at the age of sixteen years, and wore it continuously to the day of his death. He was honored in many ways by the people of his native State, and now the last survivor of his family is proud to write of him—he was an honor to his State and to his friends.

J. Edgar Thomson was appointed guardian of William's children, and thereafter Lottie and Willie made their home with their aunt and uncle. Robert Burnett was the administrator of the estate. William had left large tracts of land and coal rights in Indiana County, heavily mortgaged, and Robert, with Mr. Thomson, James Magee, Thomas A. Scott, and Edward C. Biddle, formed a company called the Foster Coal & Iron Company, which they operated for the benefit of William's children.

Ann Eliza's beautiful rectory home on the Old Church Road was open house to all the nieces and nephews of the family, and was the usual stopping place for any of her relatives traveling from Pittsburgh to New York. Siss Annie had a large family of her own now, eight children living and two, Charlotte and Ridley, dead. James was now in Washington with his Uncle Buchanan, and Edward, Jr., was finishing his first year at West Point, from where he wrote boyish, proud letters to his Uncle Mit, glowing with happiness at leading a "Soldier's life." There were the older girls, Annie, Harriet (Hackie), and Henrietta (Netsy), helping at home and in the parish work; and three younger children, Lois, William, and Alice, aged about thirteen, eleven, and seven.

## VI

SHORTLY after Morrison was married, Stephen decided to take his family to New York to live. Whether or not Morrison's leaving Pittsburgh had anything to do with Stephen's decision we do not know. Stephen's agreement with Firth, Pond & Company was to expire August 9, 1860. He had agreed to publish exclusively with Firth Pond until that date, but the royalties coming from his songs were so small that Stephen was anxious to have other publishers also produce his music. Perhaps he felt that Firth, Pond were not giving his songs sufficient backing and advertising. I shall not attempt to go into the subject of Stephen's finances. This has been done thoroughly and painstakingly by John Tasker Howard —the figures he has compiled from Stephen's own very accurate accounts show that Stephen was almost always overdrawn at his publishers and continually in debt to them.* And for no other reason, in my opinion, than because he had practically abandoned the type of song he was best equipped to write, the Southern negro melody. Before leaving for New York, he sent to Firth, Pond in 1860, "Poor Drooping Maiden," "None Shall Weep a Tear for Me," "The Wife; or He'll Come Home," "Under the Willow She's Sleeping," probably "Cora Dean," and one good song, "The Glendy Burk," composed in his best old-time manner. Glendy Burke, for whom the famous steamboat was named, was a well-known merchant and influential citizen of New Orleans. Morrison had many dealings in the '40's with Mr. Burke who was associated with the firm of Burke, Watt & Co. of Carondelet Street, New Orleans. As an acknowledgment of the compliment of having the steamboat named for himself, it is said that Mr. Burke presented the boat with a grand piano. Stephen's song is a spirited, rollicking steamboat ballad that

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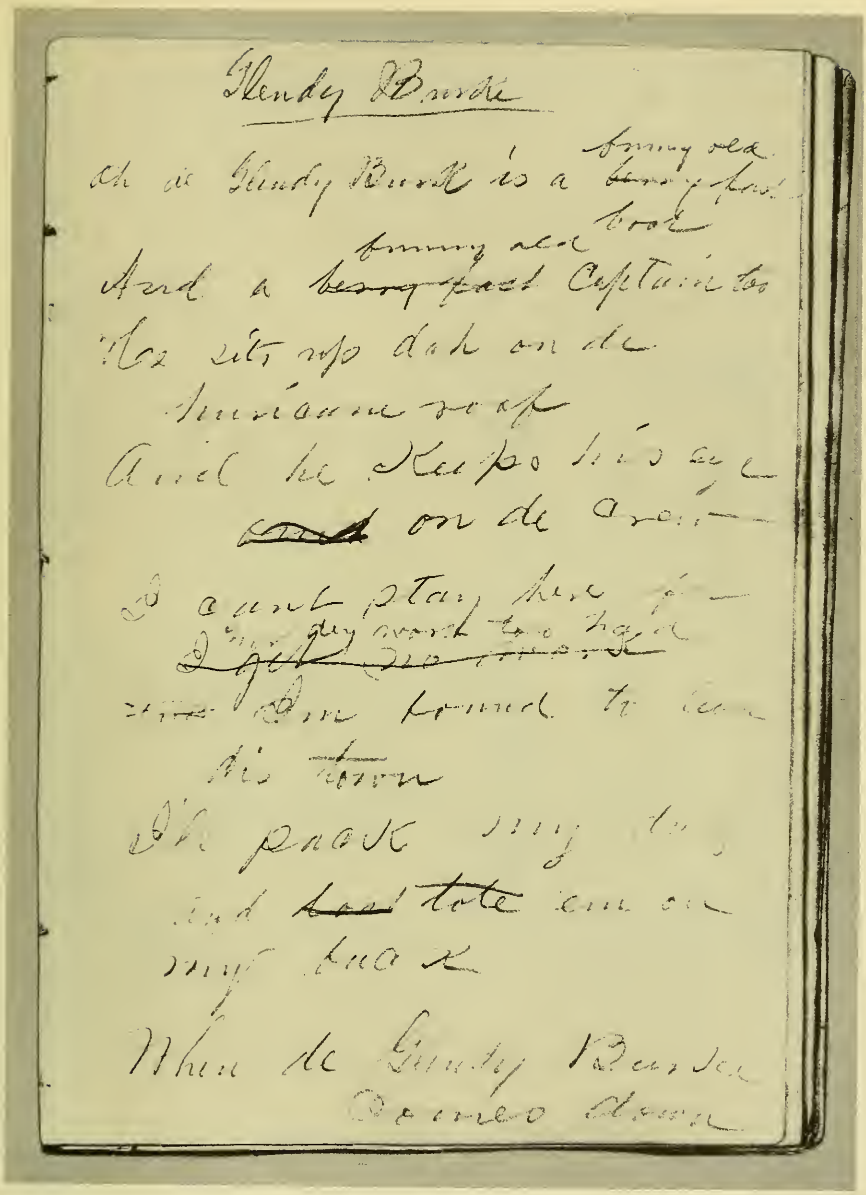
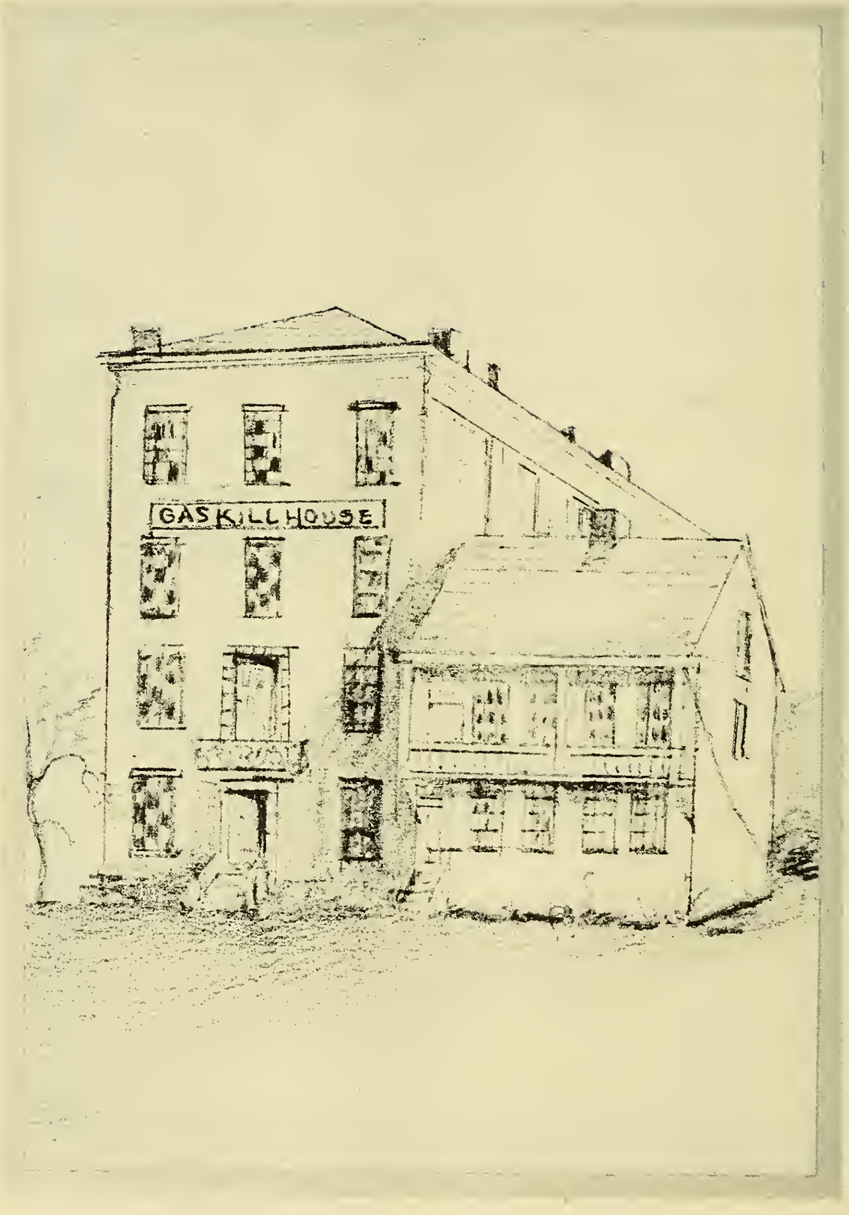
*John Tasker Howard, *Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour,* New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1934.



Glendy Burke

Oh de Glendy Burk is a ~~berry fast~~ funny old boat
And a ~~berry fast~~ funny old Captain too
He sits up dah on de
hurricane roof
And he keeps his eye
~~[illegible]~~ on de crew—
I cant stay here for—
~~I got no more~~ dey work too hard
~~[illegible]~~ I'm bound to leave
dis town
I'll pack my duds
and ~~tod~~ tote 'em on
my back
When de Glendy Burke
comes down

Original manuscript of "The Glendy Burk"


GASKILL HOUSE

The Warren, Ohio, home of Stephen Foster in 1860 has become a river classic. It is written in simple negro dialect, but inoffensive as it was, this dialect was considered quite too vulgar to be sung by a certain genteel young lady of the '60's whose bound volume of music I recently inspected. Her fastidious singing teacher in the young ladies' seminary at which he taught, had crossed out all the "de's" and "wid's" and "dah's" and substituted the proper "the's" and "with's" and "there's" which the elegance of the young pupil's social position demanded—her father was a senator.

This brings to mind certain purists of recent times who prepared a children's song book for primary-school grades, and changed the words of "Oh! Susanna" to conform with the compilers' idea of how Stephen C. Foster should have written the song. When Governor Alf M. Landon, the 1936 Republican candidate for President, was welcomed by a chorus of children in a private school in Dearborn, Michigan, they sang "Oh! Susanna" in his honor, and instead of Stephen's good old lines,

De buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
De tear was in her eye,

the distinguished visitor was greeted with the following depressing substitute:

A red, red rose was in her hand,
A tear was in her eye!

Served with maple syrup from West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, I'm sure Governor Landon would rather have "de buckwheat cake"!

Even in Pittsburgh—of all places—a few schools use this revision. In my young days, buckwheat cakes were called buckwheat cakes, not "red, red roses"! But, of course, those were rough times. One of the most precious childhood memories of the forty-niners and the sixty-niners and the ninety-niners, was the attractive mental picture conjured up on a dull school day, of the engaging, informal Susanna, undulating down the hill to greet "her true lub," with an unfinished breakfast buckwheat dangling from one corner of her mouth, while happy tears poured down upon it. I learn on very reliable juvenile authority that the sissy "red-rose" version of the song is not any more popular with the children today than it would have been in 1849. They prefer the good old homespun Susanna with her buckwheat cake to the Lady Clara Vere de Vere pictured in the refined revision, and on singing day in one Pittsburgh school, the tough "buckwheat gang" loudly shout down the "Red, red rose faction" to a fare-thee-well!

Stephen and his family went to Warren, Ohio, early in 1860—they were there on April 27, and remained until at least August 10, staying part of the time with Henrietta, and part of the time at the Gaskill House. Dr. James J. Tyler, of Warren, tells us that the Gaskill House (later known as the Austin House) was the first four-story building erected in the city, and was opened by a grand ball on December 23, 1853, which the papers of that time describe as a "splendid affair." A huge assembly hall and ballroom, reached by a circular stairway, occupied the greater part of the fourth floor. Edward Shoenberger was the proprietor when Stephen and his family were guests at the Gaskill House. One of Mr. Shoenberger's daughters, Mrs. C. G. Mygatt, of 429 Tod Street, Warren, was a small girl at the time, and remembered the Foster family quite distinctly. An interview given Esther Hamilton of the Youngstown *Telegram,* February 3, 1934, by Mrs. Mygatt was reported:

> "Mr. Foster would sit in the big public parlor on the second floor in the evening and play and sing. I recall that a Frank Leroy, a photographer of Warren of that time, used to be in the company. The Civil War officers always stopped at our hotel and they used to sing, too.
>
> "I remember Marian Foster, the daughter of Mr. Stephen Foster. We used to go up to the big ballroom and play 'dolls' and have a grand time together. She was a beautiful dancer and her father would stand in the doorway and applaud when Marian danced and kept time with castinets.
>
> "Mrs. Foster never left her room and Marian always took her meals up to her. Now and then my mother would talk to her but mother was a very busy woman and the hotel kept her busy all the time. She did not have much time for idle conversation."

Mrs. Mygatt recalled standing with Marian Foster and watching with awe while Sally Tod, daughter of the Governor, swept down the grand staircase attired in the height of the fashion of that period.

"He [Stephen Foster] always wore a high silk hat," says Mrs. Mygatt, "and was gentle and kind to us. I thought he was a very handsome man."

Mrs. Stough, some years younger than Mrs. Mygatt, also recalls the Fosters when they lived at her father's hotel. She remembers particularly the day they left, when the stagecoach pulled up and Mrs. Foster swept into it, followed by her husband and daughter. "He lifted his high hat and waved goodbye," she says, "and I know we all felt very badly."

Two letters from Stephen to Morrison written in Warren, Ohio, reveal something of the state of Stephen's personal and business affairs.

Warren, O. Apl. 27, 1860

Dear Mit,

Dear Mit [sic]

Please send me by return mail $12—I have received from F. P. & co. a letter stating that they cannot advance me any more money till I send them the songs now due them (about two as I make the calculation) as our present agreement is about expiring. They show a disposition to renew agreement, but, very properly require payment in music before any new arrangement. I have entered into an agreement with a new house for part of my music, but, as the terms are not entirely fixed, I cannot well draw on them just now. I expect to be in Cleveland very soon on my way to New York, and will be able to settle with you. I require this amount for little washing bills &c. which are, you know, the most perplexing. Please send the amt. immediately on receipt of this.

Jane and Marion are well, also Etty's family. I am very well, but had, as I supposed a slight touch of ague yesterday. I think today that it was only a false alarm. I have written two songs since I have been in Warren and have two under way, but do not feel inclined to send them off half made up. Much love to Jessie.

Your Affec. bro,

Stephen

A note in Morrison's handwriting is inscribed on the letter: "Remitted S C. Foster from Cleveland W F Carey & Cos check on Fayette Brown, Banker for 12$ April 27, 1860. M. Foster"

Warren, O, May, 31, 1860.

Dear Mit.

Herewith I send you a draft on Firth Pond & co. for $50—which I wish you would *hold for ten days,* and, if you can conveniently, please send me the amount by return mail. There will be no trouble about payment of draft. I have only one song to finish in the time mentioned.

I desire to pay Mr. Shoenberger (the landlord) at the end of the month as I engaged to do, and have told him that I would pay him when I would hear from Cleveland.

I received a very cheering letter yesterday from F. P. & Co. and feel in good spirits generally.

Jesse Thornton arrived yesterday looking very well. We all did our best to give him a hearty welcome, and you never saw such a happy family. He informs me that Jessie (yours) was in Cleveland, therefore I infer that you have been in Pittsburgh since I saw you. I expect to start for New York before very long and hope to see you both.

Your affectionate brother
S. C. Foster

Neither brother has left a record to tell us whether Mit sent Stephen the fifty dollars or not, but it is more than likely that he did. The draft passed through several hands before reaching Firth, Pond & Company, and eventually was returned to Morrison.

The new publisher Stephen mentions doubtless was the Rev. Alexander Clark, who edited *Clark's School Visitor,* for teachers and pupils, published in Philadelphia, that cost only twenty-five cents a year "to clubs of eight and upwards." This magazine offered its readers a new song in its music department every month. Several volumes of the *Visitor* are to be found in the Foster Hall Collection. Stephen might have become acquainted with Mr. Clark through a mistake that appeared in its columns in October, 1859, or he might have known Mr. Clark personally, because *Clark's School Visitor* was published in Pittsburgh during 1859 and part of 1860, before its removal to Philadelphia in the spring of 1860. Describing their musical offering for that month, the *Visitor* states:

> The music in this number, "Oh, Merry Goes the Time," is one of the sweetest gems ever published. Its author is Geo. F. Root, who has written numerous popular pieces, such as "Hazel Dell," "Willie, we Have Missed You," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," &c. We have arranged for some choice music for the coming year. This feature alone is worth more than the cost of the Visitor.

Perhaps Stephen wrote to correct them as to the authorship of "Willie, We Have Missed You" and thus struck up a correspondence with the editor. Mr. Clark seems to have been a kindly soul and a great admirer of Stephen's music. He republished "Massa's in the Cold Ground" in the December, 1859, issue of the *Visitor* with permission of Firth, Pond & Co., and regretted in the same number that so far, they had been unable to get permission from the copyright owners to publish "Gentle Annie." The editors of the *Visitor* printed Stephen's music with words that would wring tears from a stone. Set to the air of "Old Uncle Ned," we find these verses:

### THE SCHOOL I ATTEND

Air: "Uncle Ned."

There's a great deal of pleasure in the school I attend,
And I do love to go, love to go;
With pleasure our lessons are all made to blend,
And we learn what we all ought to know.

*Chorus:* Then lay down the marble and the ball,
Hang on the satchel, then you know;
There's no more pleasure this morning at all,
We'll go where the good scholars go.

With the swearer, the idler, the truant from school,
I desire not to go, not to go;
They are certain to do what they ought not to do,
And to learn what they ought not to know.

Another example of the *Visitor*'s gentle propaganda is set to the tune of "Nelly Bly."

### PLATO'S SCHOOL

Long ago, long ago,
Under Grecian rule,
There was a man named Plato,
And he kept a famous school.
High! ho! Athens, boys,
Did you like to go?
Was he such a clever man?
For we should like to know.

People thought
That he taught
Children like a book,
Seated under leafy boughs
That in the breezes shook.
Ha! ha! what a place!
Academic grove!
What a place to teach a school,
With only sky above!

Long ago, long ago,
Under Grecian rule,
They could not raise one spelling-book,
To teach a boy at school.
Dark day! iron age!
Better times we see;
And the youth of classic fame
Were not so blest as we.

The dark picture drawn of that iron age when the poor benighted children of Plato's school sat in their leafy bowers learning what they ought not to know without the aid of even a spelling book, might not have struck the little boys and girls of 1860 with as much horror and distaste as the kindly author intended. The call for huzzas and hurrahs for "modern days" probably met a rather weak response from the benches! In his own rebellious school days, the celebrated composer who was welcomed so warmly to the pages of *Clark's School Visitor* gladly would have exchanged the blessings of "modern days" for the academic groves and open skies of ancient Greece. Stephen's cheers would have been "High! ho! for Athens, boys!"

In June, 1860, the *Visitor* contained a letter from Stephen which the editor printed with evident pride. (In May, 1860, *Clark's School Visitor* was published in Pittsburgh by J. W. Daughaday & Co. The June, 1860, issue was published in Philadelphia by Daughaday, Hammond & Co.)

FROM STEPHEN C. FOSTER, ESQ., THE SONG WRITER

"Pittsburgh, May 2, 1860.

"Messrs. J. W. Daughaday & Co.—*Gentlemen:* I am willing that our arrangement shall, as you say, be for one year, and you can have the privilege of renewing at the end of that time for, say—one year more. You shall have the entire control and be the independent proprietors of such songs as I may send you for publication, and I will do my best to give you such songs as shall be valuable to you and creditable to myself. I am to send you a song for each alternate issue of the School Visitor during the time which I have mentioned*****

"Very respectfully,
"S. C. Foster."

The asterisks probably indicate where the celebrated composer set forth the monetary terms of the contract. (According to Stephen's obituary notice, which appeared in *Clark's School Visitor* for April, 1864, "for the six beautiful songs written for us by Mr. Foster, our publishers paid the sum of $400.00 or $66⅔ apiece for the manuscripts.")

"Jenny's Coming O'er the Green" was published in the July, 1860, issue; in August, the magazine announced the publication of a sheet music edition of this song by Lee and Walker of Philadelphia. John Mahon, a New York newspaperman and composer, who became great friends with Stephen after the latter went to New York, and whose reminiscences of Stephen, written thirteen years after Stephen's death, are singularly accurate and reliable, tells this story about the song:

> The history of "Jennie's Coming O'er the Green" he [Stephen] also told me. It was somewhat funny. It appears that he admired a young girl named Jennie (platonic, of course), and promised to write a song for her. He did so, and began it thus:
>
> Little Jennie's seventeen;
> Fairer form was never seen,
> Life and grace are in her mien.
> Why do I love her so?
>
> But Mrs. Foster did not like such a pointed allusion to the young lady's age, so he changed the first line to
>
> "Jennie's coming o'er the green."*

In the September, 1860, issue, the advertising writer of *Clark's*

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*John Mahon, "The Last Years of Stephen C. Foster," New York *Clipper,* March 24, 1877.

*School Visitor* went into lyrical raptures over Stephen's "None Shall Weep a Tear for Me," and then ended by misstating the title.

> A SWEET SONG
>
> Mr. Foster has recently composed a song which we think is one of his very best. It is touching, tender and soul-elevating. Its melody drops on the ear and heart like honeyed dew-drops on flowers. To all lovers of sweet song, we say, buy it. Its title is, "None shall drop a Tear for Me;" published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York. Price, 25 cents.
>
> The same author has more recently written a new plantation melody that will become a favorite everywhere like his "Old Folks at Home." The title is "Glendy Burk." Same publishers—same price.

Already the threat of civil war was casting its shadow over the whole country. In the fall of 1859, John Brown made his raid, the repercussions of which not only divided the great Democratic party, but broke up thousands of erstwhile happy families into warring groups. The Foster family was no exception to this rule. In February, 1860, Morrison hurt the feelings of his Philadelphia relatives by a rather pointed, but not ill-natured satire of Buchanan's administration, which was published in the Pittsburgh *Post,* in the form of a parody on a scene from Knowles' play, *The Hunchback.* Some of Jessie's family in Georgia and Missouri were Secessionists —the Fosters were Union, or Northern Democrats, and although bitterly opposed to Abraham Lincoln, they were just as opposed to the Secessionists. Things had not come to a real break yet—hope still ran high that something, somebody would cool off the hotheads of South Carolina who were bent on fight and were stirring up all the Southern states with their loud demands for an independent confederacy. Sam Black, in the uneasy governor's chair of the Territory of Nebraska, wrote to ask Mit "what in tarnation" they were going to do if the Union went to pieces. With the old Democratic party split into three factions by the machinations of Secessionist politicians, John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky seemed to Morrison to be the logical candidate to support, rather than Douglas or Bell.

Mary Wick and her young soldier, Lieutenant George H. Crosman, were married in the fall of 1860 and removed to Wheeling, Virginia, where George had been ordered for service in the Tenth Infantry. There Mary received her first taste of nomad army life which she was to follow with all its tragedies and tears for the next twenty years—the life that spared her two beautiful little daughters, Henrietta and Anna, but robbed her of three baby sons, one after another, through dysentery and smallpox.

While the political pot was boiling, Stephen Foster and his wife and little girl came to New York, in the latter part of 1860, Jane glowing with excitement, and Stephen filled with a new hope that here, in the atmosphere of hard work, and things musical, artistic, and inspiring, he could lose himself in successful achievement, and thus conquer and forget the Devouring Enemy!

Morrison entered the political and public affairs of Cleveland almost immediately after Jessie and he removed there. Even in the short time he lived in Philadelphia, Morrison identified himself with the community definitely enough to be appointed from that city to the Democratic state committee for 1859. Jessie loved to entertain and be entertained, and their house in Cleveland soon became a gathering place for singers and musicians, actors and politicians; such oddly assorted pairs as Clement Vallandigham and Dan Rice met there most congenially.

Henry and his family were still living contentedly enough in Lawrenceville, all greatly absorbed in the work of the little St. John's Episcopal Church.

Lidie Wick went to New York to visit her Uncle Steve and Aunt Jane in the fall of 1860. Warren had grown monotonous for the lively girl since her sister Mary had married and left—her mother was desirous, also, of breaking up an attachment which Lidie had formed for a young man of whom Henrietta did not approve. Lidie's youthful spirits were soon revived by her aunt and uncle, who took her to all the latest plays and to a ball. Perhaps this was the same masquerade that Stephen's granddaughter, Mrs. Jessie W. Rose, has described—the time when Stephen spent the whole afternoon helping Jane sew spangles onto her costume, but would not tell the girls what he was wearing himself. All evening they danced and enjoyed themselves with others, but there was no sign of Stephen until the dancing closed and the musicians came down from their platform to help eat the refreshments. There was Stephen, disguised with whiskers and "plumpers" (which toothless persons used to hold in the inside of the cheeks to make them look plump); he had been playing first violin in the orchestra all evening. Perhaps it was not only for the fun of it for it is not known whether any royalties came in from Stephen's next great success, "Old Black Joe," published in November, 1860. This beautiful and touching song had a tremendous sale, but we do not know whether Stephen parted with it on a cash or royalty basis, as he left no record of it in his account book, which came to a close in 1860.

On October 20, 1860, a little "black-eyed daughter" was born to Jessie and Morrison in Cleveland; they called her Evelyn Louise. One of Jessie's most admired friends was the distinguished Anna Cora Mowatt, author and actress, whose own comedy, *Fashion,* in which she played the leading role, had taken the country by storm in 1845. Mrs. Mowatt's novel, *Evelyn,* was Jessie's inspiration for a name for her baby, so Evelyn Louise it was—the middle name for Jessie's sister, Mrs. Muller.

On November 6, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. Ironically enough, the Fosters, Democrats all, had to listen while Black Republicans sang the melody composed by Stephen, nothing more nor less than "Uncle Ned," set to these ribald words:

> There was a little man, and his name was Stevy Doug,
> To the White House he longed for to go;
> But he hadn't any votes in the whole of the South,
> In the place where his votes ought to grow.
> His legs they were short, but his speeches they were long,
> And nothing but himself he could see,
> His principles were weak, but his spirits they were strong,
> For a thirsty little soul was he!

In December, 1860, there occurred a momentous event in the history of Pittsburgh. The old Lawrenceville arsenal was besieged by a mob of furious citizens, who refused to allow 126 cannon which had been ordered to southern forts by Secretary of War Floyd to leave the garrison. It seemed as though the administration did not realize as keenly as did the plain people of the North just how deadly in earnest were the Southern Secessionists in their threat to break up the Union. Possibly the real motive of Secretary Floyd in ordering this artillery to southern forts was above reproach, but the infuriated people of the North placed the worst possible construction on his action and accused the whole Democratic administration of treachery and double-dealing. The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* declared itself in no uncertain terms:

> The Administration would bind us hand and foot, deprive us of arms, and deliver us tied neck and heels to the traitors who would dissever the Union. For months muskets have been sent to Southern points where rebels have seized them by the thousands. Shall Pennsylvania be disarmed and Charleston be allowed with impunity to seize the federal arms with which to overthrow the Union? Shall our people submit to this?

The order to remove the guns from the arsenal was rescinded, but the people of Pittsburgh never would have permitted it to be carried out anyway.

Over in Philadelphia, sister Ann Eliza and her family bore the brunt of public opinion directed against her husband's brother. Members of long standing left Mr. Buchanan's church and passed him on the street without speaking to him. Hoodlums even stoned the parsonage and jeered at the children on their way to school. This ill-feeling did not long endure, however; after Mr. Floyd had been replaced by Joseph Holt, as secretary of war, President Buchanan took vigorous steps to try to stem the tide of rebel insurrection. He emphatically refused to deal with the delegation sent by South Carolina, and on January 9, 1861, the President sent supplies and reinforcements to Major Anderson at Fort Sumter by the steamer *Star of the West* which was fired on by the insurgents while she had the national flag flying. The Rev. Edward Buchanan's sturdy dignity and obvious loyalty to the Union eventually won the respect of the whole neighborhood and they ceased to persecute him. A few of his bigoted parishioners remained self-righteously aloof, but as Ann Eliza gently said, "Let them go—they never were Christians anyway."

Colonel Samuel W. Black returned to Pittsburgh in the spring of 1861 since the governorship of Nebraska Territory was to be taken over by a Lincoln appointee. As there seemed to be no move on the part of the new governor to hasten to "Nebrasky" to assume his office, Colonel Sam wrote to Morrison on March 18, 1861, asking him to hurry Mr. Carter along.

> I see that your friend, D. K. Carter is appointed to fill my place. A very worthy successor of a worthy incumbent! Indeed, I think all the better of myself since I have been selected as the first for the knife of all whose heads here are to fill a basket. It is well; and I am glad that so good a man as Carter is *honored,* provided he so accounts it. I am "a-setting" here until he comes to hatch this egg of office "to honor or dishonor," which I suppose will depend somewhat on whether it "shells out" well or ill. If you are intimate with Gove. Carter, will you ascertain from him when he wishes to come out and take the oath of office and enter on its duties? There is no Secretary in the Territory, and I would not feel at liberty to leave until he arrives. Besides, I would like to usher him in as becomes both him and me, and also I would be very willing to shew him all "the ropes" as becomes an old friend. Will you talk with him, and say for me that I will do anything to accommodate my time to his?
>
> It is now settled that we all go back again to Pittsburgh, where I am to try and take a fresh start. I am a wiser man, if not a better, than I was four years ago, and shall devote myself with diligence, nay devotion, to the practice of my profession. Anybody can have all my interest in any sort of political hope, high or low, (as the "Col." would say in language and manner all his own) "gratuous!"

Colonel Sam Black did not find much idle time on his hands after he returned to Pittsburgh. On April 15, President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, and Colonel Black and Colonel Weitzer were to command the Sixty-second Regiment, the first "three-years regiment," which left for Washington on August 3, 1861. Robert P. McDowell, one of the "Five Nice Young Men," had already left for Washington with the regiment he had organized in Allegheny, the Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Colonel R. Biddle Roberts was now aide to Governor Curtin, John Duncan was captain of the Duncan Home Guards, afterwards admitted to active service, and Bill Denny was captain of Company K of the Twelfth Regiment. Few, however, believed the rebellion of the Southern states could not shortly be put down—75,000 volunteers, in addition to the regular army, seemed adequate at the time. In fact, three-month volunteers rushed to the colors as the country believed it would all be over within that short period. But that was before the Union realized that the South regarded her rebellion as an actual confederate war for independence.

## VII

IN New York, Stephen and his family found a pleasant home at the boardinghouse of Mrs. Louisa Stewart, on Greene Street. The *New York Directory* for 1859-60 lists a "Stuart 113 Greene," as a boardinghouse, and the *Directory* for 1863-64 lists "Stuart Louisa boardingh 97 Greene." In John Mahon's reminiscences of Stephen Foster published in the New York *Clipper* of March 24, 1877, he states that the number was 83 and spells the name *Stewart,* which is the correct spelling. Mr. Mahon might have made a slight mistake in the number of the house. Mrs. Stewart proved a kind and sympathetic friend. Her daughters, Rushanna and Mattie (who became Mrs. de Witt), grew very fond of Jane and Marion, and the latter's "funny little ways." When Stephen first came to New York, the relations between himself and his publisher were strained, possibly on account of Stephen's failure to deliver the songs he had promised. On January 1, 1860, his accounts show that he was overdrawn $1,479.95 at his publishers. It is also quite likely that Firth, Pond objected to Stephen's attempts to make contracts with other publishers before he had fulfilled his agreements with them. That there was a tension between them is evident from a letter written many years afterwards by Mattie Stewart de Witt to Jane, dated January 2, 1890—"Mr. Foster brought the manuscript [of "Under the Willow She's Sleeping"] to us wet [?] from the printer, and he told ma—'that he could not try it at Mr. Pond's,' so used our piano. Mr. Pond was not fair to Mr. Foster. I remember that very well." Although "Under the Willow" was copyrighted by Firth, Pond on May 3, 1860, it might not have been published until Stephen and Jane went to Mrs. Stewart's. Mrs. Mygatt, whom we have quoted before, was of the belief that "Under the Willow She's Sleeping" was written in Warren while Stephen was at the Gaskill House. This seems quite likely as Stephen was in Warren in April, 1860. Mrs. Mygatt stated that she believed Stephen also wrote "Willie, We Have Missed You" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" while he was at her father's hotel, but we know both these songs were published several years before. As a little girl, Mrs. Mygatt probably heard Stephen play them, and believed he had composed them at that time.

With his unassuming and modest manner, Stephen made a number of sincere friends in New York amongst composers and writers. His closest companions were not of the roistering class, but were hard-working professional people of superior taste and character. Stephen was sensitive to suffering in a superlative degree and could not pass a stray kitten or hungry dog without doing something for it then and there. From the time he was a child, Stephen had brought these poor outcasts home. Cruelty to any weak creature, human or beast, enraged him. George Cooper, his friend, describes him as follows, in *Piano Music Magazine* for May, 1902:

> A boyish figure, below the medium height, smooth face and dark brown hair and eyes—this will give some idea of his appearance. But to describe the expression of those eyes when their owner was in animated conversation, would be quite as difficult as it would be to depict the varied moods of an April sky.

During Stephen's first year in New York, he turned out a great deal of work, and though nothing else he composed was comparable to "Old Black Joe," still these many potboilers contributed to his family's support and show that he was very industrious, if not inspired. Unfortunately, the many songs he produced, some of them in collaboration with another writer, were sold outright to the publishers, and thus they yielded for him nothing more than the initial payment. This cash, of course, did not go very far, and life was a hard, discouraging struggle especially for the wife of "America's foremost song-writer." In the summer of 1861, Jane took little

Marion and went down to Lewistown, Pennsylvania, to stay for a while with her sister Agnes, who was married to Dr. Cummings of that place. In Lewistown, Marion started to school and, according to her mother, she was attentive to her studies and "an excellent child in every way." Stephen's faithful efforts to throw off the habit that was threatening to ruin him kept his wife in a continual state of alternating hope and despair. Many dollars that she greatly needed for herself and little girl, she conscientiously paid out for various "cures" to which Stephen submitted himself. And for months at a time, Stephen would be himself again, and his wife and loving sisters and brothers offered up prayers of gratitude and thankfulness. But, by September, 1861, Jane had grown uneasy again about Stephen's welfare, and she borrowed train fare from Morrison to make a hurried trip to New York. This visit resulted in her leaving Lewistown and boarding with Stephen, possibly at Mrs. Stewart's as before.

Lidie Wick's visit to New York in 1860 did not result in the breaking of her attachment to Abner Tyler, as her mother had hoped it would. They corresponded with each other while she was away, and evidently had their plans all laid, for Lidie and Abner were married in 1861, shortly after her return from New York. Henrietta adjusted herself to the situation, however, and eventually grew fond of her son-in-law. Henrietta's family at home now consisted of herself and Jesse, Will and little Dunning, and a baby daughter, a very delicate child called Nettie. Henrietta began to devote some of her leisure time to poetry and literary work, for which, like her mother and sister, Ann Eliza, she possessed a decided taste and talent. Many excellent verses from her pen began to appear in the Youngstown and Cleveland papers, which were extensively copied by other periodicals. The thoughts of the whole country were centered on the war, and most of the topics Henrietta chose dealt with some phase of the struggle, of contemporary political events, or were loving little verses about home and children. Amongst her first published efforts was one entitled "Five Hundred Thousand Dead," printed in November, 1862. Unlike certain warlike ladies who burst into print during the Civil War, praying for victory and total annihilation of the foe, Henrietta's plea was only for peace and reconciliation. In direct contrast is a selection (which seems to be a paraphrase on the "Battle of Ivry") written after the Battle of Manassas by the wife of a colonel of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment, C.S.A.

"Now glory to the Lord of Host!" Oh! bless
and praise His Name!
That He hath battled in our cause, and brought
our foes to shame:
And honor to our Beauregard, who conquered in
His might,
And for our children's children won Manassas'
bloody fight!
Oh! let our thankful prayers ascend, our joyous
praise resound,
For God, the God of Victory, our untried flag
hath crowned!

What a strange God some of these gentle Christians worshipped! One day He was "Lord of Hosts" to one band of his children—the next day, He was "God of Victory" to the children on the other side. Some battles He permitted to be won against fearful odds with steely courage only! The next day, He would be on the "side of the heaviest battalions"! And how well qualified these fiery Christians felt they were to tell God in precise language just what they wanted Him to do, and when and where and how to do it! There are some who still contend that the way He allowed the War of the Rebellion ultimately to be settled was contrary to repeated instructions!

Be it said to her credit, Henrietta held no such juvenile, superficial view of Omnipotence—her wartime poems reveal that her grief was for friend and foe alike, for the unholy, the un-Christlike method of settling a misunderstanding between men born brothers.

Comfortless, like Rachel, are thy weeping daughters,
For husbands, sons and brothers slain,
While want and desolation reign throughout thy borders,
Angel of Peace, return to us again!
Dear land of mine, for thee my tears are shed,
Five hundred thousand of thy sons lie dead!

If blood were needed this great strife to end,
An ocean has already flowed in vain,
Then how much more is yet required to wash
The grievance out, and bring us peace again!
For now five hundred thousand of thy sons lie dead!
Dear land of mine, for thee my tears are shed.

The position of the Union Democrats was extremely difficult and painful. They were conscientiously convinced that the South could not be brought back into the Union by force of arms. Each disagreement with the policy of President Lincoln was immediately seized upon as treasonable by the Republicans. The Union Democrats accused Lincoln of a usurpation of power, of assuming the role of a dictator not granted him by the Constitution. To their cry of "Save the Constitution," the Republicans countered with the war cry, "National Emergency."

In Cleveland, the daily life of Morrison and Jessie was shadowed by the unconcealed hostility of their Republican friends and neighbors. Added to this, was their personal grief at the loss of cherished friends in both armies. In July, 1862, Morrison received word that brave Sam Black had fallen on June 27 at the Battle of Gaines's Mill, Virginia.

Morrison had been appointed chairman of the committee on resolutions of the Cuyahoga County Democratic Convention, which met at Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, on October 8, 1862. Although the only nominations made were for such less-than-vital offices as auditor and sheriff, each delegate to the convention was a target for public abuse. Because of the Union Democrats' opposition to the majority of measures proposed by the Lincoln administration, they were the object of venomous attacks from the Republican newspapers. Morrison came in for his share, not only because of his attendance at the convention, but because it was well known that Jessie's youngest brother Ike, the pet of the Lightner family, had joined the Confederate Army. Isaac had gone down to Missouri in the spring of 1861 to engage in the hemp business with his father, Isaac Lightner, Sr., and a prosperous cousin, James S. Lightner, and while there, joined the Tenth Missouri Battery, the Old Lexington Regiment that had taken Sacramento. His regiment saw active service from the start, and Isaac was wounded seven times before receiving his fatal wound at Lost Mountain, Georgia, in 1864.

Isaac not only suffered many wounds, but he also was taken prisoner once. But that he did not allow this experience to thwart his military career can be judged from the following notice appearing in Price's *Army Argus,* February 28, (no year given):

> PERSONAL.—Orderly Sergeant Isaac Lightner, of Capt. Bledsoe's battery, has arrived safely in camp from St. Louis, where he spent one month in the prison, at McDowell's College. Sergeant L. got tired of the place and left. He is a true soldier, and we heartily welcome him to camp again.

In spite of the unpopularity of the Democratic party in the North, and the unjust criticism directed against himself, Morrison would not back down. It was this same stubborn will multiplied several million times that prolonged for four years this war of the American people against each other.

In June, 1862, little Marion became very ill in New York, and Jane took her back to Lewistown where the sunshine and mountain air helped bring the roses to her cheeks again. Stephen had published fifteen songs in 1861, and seventeen in 1862, but these compositions were all sold outright, so far as we know. In 1861, Stephen published only four songs with his old firm, Firth, Pond & Company: "Don't Bet Your Money on de Shanghai," a pleasant return to his old-time rollicking minstrel style, "Molly Dear, Good Night," "Our Willie Dear is Dying," and "Farewell, Sweet Mother." One song that Stephen took to Firth, Pond, "Our Bright Summer Days are Gone," these publishers refused. We do not know the reason, but it might have been that the returns on Stephen's last songs had not been up to expectations. Furthermore, the members of the company were not agreeing at this time (the firm was divided in 1863) and their business was not prospering. One of Stephen's friends and boon companions, a newspaper writer named John Mahon, tells us something about Stephen's vicissitudes, and incidentally his own, in the spring of 1861. Stephen and John had become almost inseparable and it was Stephen's custom to spend a great deal of his time at John Mahon's rooms in Henry Street where John and Mrs. Mahon and their daughters welcomed Stephen kindly and where Stephen wrote a great many of his songs.

> One of these [songs] [writes Mahon] and a most beautiful one—"Our Bright, Bright Summer-days are Gone"—he took to Pond, who refused it for some reason or other, and it made him feel very despondent; for about this time Lee & Walker had ceased employing him in consequence of hard times. I was then "under the weather" myself, and I remember one evening, when we were both pretty "hard up"—indeed, neither of us had a cent, and I had a family besides—suddenly he sat down to the piano.
>
> "John," said he, "I haven't time to write a new song, but I think I can write 'Our Bright, Bright Summer-days are Gone,' from memory."
>
> He sat down, and wrote the words and music from memory in about an hour and a half.
>
> "Take this round to Daly," said he, "and take what he will give you."
>
> Mr. John J. Daly, now of 944 Eighth avenue, was then my publisher, and was at 419 Grand street. I took the song to Mr. Daly. He was proud to get a song from Foster. He tried it over, and it was really beautiful. He offered a sum which, though not a tithe of what Foster got in his better days, was still considered very handsome; and this "stone which the builders (Pond & Co.) rejected" became very popular. Subsequently the late Thomas D. Sullivan composed brilliant variations for this song, and it is a favorite to this day. His next was one of his finest, and was named "Our Willie Dear is Dying;" next "Little Belle Blair;" and then followed "When the Bowl Goes Round," "A Thousand Miles from Home," and many others.*

The Rev. Alexander Clark, editor of *Clark's School Visitor,* lately had secured several songs from Stephen for his monthly magazine. One of these, "Mine is the Mourning Heart," is an easy and tuneful duet; Stephen taught this song to little ten-year-old Annie Mahon—Annie took the soprano and Stephen the tenor part. She afterward married W. J. Gross, of Langrishe's [Stock] Company; she died in Mexico in 1875. The words of Stephen's duet may be of some significance, and then again, they may mean nothing at all as far as the composer was concerned. They are beautiful whether

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*John Mahon, "The Last Years of Stephen C. Foster," the New York *Clipper,* March 24, 1877.

they have any personal application or not and are written in the style of the mournful little love songs that Stephen's mother and sisters admired.

Thou hast roam'd under summer skies
  Whilst I have weather'd the storm,
I have pray'd that the angels fair
  Would shield thy pillow from harm.
But thou wert gone and none this soul
  From sadness could awaken.
Mine is the mourning heart,
  By thee, by thee forsaken.

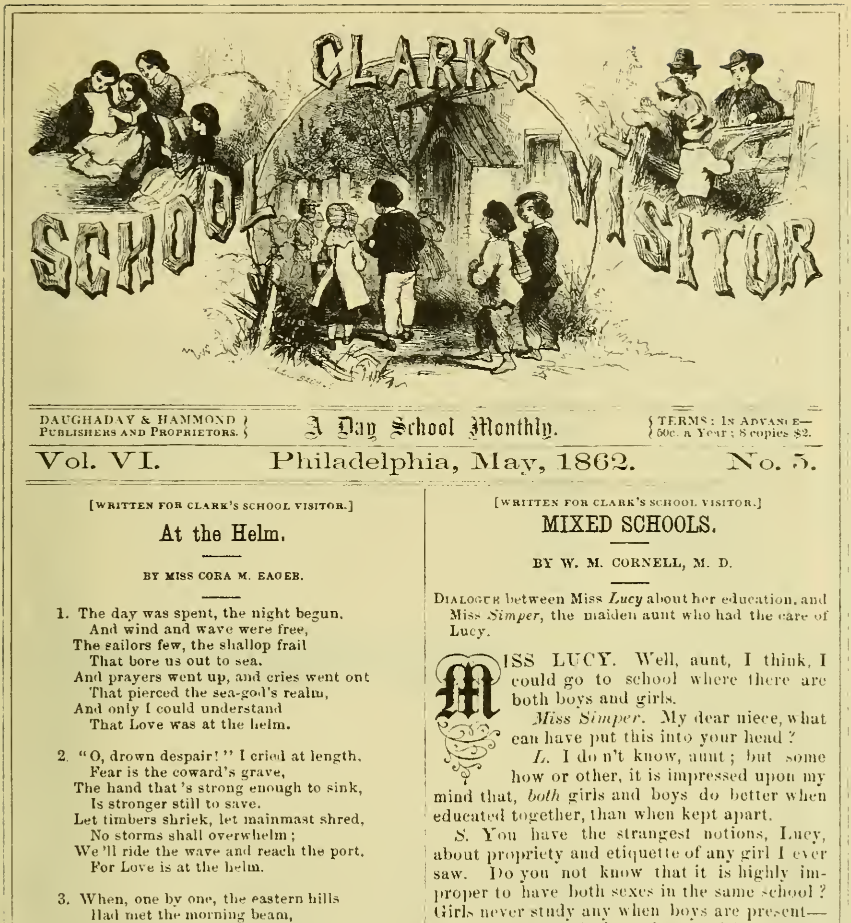
Thou hast whisper'd in words of love
  To other ears than mine,
I have yielded to other's charms
  But worship'd only thine.
But ah! dost thou remember, love,
  Those sacred vows we've taken?
Mine is the mourning heart,
  By thee, by thee forsaken.

While the sentiment is almost precisely the same as in "My Hopes Have Departed Forever," Stephen's verses are entirely free of clumsy straining after rhyme and rhythm apparent in the effort of "A Lady."

John Mahon continues:

> But the money thus picked up did not last forever, and I was still without steady employment. One day, when we were down again (for in the meantime I did my best for him, his wife and child having been sent home), he sent me to his boarding-house to bring a package of letters from his trunk. One of these was from Ditson & Co. of Boston, to whom he had written some years before offering to write for them, although he was then in the service of Pond & Co. and of Lee & Walker. A portion of that letter ran thus, as nearly as I can remember: "We would gladly accept your offer, *for you are the best songwriter of this or any other country;* but it is contrary to professional etiquette to do so when you are exclusively engaged by another firm."

Stephen, however, was no longer under exclusive contract with any firm—he sold his songs where he could, and on April 12, 1862,



# CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR

DAUGHADAY & HAMMOND
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

A Day School Monthly.

TERMS: IN ADVANCE—
50c. a Year; 8 copies $2.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, May, 1862. No. 5.

[WRITTEN FOR CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.]

## At the Helm.

BY MISS CORA M. EAGER.

1. The day was spent, the night begun,
   And wind and wave were free,
 The sailors few, the shallop frail
   That bore us out to sea.
 And prayers went up, and cries went out
   That pierced the sea-god's realm,
 And only I could understand
   That Love was at the helm.

2. "O, drown despair!" I cried at length,
   Fear is the coward's grave,
 The hand that 's strong enough to sink,
   Is stronger still to save.
 Let timbers shriek, let mainmast shred,
   No storms shall overwhelm;
 We 'll ride the wave and reach the port,
   For Love is at the helm.

3. When, one by one, the eastern hills
   Had met the morning beam,
 The sea and storm, the mast and crew
   Had vanished with my dream
 But on the limpid air there came,
   From some despairing realm
 The shrieking of *another* ship,
   All helpless at the helm.

4. O, faltering crew! O, trembling fair!
   O ye, whom Hope has missed!
 There 's many a midnight, maddened wave,
   The morning sun has kissed!
 Then brave the wind, ride out the wave,
   No storms shall overwhelm,
 While Wisdom watches at the prow,
   And LOVE is at the helm!

*Atlanta, (Ill.,)* 1862.

[WRITTEN FOR CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.]

## MIXED SCHOOLS.

BY W. M. CORNELL, M. D.

DIALOGUE between Miss *Lucy* about her education, and Miss *Simper*, the maiden aunt who had the care of Lucy.

MISS LUCY. Well, aunt, I think, I could go to school where there are both boys and girls.

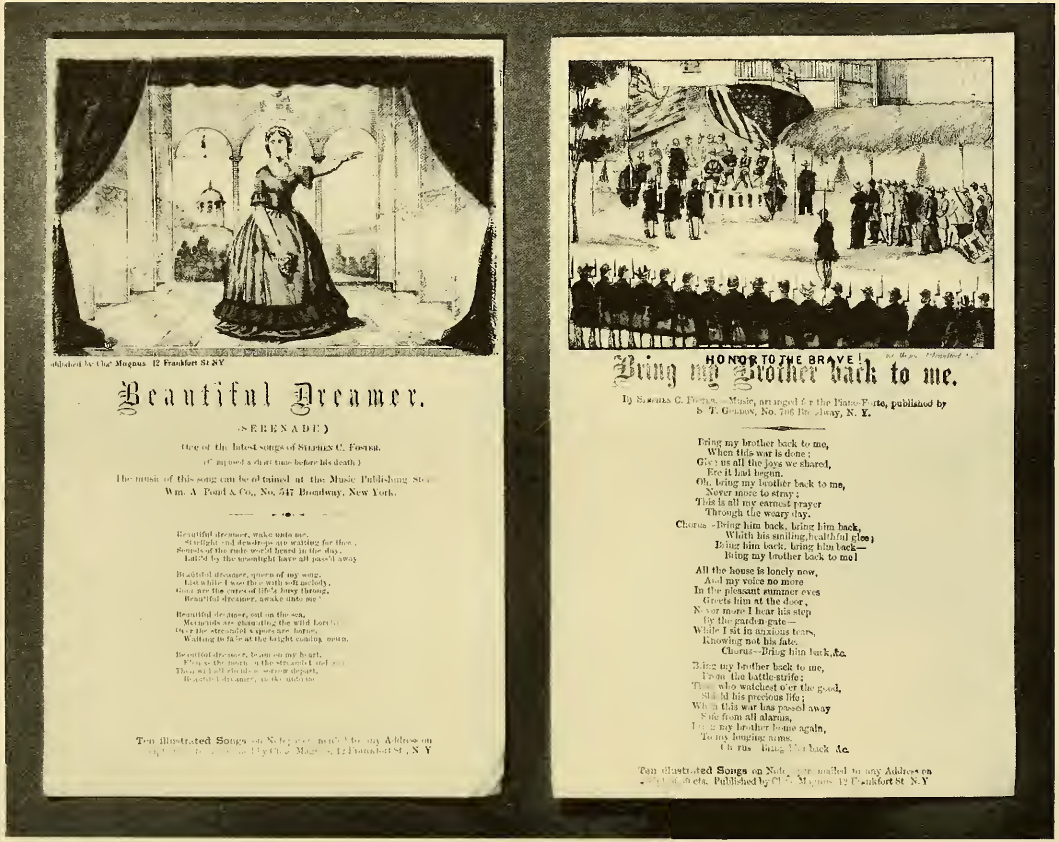
*Miss Simper.* My dear niece, what can have put this into your head?

*L.* I do n't know, aunt; but some how or other, it is impressed upon my mind that, *both* girls and boys do better when educated together, than when kept apart.

*S.* You have the strangest notions, Lucy, about propriety and etiquette of any girl I ever saw. Do you not know that it is highly improper to have both sexes in the same school? Girls never study any when boys are present—and then, too, girls brought up with boys are always rude, and never soft and gentle, as they should be.

*L.* I do n't know about my notions being so very strange, aunt, respecting propriety. Nor do I see why it is so improper to have both sexes in the same school, or in the same house. Do you really believe, if our Creator had thought as you do about having boys and girls together, or in the same house, he would have given me two brothers, and one sister, whom I love so much, and whom I would not be rude to, for the world? I do n't believe that *He* had such no-

First page of an issue of the magazine for school children for which Stephen Foster wrote six songs



ublished by Chas Magnus 12 Frankfort St NY

# Beautiful Dreamer.

(SERENADE.)

One of the latest songs of STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Composed a short time before his death.)

The music of this song can be obtained at the Music Publishing Sto

Wm. A. Pond & Co., No. 547 Broadway, New York.

◆

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away

Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody,
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chaunting the wild Lorelei;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.

Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Ten illustrated Songs on Note paper mailed to any Address on
[illegible] by Chas Magnus, 12 Frankfort St, N Y

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HONOR TO THE BRAVE!

# Bring my Brother back to me.

By STEPHEN C. FOSTER.—Music, arranged for the Piano-Forte, published by
S. T. GORDON, No. 706 Broadway, N. Y.

Bring my brother back to me,
When this war is done;
Give us all the joys we shared,
Ere it had begun.
Oh, bring my brother back to me,
Never more to stray;
This is all my earnest prayer
Through the weary day.
Chorus—Bring him back, bring him back,
Whith his smiling, healthful glee;
Bring him back, bring him back—
Bring my brother back to me!

All the house is lonely now,
And my voice no more
In the pleasant summer eves
Greets him at the door,
Never more I hear his step
By the garden-gate—
While I sit in anxious tears,
Knowing not his fate.
Chorus—Bring him back, &c.

Bring my brother back to me,
From the battle-strife;
Thou who watchest o'er the good,
Shield his precious life;
When this war has passed away
Safe from all alarms,
Bring my brother home again,
To my longing arms.
Chorus—Bring him back &c.

Ten illustrated Songs on Note paper mailed to any Address on
[illegible] cts. Published by Chs Magnus 12 Frankfort St N.Y

Broadsides published during the Civil War

Oliver Ditson copyrighted "The Merry, Merry Month of May" which also was published in *Clark's School Visitor* for May, 1862. John J. Daly published six more songs for Stephen in 1861, and two in 1862. A large number were brought out by S. T. Gordon and Horace Waters. All the publishing houses were hard pressed, and everyone, except government bondholders, was struggling to get along. Stephen's songs continued to have a large sale in the Southern States, but to no benefit to himself or his northern publishers. A number of southern music houses, on receiving sheet music from the North, calmly appropriated it to their own use as they did not consider themselves bound by Union copyright laws. All restrictions were removed, and thousands of Confederate editions were reprinted from the publications of Firth, Pond and other northern companies. It might have been that the New York publishers did the same thing with southern compositions, but the best composers seem all to have been Northerners, or living in the North when war was declared. The late Walter R. Whittlesey, of the Library of Congress, discovered hundreds of Confederate songs with a large number of Stephen Foster's songs advertised on the back pages. Mr. Whittlesey stated that the Foster songs that seemed the most popular in the Confederacy were "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Fairy Belle," "I See Her Still in My Dreams," "Lula Is Gone," "Parthenia to Ingomar," and "Why No One to Love."

Stephen's frequent financial emergencies were not the chief cause of anxiety to his family; but his growing dependence on alcohol, the carelessness of his appearance, and the precarious state of his health filled them all with dread for the future. Not only was he their adored youngest brother, but he had been their mother's darling, and there was not one of his brothers and sisters but had a feeling of personal responsibility for his welfare. Ann Eliza's anxiety was so great that on one occasion she sent Edward to New York for the express purpose of bringing his Uncle Stephen to her home in Philadelphia. Edward was instructed to take no refusal—he was to insist that his uncle return with him. Edward was received by a sober, cheerful and perfectly poised Stephen, who expressed great pleasure at his nephew's visit, and so completely assumed the superior role that the younger man did not dare reveal the real purpose of his coming. "There was no way that I could broach the matter," Edward reported to his mother, "without seeming very presumptuous."

Morrison said to him once, "Why are you so careless, Steve? If I went around like that, I'd be afraid of being insulted." "Don't worry about me, Mitty," replied Stephen, "No gentleman will insult me —and no other can!" There was a fatality about this answer that reveals Stephen's hopeless acceptance of defeat, his acknowledgement of the futility of even a pretense of pride. Morrison sent him decent clothes, for which Stephen wrote his brother courteous letters of thanks, then calmly took the clothes out and sold them for a dollar or two—enough to buy forgetfulness for a few days more. But Morrison, the brother who loved him, said, "It was the only failing he ever had"—and if the one who knew him best found no other fault in Stephen Foster, who else should presume to judge him.

## VIII

AND then came 1863, that terrible year of Chancellorsville, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga! Two dear friends died that year—on April 8, J. Cust Blair, Knight of the Square Table, and on August 31, Mrs. John H. Brown, who had been Molly Irwin.

Lieutenant Isaac Lightner's regiment was in Tennessee; he and his sister Jessie were able to get news of one another through two Southern friends, Maggie Whiteside and Julia Cunningham, of Shelbyville, Tennessee, who slipped their letters through. Isaac begged that pictures of his family be sent him—especially, he asked for his mother's picture and Jessie's. In his pride, the young soldier would not send any letters through by flag of truce; therefore, the only word they had of him at home was in the letters that Maggie and Julia could smuggle through the lines. In November, 1863, word came that Isaac had been seriously wounded at Missionary Ridge. He was removed to the home of one of his mother's friends, Mrs. Lucy Welch, at La Grange, Georgia, where he was cared for like a son and nursed back to strength again. But his wound left

Isaac with a twisted leg, and when he returned to his regiment at Dalton, Georgia, it was for staff duty only.

In Ohio, the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, Democratic senator and leader of the Peace Democrats, openly attacked the policies of the administration in continuing the war. He was so successful in arousing opposition to the draft in Ohio that the military authorities accused him of treason, and he was arrested at his home in Dayton, Ohio, on May 5, 1863. He was tried before a military commission appointed by command of General Burnside and on May 16 was sentenced to close confinement at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor for the duration of the war. But on May 19, this sentence was modified by President Lincoln who ordered Vallandigham to banishment within the Confederate lines. Accordingly, the prisoner was taken by flag of truce into Kentucky, and thence to General Bragg's headquarters at Shelbyville, Tennessee—the home of Maggie Whiteside and Julia Cunningham. He finally made his way from Wilmington, North Carolina, to Canada, and from there he carried on his campaign against Abraham Lincoln. Vallandigham was sincere and conscientious in his convictions, or he would not have received the support of so many loyal Ohioans, including Henrietta and Morrison. His arrest, which they blamed on Abraham Lincoln, was vigorously denounced by the Union Democrats, and on June 25, 1863, the absent Vallandigham was enthusiastically nominated for governor of Ohio, with George E. Pugh as lieutenant governor. Henrietta took Mr. Vallandigham's banishment to heart in her characteristically earnest fashion. She published some stirring verses in his defense entitled "To the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, in Exile," beginning:

Tho' thou art in exile, Vallandigham, now,
The Laurel e'er long shall encircle thy brow;
Tho' banished, and branded as traitor, thou art,
Yet still dost thou live in the people's great heart.
Thine eloquence comes from the Canada shore,
We hear it above the wild cataract's roar.

* * * * *

Yes, son of Ohio! Vallandigham brave,
A Union like this hast thou struggled to save.

Alas for Vallandigham and the heroic sacrifice that Henrietta believed would place his name amongst the immortals! When I read the following lines of Henrietta's poem to a well-informed Democrat of the present day he asked me most apologetically, "Who was Vallandigham?"

When this night of our country's deep sorrow has passed,
And the sun of prosperity arises at last,
Thy fame will be toasted by old and by young,
By maidens and children thy deeds will be sung.
The mother will whisper thy name in the ear
Of her boy as he parts from the home circle dear.
Thy countrymen journeying far o'er the sea,
When strangers shall ask of what nation is he,
Will feel his heart swelling with pride as he tells
That his home is the land where Vallandigham dwells!

Another campaign poem of Henrietta's, "Sound the Rally," was set to music by Stephen. This melody has not been definitely identified, but evidently it is the same as that published in 1864 in a Democratic campaign song accredited to Stephen C. Foster, "Little Mac! Little Mac! You're the Very Man!" Stephen could hardly have written the words of "Little Mac!" because, as John Tasker Howard points out, "McClellan was not named as the Democratic candidate until August 29 [1864]," seven months after Stephen's death. But it is quite likely that the music is the same that Stephen composed for Henrietta's "Sound the Rally," as the rhythm fits both sets of verses and the choruses are similar. The chorus of "Little Mac!" goes like this:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Sound the rally thro' the whole United States,
Little Mac and Pendleton are our candidates.

Compare this chorus with the following:

### SOUND THE RALLY

DEMOCRATIC GLEE CLUB SONG

Words by H.A.T.—Music by S. C. F.

Democratic freemen of the Buckeye State,
Hasten to the rescue before it is too late;

Look out for your liberties—hesitate no more,
Up, up, and be doing, boys, "the wolf is at the door."

*Chorus:*

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Sound the rally for Vallandigham and Pugh!
Hurrah for the Union and the Constitution too!

The Dictator Lincoln has put us under ban,
He has exiled Vallandigham for speaking like a man;
He scoffs at the people's rights, we are no longer free,
Unless we stop the despot who strikes at liberty.

Then rally to the ballot box—rally every man,
Our country cries aloud to us, to save her while we can.
Though martial law be threatened, the people to defy,
We will march up like freemen, and cast our votes or die!

Three cheers for our candidates, Vallandigham and Pugh—
The Old Flag, the Union, and the Constitution, too.
With hearts right, our cause just, our watchword "Liberty,"
We wait for October, when Ohio shall be free!

There always was a close bond of affection between Stephen and his sister Henrietta. As the Vallandigham-Pugh campaign was fought in the fall of 1863, "Sound the Rally" shows that there was frequent correspondence between the brother and sister although Stephen's tendency to keep his personal affairs from his family was growing.

Despite the untiring efforts of his brave supporters, Vallandigham was overwhelmingly defeated by John Brough. The latter received many votes from conservative Democrats who feared the election of Vallandigham would mean the Civil War brought within the borders of the state of Ohio.

Vallandigham remained in Canada until the close of the war. Once, in 1864, he crossed to Detroit in disguise and attended a Democratic meeting next day at Hamilton, Ohio, where he was chosen as a delegate to the national convention at Chicago. None of the civil or military authorities in Chicago took any notice of his presence, but, at the insistence of his friends, he returned to Windsor, Canada. After 1868, he resumed the practice of law in Ohio, and on May 18, 1871, at a Democratic county convention in Columbus, Vallandigham announced that his new doctrine was "a settlement in fact of all the issues of the war and acquiescence in the same as no longer issues before the country." In the words of Daniel J. Ryan:

> As this was a practical acquiescence in and approval of emancipation, negro suffrage, and reconstruction, we cannot fail to see in this revolution of ideas not only a wise but a courageous declaration. . . . *

On June 16, 1871, Clement L. Vallandigham died tragically by an accidental revolver shot fired by himself. He was at that time engaged in defending a certain Tom McGehan, accused of killing Tom Myers, and, in endeavoring to show how Myers had actually shot himself, Vallandigham laid two revolvers on the table before him, one empty and one loaded. By mistake, he took up the loaded one and shot himself through the abdomen.

"Sound the Rally" was written after the "Great Vallandigham Ratification Meeting" held at Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, on June 25, 1863. At this meeting, the policies of President Lincoln were attacked in detail, and the "arrest of Clement Vallandigham by an armed band at an hour when honest men were in their beds" was bravely denounced. This was a time when real courage was required to face public opinion and the vengeance of the mob. The convention ended with the ringing challenge:

> Let the voice of the people echo in the ears of Abraham Lincoln and thrill through his nerves, as did the avenging bolt of Jehovah fall upon Uzzah, who, when the oxen stumbled, laid his unclean hands upon the Ark of the Covenant that the Lord had made with his fathers. Men of Ohio, this is the issue, your battle cry is, "Restore Vallandigham!"

Preposterous and bombastic as this sounds, it is not any more absurd than the withering blasts poured out by the Republican newspapers, one of which hoped that each and every member of that

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* Emilius O. Randall and Daniel J. Ryan, *History of Ohio—The Rise and Progress of an American State,* New York, Century History Company, 1912.

Cleveland convention would some day fill a forgotten, unmarked grave especially reserved for those traitors who bore the "loathsome name of Democrat."

Considering the fact that the war was to almost every family, North or South, actually a case of "brother against brother," or at least "kin against kin," such lines as the following, preserved by Jessie Foster in her scrapbook, addressed to the "murderous hirelings" of the Union by a defiant self-styled "Southron" (how they loved that romantic spelling) would be a little ridiculous if they weren't so pathetic.

*You have no such blood as theirs*
For the shedding;
In the veins of Cavaliers
Was its heading!
You have no such stately men
In your Abolition den,
To march through foe and fen
Nothing dreading!

Stephen almost caused a complete break between himself and his brother's wife, Jessie (who, nevertheless, truly loved Stephen), by a song he produced in 1862, entitled "That's What's the Matter." It was entered for copyright by Firth, Pond & Company on April 29, 1862, and is described on the cover page as "Dan Bryant's Celebrated Song, as sung by him with great success. Written and Composed by Stephen C. Foster." Verses such as the following could not but arouse bitter resentment in Jessie's fiercely Confederate heart.

We live in hard and stirring times,
Too sad for mirth, too rough for rhymes;
For songs of peace have lost their chimes,
And that's what's the matter!
The men we held as brothers true,
Have turn'd into a rebel crew;
So now we have to put them thro',
And that's what's the matter!

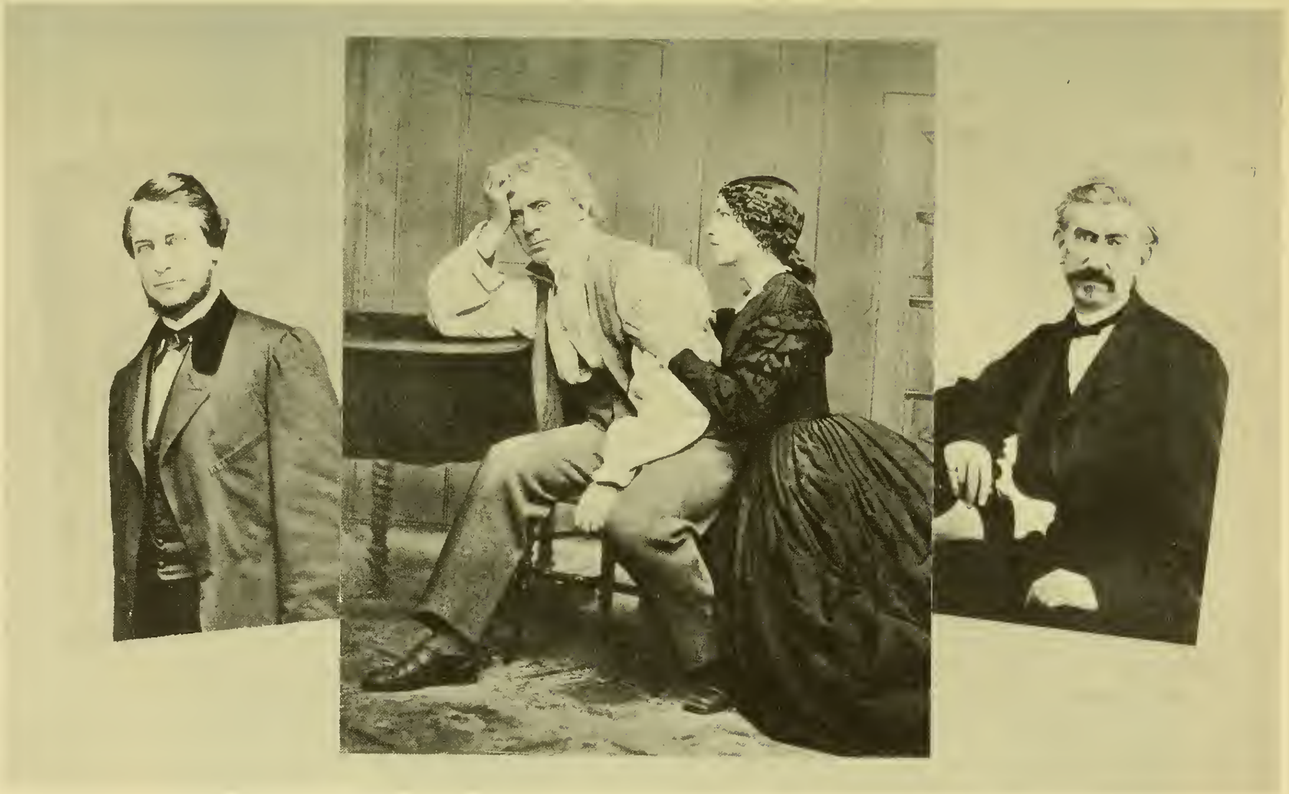
*Chorus:*

That's what's the matter,
The rebels have to scatter;
We'll make them flee,
By land and sea,
And that's what's the matter!

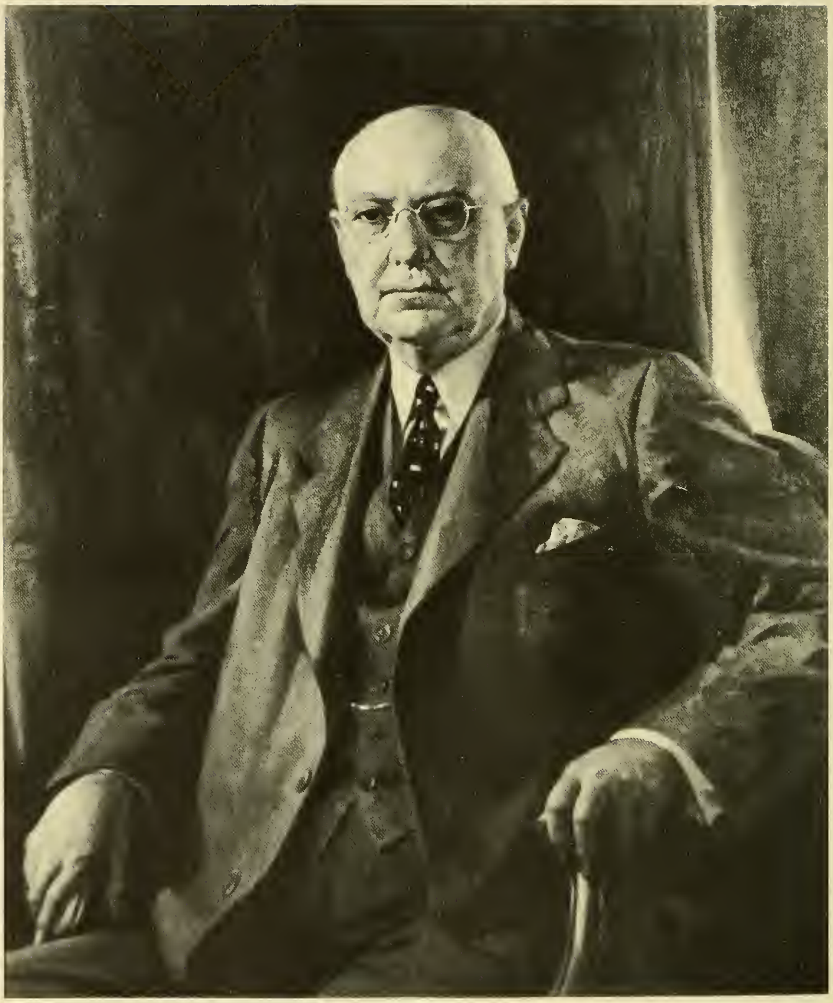
The Union ticket, running John Brough for governor of Ohio and Charles Anderson for lieutenant governor, was printed on heavy paper with a colored pattern on the back that looks like wallpaper. Morrison noted in pencil on one of these tickets some local and contemporary implication that is beyond my understanding but which may be clear to a better student of Ohio history: "This ticket (calico backed) is a sample of the means used to intimidate those who wished to vote for Vallandigham."

However, life was not all bitter for Democrats in 1863. The play went on, just the same. On the back of a visiting card daintily engraved "Dan'l M'Laren," we find written in a familiar scrawl: "Captain Taylor, Doorkeeper Dan Rice's Great Show. Admit Mr. Foster at all times. Dan Rice." Dan had had a stirring time running his showboat up the river from New Orleans, showing his circus on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. When parading through Confederate towns, the band played "Dixie"; where the Unionists were in control, they played "Yankee Doodle"; and where the precise sentiments were unknown, the band played "Annie Laurie." Frequently they misjudged the political sympathies of the villagers and had to leave many a little hamlet just two jumps ahead of a mob of resentful "Seceshes" or irate "Lincum" boys!

Jessie and Morrison had narrowed down their circle of intimate friends to just a trusted few. Amongst these kind people were Charles W. Couldock, the tragedian, and his wife and daughter Eliza. Eliza generally played a part in her father's company, but when visiting Cleveland, she liked to stay over a while if possible with Jessie. The Couldocks' greatest success was attained in plays where father and daughter appeared together. Mr. Couldock made famous the role of Luke Fielding, in *The Willow Copse,* with his daughter Eliza playing the part of Rose Fielding. She was the Couldocks' only child, a "fair, spirituelle girl," and when she died



Friends of Morrison and Stephen Foster: Clement L. Vallandigham; Charles W. Couldock and his daughter Eliza; Matthew I. Stewart, of Allegheny, owner of "Old Dog Tray"



Founder of the Foster Hall Collection
A portrait of Josiah Kirby Lilly, by Malcolm Parcell, 1941

in her early youth, it was a blow from which her parents never recovered. Some time after her death, a newspaper review preserved by Morrison Foster said:

> With the years there has crept into his [Couldock's] art a sweetness that only age and sorrow can give—a tenderness which coming from a human heart appeals to all other hearts most beautifully and powerfully. And this we know, that upon no stage is there a truer, gentler, sweeter picture of a father's love than we find in Couldock's masterpiece of simplicity.

Friends like these made life more endurable in that awful year of bloody battles and general despair. Henrietta's husband, Jesse Thornton, was now a captain in the commissary department of the Army of the Potomac, and Henrietta frequently brought her children to Cleveland to stay with Morrison and Jessie. Lidie lived in Youngstown, and had a little son, Tom Tyler; Mary had gone to Philadelphia with her little daughter "Etty" and baby John to stay with the Crosmans. Alex Crosman was in the Navy, and both George and his brother, Frederick Eaton Crosman, were away with the Union Army in Virginia. (Frederick was killed in the battle on the Weldon Railroad in August, 1864.) Small wonder that Henrietta's thoughts were somber and distressed. Her scrapbook of the period is a reflection of the average woman's state of mind during the Civil War. Two books of clippings are before me—one belonging to Morrison's wife, Jessie, fiery and temperamental, with her Southern sympathies; the other Henrietta's, patient and religious, with her men fighting for the Union. Yet scattered amongst Jessie's ardent love songs and defiant rebel ballads, are the same tender, pathetic, little verses that Henrietta also pasted in her album—poems of mother love, of bereavement, of the death of little children. Always the same heartache, always the same conclusion—"God knows best." So many Rachels mourning for their children—it was the common experience of almost every household a generation or two ago. One after another child was born to live only a few months or years—to raise its young parents' hearts with high hopes for a short time, then leave them with empty arms. Few families today know the agony of loss that was the daily bitter bread of only seventy-five years ago. There is no mock melancholy in these pathetic little poems; they are the expression of great suffering, the outpourings of weary hearts continually acquainted with grief. There was consolation for sad mothers in such lines as these:

O, the bitterness of parting cannot be done away
Till I see my darlings walking where their feet can never stray.
When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side.
Be patient, heart! while waiting to see their shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray!

Or this one, that Henrietta pasted beside her daughter Lidie's death notice, in 1866:

Wait! my little one, wait!
  When you reach the celestial strand,
For thy mother may be toiling up
  To the heights of the better land.
For years that fall like molten lead
  On the hearts this side of the sea
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
  My little babe, o'er thee!

Interspersed between the columns of verse in Henrietta's scrapbook, we find "A New Mode of Treatment for Yellow Fever," an article about Missionary Ridge, "Treatment of Croup," the receipts of the Vallandigham Fund for the week ending February 29, 1864 (amounting to $815.80), making note of twenty-five cent contributions each from Evelyn L. Foster and Nettie F. Thornton, of Cleveland, aged three and two years respectively, "An Account of a Night's Ride of the Wounded Brigade after the Battle of Chickamauga," a "Remedy for Diphtheria," and so on. Henrietta's first verses were called "Letter From a Soldier's Wife"—obviously they are addressed to her own husband away at the front.

Dear husband, today I received
  Your letter most welcome and kind,
And will for your sake try hereafter and be
  To this sad separation resigned.
We miss you each day more, and more,
  And the children oft pause in their play,
To ask me impatiently where you have gone,
  And why you so long stay away.

Good night, my dear husband, good night;
  Our darlings are all now in bed;
As you sleep, may your dreams be of them and me
  While the angels keep watch round your head.
Write again to me soon, love, and say,
  How your health bears a soldier's life,
And believe me till death, I'll ever remain,
  Your truly, devoted wife.
H.A.T.

Not penned by a genius, certainly—simply the expression of a faithful, loving heart.

Henrietta's touching poem, "Mabel," was published in the *Crisis,* January 20, 1864, and was reprinted in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and other newspapers throughout the country. The *Crisis* was a Union Democratic newspaper published in Columbus, Ohio. On account of its anti-Lincoln articles, the office of this paper was wrecked by a mob of about two hundred Union soldiers and citizens on the night of March 5, 1863. Evidently the office was restored, and publication of the paper continued. Forty-one years after the Civil War, the writer of these Chronicles heard Henrietta's poem recited, by a traveling elocutionist, at a college entertainment; evidently there were others besides Henrietta's relatives who cared enough for these pathetic verses to preserve them in their Civil War scrapbooks.

### MABEL

*by Henrietta A. Thornton*

Come, Mabel, and read to your grandmother, dear,
  For I want to hear something about the last fight;
And my eyesight has failed so within the last year,
  That I can't see to read, child, at all after night.

Yes, I'm wearing out, love, and have not long to stay,
  And I fear I shall never more see my dear son,
For I'm growing old fast, and he's so far away;
  Why, darling, I'm now nearly seventy-one.

And this is his birthday, your uncle this morn,
  (Dear me, how time passes) is just thirty-three,

Your grandfather died before Robert was born,
  And left us alone, that's your mother and me.

For we buried them all but her some time before,
  In the five little mounds that you often have seen,
By your grandfather's grave, near the old church door,
  Where you and I, child, have so many times been.

So when Robert was born, love, he seemed like a star,
  That was sent down from heaven to light my dark way;
And he shines on my path yet, tho' now from afar,
  To brighten my hopes through each wearisome day.

And your mother, my own pretty Mabel, my dear,
  She was always so womanly, gentle and mild,
The sound of her sweet voice still rings in my ear,
  What a blessing from God is a dutiful child!

Poor lamb how she faded and sunk to her rest,
  When your father and dear little brother had died;
Tho' you were still left, a sweet babe on her breast,
  She soon drooped away and was laid by their side.

But come, child, I'm waiting, now sit down by me,
  For news from your uncle I'm longing to hear;
And first, if the Tenth was engaged, look and see,
  Then read me that list of the killed, Mabel, dear.

Killed! William McGowen!—and Billy is dead,
  How sorry I am for his poor feeble wife,
And her three helpless babes, God provide them with bread,
  And watch o'er them all through the storms of this life.

And old Peter Wilson's sons, both have been killed!
  Poor man, his wife died such a short time ago;
And his daughter they say is a little self-willed,
  So she'll be no great comfort to him in his woe.

George Maxwell, James Hamilton, Jefferson Green!
  Why 'twas only this morning we saw George's wife;
A pretty young woman as ever was seen;
  Dear me, what a dreadful destruction of life.

Marion Foster Welch, Stephen Foster's daughter

Henrietta Crosman as Rosalind in *As You Like It* and her mother, Mary Wick Crosman

Well, well, child, go on now, and don't gaze at me
  So strangely, and why are your eyes with tears filled?
Come, Mabel, don't sob, love, speak, what did you see?
  O! grandmother, dear uncle Robert is killed!

* * * * *

Grandmother, grandmother, are you asleep?
  Here, let Mabel hold up your poor sinking head;
Ah! maiden, the sad news that caused you to weep,
  Has broken her heart, and your grandmother's dead.

The life of Jane Foster during the years of her husband's residence in New York was one of discouraging traveling back and forth, of staying with her mother and sisters, visiting Stephen's family, or living in small hotels with little Marion when Stephen had money to send her. There are indications that sometime during the year 1863, Jane secured work as a telegraph operator at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, which gave her independence and an income on which she could depend. The work could not have been anything but tensely absorbing in those years of civil war. Messages of the gravest importance were tapped from operator to operator—the movement of troops, the alarms of the approaching rebel army, messages to and from the President of the United States, sad news, tragic news to send to soldiers' families—sometimes, glorious news, when one whose name had been listed missing telegraphed home, "I am safe and well." All this kept her mind from dwelling too much upon her own trouble, but, nevertheless, Jane's letters reveal that her heart was heavy when she thought of poor Steve drifting in New York alone.

In the fall of 1863, Morrison saw his younger brother and obtained from him a promise, or a half-promise, that Stephen would leave New York and return either to Pittsburgh or join Morrison in Cleveland. Yet, despite his growing intemperance, 1863 was Stephen's most prolific year; he actually published forty-six songs. Over half of them are gospel tunes; several of them are of rather high order, but the majority are mere potboilers and include those two strange productions, "Little Ella's an Angel!" and "Willie's Gone to Heaven." Stephen collaborated with young George Cooper on twenty-three songs, eight of which were not published until after Stephen's death. But none of the songs that Stephen and George produced together lived very long, while "Sweet Genevieve," written by George Cooper, with the melody by Henry Tucker, is well known even to the present generation and one hears it sung frequently today. Record of an unknown melody that Stephen arranged for George Cooper is contained in the following letter written by Stephen to George W. Birdseye, a New York acquaintance.

N. Y. Feb. 11, 1863

Dear Sir

I will arrange Mr. Cooper's melody when my hand gets well

Very Respy Yours

S. C. Foster

G. W. Birdseye Esq

Of the forty-six songs published by Stephen in 1863, he wrote the lyrics (as they are called today for some unknown reason) of only seventeen. It seemed as though the work of producing both words and music had become an effort for Stephen Foster although his own verses always suited his melodies far better than anyone else's. The caption of "Oh! There's No Such Girl as Mine," entered for copyright by Horace Waters on March 10, 1863, states that the song is "Written and Composed by Stephen C. Foster," but the verses are not Stephen's. They are identical with those of a song of the same name by Samuel Lover, famous Irish poet and composer, who is best known in this country for "The Low Back'd Car," "Widow Machree," and "Rory O'More." This was probably a mistake of the publishers, for Samuel Lover's compositions were too well known in America in the '60's for any writer to claim title to Lover's poetry even if Stephen had been the sort to do such a thing, which he was not. The words of "The Pure, the Bright, the Beautiful," which is contained in a collection of gospel songs copyrighted by Horace Waters in 1863,* have been traced by the late Walter Whittlesey, of the Library of Congress, to no less a person than Charles Dickens. However, Stephen appended two verses of his own to the tune he set to Charles Dickens' words and called his hymn "We'll Tune

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* *The Athenaeum Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Church and Sunday School,* New York, copyrighted by Horace Waters, December 9, 1863.

Our Hearts." Stephen's composition is as good as the average innocuous gospel hymn, but lacks in the quality that made Stephen Foster a great composer.

"The Song of All Songs," with music by Stephen, was first published by D. S. Holmes of Brooklyn in December, 1863, and six editions followed. Five editions also were published by Oliver Ditson of Boston. The words frequently have been credited, perhaps erroneously, to Stephen. The verses were republished in a number of newspapers; they are a clever compilation of titles of popular songs of the day, arranged to make sense, or rather nonsense. As an example, the fourth verse goes like this:

"In the Days When I was Hard up" with "My Mary Ann,"
"My Johnny was a Shoemaker," "Or Any Other Man!"
"The Captain With His Whiskers" and "Annie of the Vale,"
Along with "Old Bob Ridley," "A-riding on a Rail!"
"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Going Round the Horn;"
"I'm Not Myself At All," "I'm a Bachelor Forlorn."
"Mother, is the Battle Over?" "What are the Men About?"
"How are You, Horace Greeley?" "Does Your Mother Know You're Out?"

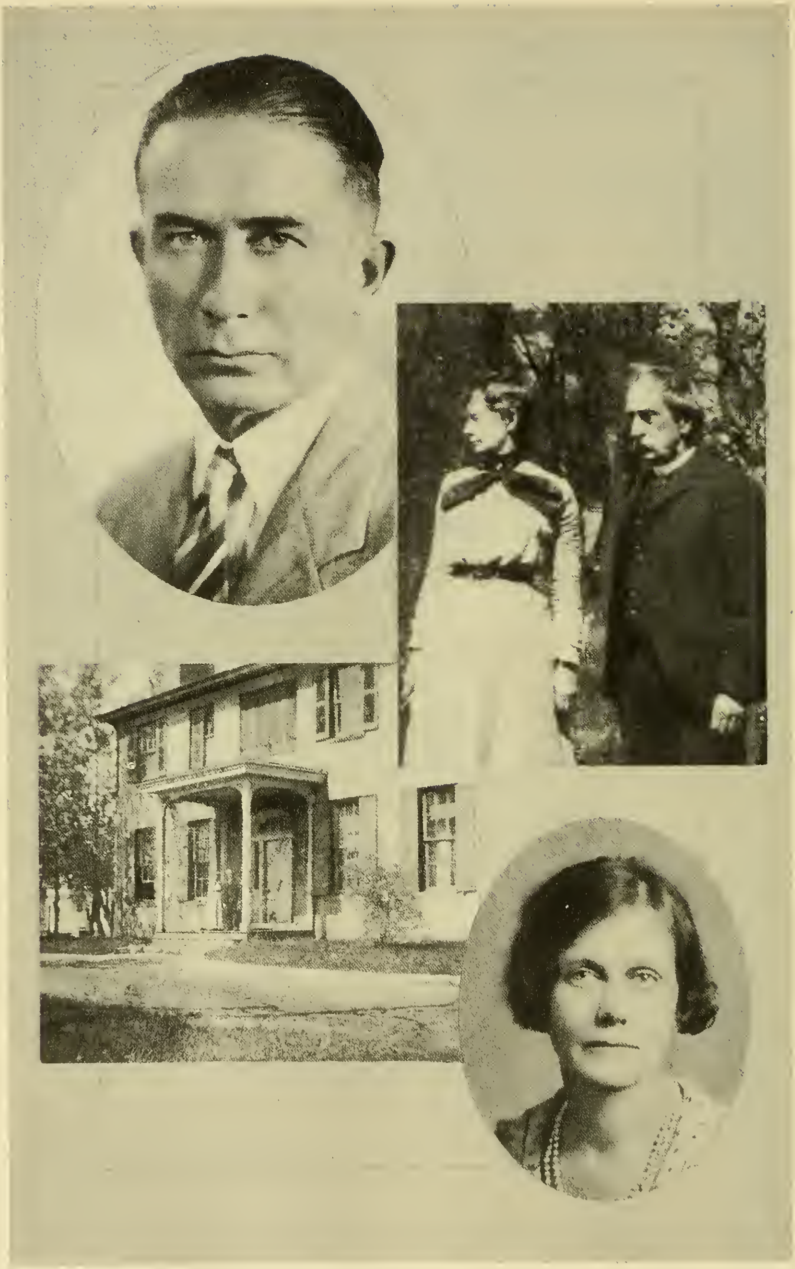
This poem was published in the New York *Clipper* of February 13, 1864, with the heading: "The following is said to be the last song composed by Mr. Foster. It is called: 'The Song of Songs.' " Another newspaper states "S. C. Foster's Last Song." The inference in both cases is plainly that Stephen wrote the verses published in the paper. In the March 12, 1864, issue of the *Clipper,* Tony Pastor, the famous showman and vaudeville artist, states that it was written by "John F. Poole, expressly for Tony; that it was arranged for the stage by Tony, and sung by him. He further says that when the company of '444' was in Boston last summer, Tony *had the words set to music by Mr. Foster,* and sold the song to Oliver Ditson, music publisher of that city." Harlan Page Halsey also has been accredited with the authorship of the words. We learn from the researches of the late Walter R. Whittlesey, of the Library of Congress, and Charles Bragin, of Brooklyn, New York, that Halsey was a writer of dime novels and thrillers during the '70's; he also was a ghost writer for Tony Pastor, and frequently used the pseudonym "Old Sleuth." With all the controversy, it would be strange if later researches reveal that Stephen actually was the author of the words of "The Song of All Songs."

Although his brothers and sisters tried to keep in touch with Stephen and made every effort to help him, the state of his nerves was such that it did not do to press Stephen too strongly or to intimate that he needed someone to watch over him. Immediately, he drew into his proud shell and evaded the subject. There was no breaking down his reserve; all he wanted was to be left alone in peace. But it brought a ray of hope to Jane when Morrison told her that Stephen had said he might leave New York. She was of the firm belief that if this could be accomplished all might be well again with Stephen. The spells of melancholy and utter desolation that at times settled over his spirit were causing Stephen's family as much alarm as his intemperance and the frailty of his physical frame.

George Cooper enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Regiment in 1862. He served in the Gettysburg campaign and returned to New York when the regiment disbanded in July, 1863. He and John Mahon were good friends to Stephen in those dark days. Both men were of kindly and generous disposition, and their affection for Stephen was real. His weakness and growing ill-health caused them great concern. They tried to keep track of him, and when his funds were exhausted, they pressed assistance upon him. John Mahon was eleven years older than Stephen. Bellevue Hospital records show that he was forty-eight years old in January, 1864, and was an Irishman by birth. John Mahon was exceedingly kind to Stephen and invited him repeatedly to his home. According to Mahon, Stephen attended the wedding of the oldest Miss Mahon in 1863, and "played and sang several of his own pieces on that occasion, at which several theatrical lights were present, including George C. Boniface, Mrs. Boniface, and her sister (the late Kate Newton), and others whose names I now forget, except that the late John Nunan was one, and Mr. Joseph P. Beach of the *Sun* another."

The late John Wilkins Robinson, son of Andrew and Siss Pentland Robinson, has stated that he accompanied his parents on a trip to New York while Stephen Foster was living there. Stephen

Morrison Foster about 1865, his wife Jessie Lightner *(top)*, their daughter Evelyn Louise with her father and as a young lady of 1880



Morrison Foster and his wife Rebecca Snowden at "Olver Place," Edgeworth, in 1903; and their children, William Barclay Foster and Evelyn Foster Morneweck called upon them at the St. Nicholas Hotel, 513 Broadway, and they all attended the theater together in the oldtime way. Stephen was in good spirits, and the Robinsons reported a happy evening. But it was not often that he made the effort to charm and entertain even the best old friends. Gilead Smith, Brother William's brother-in-law, whose office was at 44 Exchange Place, New York, frequently tried to induce Stephen to come home with him to dinner and meet again members of the Smith family whom Stephen had always liked —several definite engagements were made, but Stephen never came. The morn of Stephen Foster's life was past and evening slowly closed around him. The story of his last days is a sad one and a lonely one, but it is not a sordid one. He struggled along writing when he could. William A. Pond, who published one of Stephen's finest songs, "Beautiful Dreamer," in 1864, stated on the title page that it was the "last song ever written by Stephen C. Foster. Composed but a few days previous to his death." Nevertheless, it is listed amongst his compositions on the cover of "Willie Has Gone to the War," which was copyrighted in July, 1863! But, undoubtedly, "Beautiful Dreamer" was one of Stephen's last compositions. Words and music are both his own, and they blend in a way that only Stephen Foster could fit melody and poetry. The last flash of Stephen's genius was an expression of happy love, of starlight and dewdrops, sea breezes, and the sweetness of a summer night.

On Saturday evening, the ninth of January, 1864, Stephen went early to his room in the New England Hotel, sick and weak from an attack of his old fever and ague. This little hotel has been slightingly called a "cheap lodginghouse," and such it was, but not a disreputable nor dirty one. There are hundreds of cheap hotels on New York's East Side that are clean and respectable; writers and musicians live in these little places, because they cannot afford the Astor House or the Biltmore, not because they are the poverty-stricken outcasts of a great city. According to the researches of the late Joseph Muller, of the New York Public Library, and John Tasker Howard, Foster biographer, it has been established that the historic New England Hotel where Stephen died was located at the corner of the Bowery and Bayard Street; it was erected about 1828. In 1850 it was known as Jones' North American Hotel.

An old engraving of this building, in the collection of Edward W. C. Arnold, bears the following inscription:

> *North American Hotel New York This New And Splendid Establishment, Situated In The Most Pleasant And Central Part of The City, In The Bowery, Corner of Bayard-Street, Near the Bowery Theater, where the Bowery and Wall-Street Stages pass hourly. . . .*

In 1855, it became the Moss Hotel; in the 1860's the name was changed to the New England Hotel by P. V. Husted, the next proprietor. Morrison has stated that Stephen took sick at the American Hotel. Morrison probably remembered the place by the old name and had grown used to calling it that. Cheap it may have been, but it was the home of many worthy people. That Stephen's condition was discovered by a chambermaid who came in to bring him clean towels shows that it was not a "flophouse" where they have neither clean towels nor chambermaids. This section of the Bowery was then a crowded section of small businesses, lodginghouses, saddle makers, ships' chandlers, etc. Embree's Music Store was located at 134 Bowery, and George Cooper lived at No. 176½. Cooper told Harold Vincent Milligan that his father "kept a store on the Bowery near Bond Street." George was, according to Henry Foster, "as fine a little gentleman as I ever met"; he was not of the slum-dweller type, but came of good family, was educated and well bred. I am sure that Mr. Husted, proprietor of the New England Hotel, must have turned over in his grave if he had known how persistently his modest, but respectable, lodginghouse has been pictured as a low Bowery dive, with plaster off the walls and rags stuffed in the broken windows. Such we know was not the case; Henry reported to sister Ann Eliza that they found the hotel a very respectable place, and the landlord told them that Stephen did not owe him a cent, or any one else that they could find.

On the morning of January 10, Stephen rose to get a drink of water, and, fainting from weakness, he fell against the washbowl, which broke and cut a terrible gash in his face and neck. The chambermaid found him lying in a pool of blood. Mr. Husted sent for George Cooper, who came immediately. George said that when he lifted Stephen up the latter gasped, "I'm done for." He saw that Stephen was in a serious condition and called for a carriage to take him to Bellevue Hospital. Besides the wound in his neck, George reported that Stephen also had a bad burn on his thigh caused by the overturning of a spirit lamp used to boil water. This had happened several days before, but Stephen had said nothing about it and had done nothing for it. His friend, John Mahon, was at that time in Bellevue Hospital where he was receiving treatment for an ulcer. The day Stephen was admitted, on January 10, Mrs. John Mahon died, and, engrossed in his own troubles, John did not know that Stephen was in the same hospital. It was left to George Cooper to visit Stephen and look out for his comfort.

The hopelessness of Stephen's condition must not have been apparent at first to either George or the hospital authorities, for they did not at once send word to Stephen's family. On Monday, January 11, George dispatched a message to Henry saying "Your brother Stephen is very sick and wishes to see you." Through some delay, Henry did not receive this telegram until Thursday, January 14. But on Tuesday, George wrote Morrison a short note.

New York City
Jan 12th/64

Morrison Foster Esq

Your brother Stephen I am sorry to inform you is lying in Bellvue Hospital in this city very sick. He desires me to ask you to send him some pecuniary assistance as his means are very low.

If possible he would like to see you in person.

Yours very truly
G Cooper

176½ Bowery
New York City

Stephen seemed better on Tuesday, and George did not go to the hospital the next day. "On Wednesday," writes Henry to his sister Ann Eliza, in a letter dated February 4, 1864, "he was proped up and after having taken some soup was quite cheerful. When they commenced dressing his wounds & just as the person was washing out the rag, without Stevey saying a word he fainted away and never came to again." Stephen died at half past two o'clock, on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 13. When George Cooper came to visit his friend next day, they told him that Stephen's body had been placed in the hospital morgue; and there George found him. George telegraphed immediately to Henry and Morrison, "Stephen is dead. Come on." The final, irrevocable word reached them before George Cooper's letters.

Another chapter was closed forever in the history of the children of William and Eliza Foster. Henry, writing of Stephen's death to Ann Eliza on February 4, 1864, said:

> Our dear Mother said she could not endure it, in case Stevey was taken from her, to hear his songs, and we now realize what she sadly anticipated. Oh! my dear Sister it was heart rending to hear the band play "Come where my love lies dreaming" as they lowered him into his grave. Oh! I hope he is now happy, & that our prayers in his behalf have been heard in Heaven.

No longer need they pray for a restored, regenerated Stephen to be their adored young brother again—the pride of the family as he had been in their mother's lifetime. He was all of that once more—freed of the burden of imprisoning, tyrannical mortality, Stephen had joined his father and mother, the same blessed son they had parted from nine years before.

Henry and Jane met Morrison at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Saturday afternoon, and the two brothers went together to Bellevue Hospital where they expected to claim their own—but Stephen's body had been taken to the city morgue. The clothing that Stephen had worn to the hospital was handed to Morrison in a small package —a coat, vest, pants, hat, shoes, and overcoat. In the coat pocket, they found Stephen's little purse; all it contained in money was three copper pennies and thirty-five cents in scrip. But there was also a fragment of coarse paper bearing five penciled words in Stephen's hand: "Dear friends and gentle hearts"—his last message and his last song.

Under the direction of Colonel William A. Pond, Stephen's remains were placed in an iron casket and taken from the morgue to Winterbottom's undertaking establishment. There Jane waited with Henry, Morrison, and Edward Buchanan, Jr. George Cooper accompanied them into the room where the body of Stephen lay, and George stated that Jane fell upon her knees beside the casket. It was arranged that they all should leave New York on Saturday night on the same train that bore Stephen's remains, but Henry, Jane, and Morrison were delayed in some way and missed this train. If they had not, they might never have reached Pittsburgh, for this train was wrecked. As Henry said later, it really was a "terrible" accident although no one was killed. The wreck occurred on Sunday, January 17, at Bridge No. 8, where Spruce Creek flows into the Juniata River, four miles east of Tyrone, Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* for Wednesday, January 20, 1864, states that the "hind axle" of the tender broke, and the "first express car was precipitated a distance of about 40 feet into the Juniata River. The second express and the baggage car, containing the mail and the baggage of the passengers, were piled in a heap." The first passenger car, filled mostly with soldiers of the Twenty-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers who had re-enlisted, rolled from the bridge, "breaking into a hundred pieces"; several soldiers were badly injured. Following this the second passenger car plunged from the track into the river and turned bottom side up. This car threw the Philadelphia sleeping car from the track, the front part resting on the top of the second passenger car, and the "hind end" on the abutment of the bridge. The Allentown sleeping car remained on the track at the edge of the bridge; it was still coupled to the Philadelphia car. Mr. Cass, president of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, was trapped in his stateroom when the cars caught fire and was rescued by "Mr. Brittingham, an English boy." In all, twenty-one persons were injured, amongst them attorney Thomas J. Howard, at that time owner of the "house at the forks of the road." Mr. Howard's back was wrenched severely, but he was able to go on to Pittsburgh, evidently on another train. He was taken to his home in Lawrenceville in a carriage that evening. It seems that young Edward Buchanan was also on this train, according to the letter written by Henry to his sister Ann Eliza on February 4 in which Henry says:

> I would have written you before, but presumed Jane and Eddy would tell you all. I was very sorry indeed that we could not get out to see you

whilst in Phila. as we presumed you were to unwell to come in. How thankful we should all be that Eddy escaped, and that we were not on the same train as we endeavored to be.

The casket containing Stephen's body in the baggage car seems not to have been damaged in any way.

Henry, Morrison, and Jane stayed in Philadelphia on Sunday and proceeded on their sorrowful way home that evening. Stephen's train was so unfortunately delayed that his remains did not reach Pittsburgh until the following Wednesday. The Adams Express Company would accept no pay for transporting Stephen's casket, and the Pennsylvania Railroad carried all of the funeral party free of charge.

Stephen was buried on Thursday afternoon, January 21, 1864, from the church in which he had been baptized, Trinity Episcopal, where had forgathered the "dear friends and gentle hearts" of his youth. His old teacher, Henry Kleber, had charge of the musical arrangements and sang with great emotion the burial hymn that was No. 191 in the old Episcopal Hymnal.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

A band of musicians was assembled in Allegheny Cemetery, and after Stephen's casket had been lowered into the grave, they played "Old Folks at Home" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." Morrison wrote: "His body lies beside the mother and father he loved so much and near the spot where he was born. His grave is marked by a simple marble tombstone inscribed on which are the words:

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
OF PITTSBURGH
BORN JULY 4, 1826
DIED JANUARY 13, 1864

His monument is not grand but it is sufficient. His works will perpetuate his fame and story longer than the chiseled or moulded art of man's hands could do it."

Sometime soon after Stephen's death, the remaining four of the Foster children went together to a photographer and had a little picture made. The picture is reproduced in these Chronicles opposite page 565. Ann Eliza was not able to attend Stephen's funeral, but came to Pittsburgh for a church convention later in the year. The following verses, which her brother Henry pronounced "beautiful and appropriate," are from the pen of Ann Eliza.

*Written at the time of my*
*brother Stephen's death*

Once more in sadness, & in silence deep,
Ye're gathered to the hallowed burial spot,
Where cold & calm in death our loved ones sleep,
The pains & joys of life, alike by them forgot.

Here lies our Father with his sons at rest;
Our Mother, & the sister still to memory dear.
The lovely wife, a brother's home had blessed,
With her sweet infants, all are sleeping here.

And now, ye bring to our blest Mother's side
With bursting hearts, & reverential care,
Her latest born, her darling & her pride;
And with meet Holy rites ye leave him there.

Me—desolate mourner in my faroff home,
Alike by sickness & by sorrow prest,
Can but in heart & mourning spirit come,
To bear our brother to his final rest.

Oh! who can tell when ye shall come again
Some loved one to this peaceful spot to bear;
Which of the mourning few who now remain
Shall take his place among the sleepers there.

Then, brothers, let us watch & wait our hour;
That as we each shall in succession sure,
In the frail body sink beneath death's power,
Our souls in bliss unending shall endure.

Ann Eliza Buchanan

With the passing of their bright and shining star, these *Chronicles of Stephen Foster's Family* are almost at an end. We shall not close the chapter for 1864 without mentioning several events that closely followed Stephen's death.

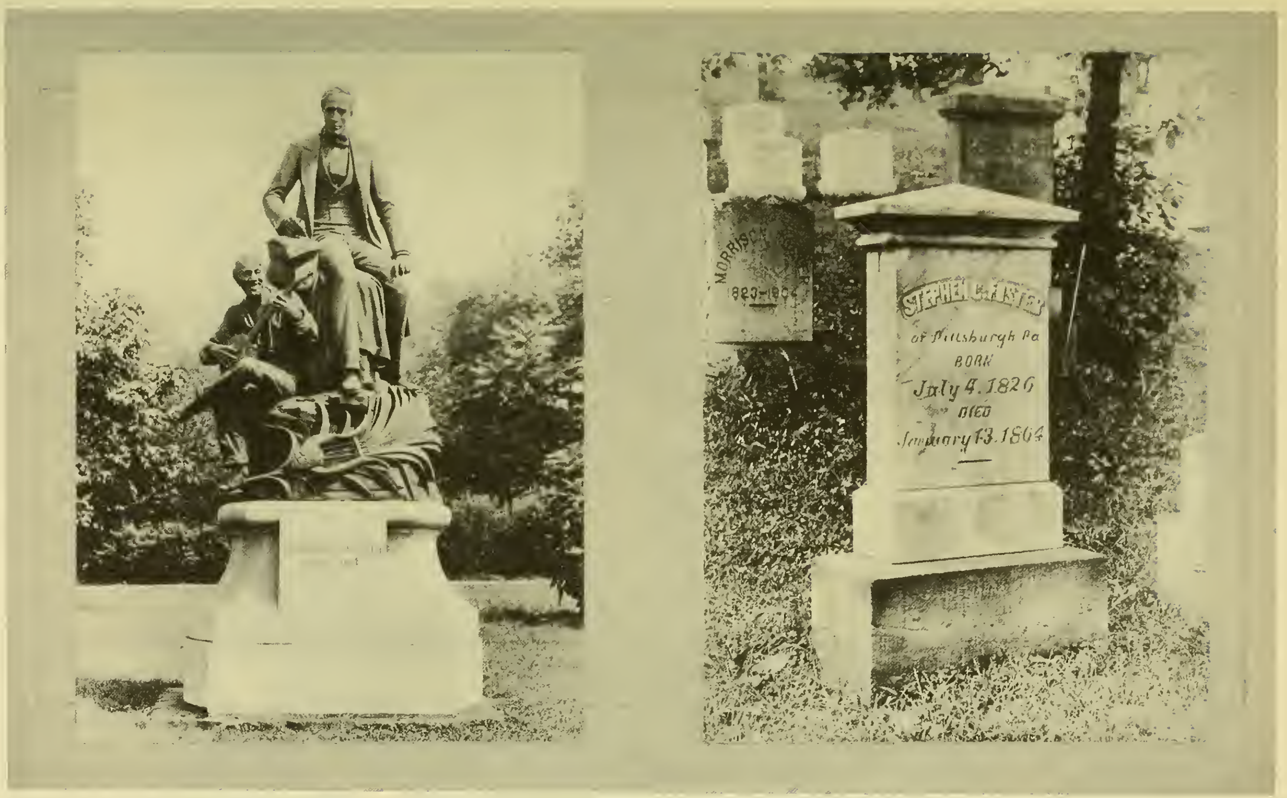
In March, 1864, Jane's mother, Mrs. McDowell, moved to Greensburg to be with her daughter and little Marion, and Jane again took up her work at the Greensburg telegraph office.

Early in June, young Ike Lightner, Jessie's brother, was severely wounded in the skirmish fighting on Lost Mountain, near Marietta, Georgia. It was the last battle poor Isaac ever "managed to get into." A shell from the Union lines burst near him and shattered his legs so badly that both had to be amputated. He seemed to recover well from the shock of the operation and was moved to the home of Mrs. Lucy Welch, at La Grange, the kind friend of his mother's who had nursed him back to strength after he was wounded at Missionary Ridge in 1863. But Isaac sank rapidly after reaching her home and died on June 23, 1864. Thus, Jessie and Morrison each suffered the loss of a cherished younger brother in that sorrowful year.

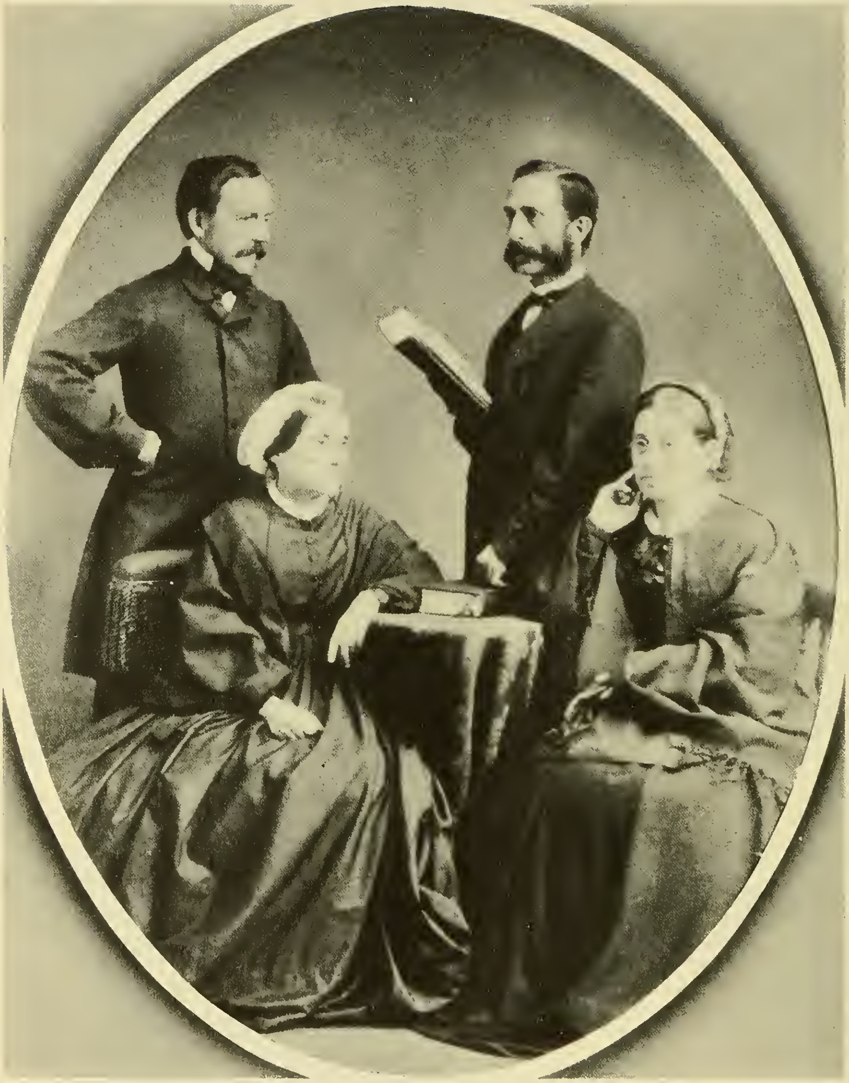
In October, 1864, the gay, wealthy, and reckless James Lightner, who had taken "young Ike" into his business in Lexington, Missouri, in 1861, was arrested as a "rabid Secessionist," and in a so-called "attempt at escape" was shot and killed by Federal guards.

Henrietta's husband, Captain Jesse Thornton, was captured by the Confederates on August 14, 1864, near Resaca, Georgia, with several other members of the commissary who were in charge of a drove of 2000 head of cattle destined for Sherman's army. To the rebels, the cattle were of much greater value than the Union prisoners; consequently, Jesse had the good fortune to be exchanged. On September 28, he was taken to the notorious prison at Charleston, South Carolina, but was not detained there. Next day, he reached Atlanta, Georgia, in safety, and rejoined Sherman's army, which was by that time in command of the city.

With the weight of anxiety about her husband temporarily lifted, Henrietta was not to rejoice for long. On September 30, 1864, Mary's eleven-month-old son, John Cushing Keith Crosman, died at the home of his grandfather Crosman in Philadelphia; and in


MORRISON
1823-1864
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
of Pittsburgh Pa
BORN
July 4. 1826
DIED
January 13. 1864

Statue of Stephen Foster, by Guiseppe Moretti, in Highland Park, Pittsburgh, and his grave in the Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh



Brothers and sisters of Stephen Foster: Henry, Morrison,
Ann Eliza Foster Buchanan, and Henrietta Foster Wick Thornton

December, Lidie Tyler lost a two-month-old baby, Walter. Small wonder that mothers of that generation were resigned and sad, and grasped at such straws of comfort as the pathetic little verses quoted on page 550.

# What Came Afterwards

THE answer to the sad query in Ann Eliza's poem came suddenly just six years later. The next of the children to "take his place among the sleepers" in the peaceful spot in Allegheny Cemetery where the brothers and sisters had laid Stephen was gentle, kindly Henry, entirely undeserving of the cruel death Fate had reserved for him. In 1870, Henry and Mary and their daughter, Lidie, were living at "Elm Cottage," just beyond the Allegheny Cemetery. Their daughter Birdie was married to Jonas Butterfield. Henry had been employed across the river in the office of the Eclipse Oil Works. On June 28, 1870, a terrible fire destroyed six oil refineries, the Sharpsburg bridge, and the large residence of Dr. Tweddle, owner of the Eclipse refinery. The fire, which the paper said was the worst since the great Pittsburgh fire of 1845, was caused by a bolt of lightning that struck the largest tank on the Eclipse premises; it contained eighteen thousand barrels of oil. The newspaper account says, "It exploded with a terrific report. An immense column of flame rose to a great height in the air, and in an instant broad streams of burning oil were rushing down towards the river, and along the Sharpsburg road to the bridge and the residence of Dr. Tweddle." According to the account in the Pittsburgh *Chronicle* for June 29, 1870:

By far the saddest incident connected with this most disastrous conflagration was the death of Mr. Henry B. Foster, Clerk in Dr. Tweddle's office. As soon as Dr. Tweddle returned from town, he made inquiries as to his employees, and learned that Mr. Foster was missing. No effort could be made to save him, and his friends could only wait. Subsequently it was stated that Mr. Foster had been seen and was all right. This, sadly enough, was disproved by the event. Last seen, he was in the office, which caught fire as soon as the first tank burst. It is supposed that he was so severely shocked with the electricity that he could not make his escape from the building. . . . His charred remains were recovered about five o'clock last night.

The last years of Henrietta's life were desolated by the loss of her daughter, Lidie Tyler, on April 1, 1866, and, shortly afterwards, Lidie's eight-year-old son, Tom. Henrietta and her husband, now Major Thornton, left Cleveland sometime in the '70's with their two sons and invalid daughter, Nettie, and moved to Germantown, Philadelphia. The ties between the Fosters and Crosmans were strengthened further by the marriage of William Foster Thornton to George Crosman's sister, Mary Knox Crosman, on July 7, 1873. Dunning Foster Thornton married a Germantown girl, Kate E. Eastburn. (See Appendix I.) Henrietta died in Philadelphia on March 13, 1879. Her two granddaughters, Henrietta and Anna Crosman, grew up to be exceedingly beautiful girls – Henrietta Crosman achieved fame as a star of the dramatic stage and motion pictures. Her greatest success was as Rosalind in *As You Like It*—a role she played for three consecutive years, being acclaimed by the critics as one of the finest Shakespearean actresses America has ever seen. Miss Crosman (Mrs. Maurice Campbell) lives at Pelham Manor, New York.

After Stephen's death, Jane continued her work in the Greensburg telegraph office until about 1870 when she returned to Pittsburgh and took the same position in the Allegheny depot. There she met Matthew D. Wiley, a splendid, kindly man whom she married and lived happily with for thirty years.

Like Henry Foster, Jane died a tragic death. She passed away at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Jessie Rose, on January 3, 1903, of burns received when her clothing caught fire at the coal grate in her bedroom. Mrs. Rose heroically beat out the flames with her bare hands, suffering painful burns herself, but the shock was too much for the frail old form to bear, and Jane succumbed within a few hours. The saddest tears that Morrison Foster had shed since his daughter Evelyn Louise died on Christmas Day, 1884, flowed down his cheeks that winter evening in Edgeworth when news came to us of the sad passing of his brother Stephen's "Jennie with the Light Brown Hair."

Stephen's only daughter, Marion, lived to the good old age of eighty-four. She married Walter Welsh and had one son, Matthew Wiley Welsh, and two daughters, Jessie Welsh Rose, and Mrs. Ernest A. Reed, who is now dead. Marion outlived her mother thirty-two years and died on July 9, 1935, at the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home at 3600 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh. With the possible exception of the first William (the baby who died March 26, 1815), Stephen's daughter Marion was the only one, so far, of the descendants of Eliza and William Barclay Foster who ended her days where her grandfather William B. Foster built his homestead, the "delightful White Cottage," in 1814. It is fitting that the only child of the most famous of the children born on that spot should be accorded the privilege of dying there.

The photographs of Brother William's two children, Willie and Lottie Foster, reproduced in these pages were presented to me by Ethel Smith, a daughter of Gil Smith, William B. Foster's brother-in-law. Miss Smith lives in De Lancey Street, Philadelphia, in a beautifully appointed old Philadelphia mansion in the same neighborhood where J. Edgar Thomson and William B. Foster resided in the late 1850's. She cherishes a tender memory of how Uncle William held her on his lap (she was a tiny child then) while he read aloud to the older children, Willie and Lottie, and Adelene and Edgar Thomson, from the plays of Shakespeare. Miss Ethel's sister, Mrs. Bertha Clarke, who lives a few blocks away in a house breathing the same air of distinction and old-time aristocracy, possesses a charming full-length portrait of Lottie, painted after she was married, in a shimmering green silk dress. Mrs. Clarke informed me that William B. Foster's stepson, Robert Burnett, loved him with the affection of a real son, and in his turn, Robert, in later years, received the same devotion from a stepson of his own.

After his father died, Willie Foster went with a young man friend to a military academy in Dresden, Austria, and Lottie continued to live with Aunt Vinnie and Uncle Edgar Thomson. Willie returned from school and entered the Union Army at the close of the war. He died in De Soto, Missouri, in 1872, and his remains were brought back to Pittsburgh and laid beside his father and mother in the Foster lot in Allegheny Cemetery. Charlotte was married on

Jessie Welsh Rose, granddaughter of Stephen Foster

The three grandchildren of Stephen Foster: Matthew Wiley Welsh; Jessie and Maybelle Welsh about 1899

April 27, 1876, to Judge Henry Reed of Philadelphia, and died on November 28, 1881, after a lingering illness. So there are none living now to carry on the splendid name of Brother William.

Shortly before Henry B. Foster was killed in 1870, Morrison and his family returned to Allegheny and took up their residence at No. 30 Sherman Avenue. Jessie loved to entertain people, and their house became the gathering-place of many notable people of the day. C. W. Couldock, John Ellsler and his family, Zoe Swisshelm, the poetess, George Alfred Townsend, and George H. Pendleton were amongst their guests.

In 1873, Morrison joined with his friend Thomas S. Blair in the formation of the Blair Iron and Steel Company, of which Tom was president and Morrison vice-president. Their furnaces were located at Glenwood, on the Monongahela River. Lenox Smith, of New York, was secretary and treasurer. Morrison's cousin, Thomas Struthers, of Warren, Pennsylvania, was one of the trustees. The other trustees were New Yorkers, General A. S. Diven, Joseph W. Drexel, and Phillip S. Miller. This company prospered for several years, but hard times came and these men sold out their holdings.

Morrison continued to interest himself in his nieces and nephews, and loving letters were sent him from Mary Crosman and Lottie Foster, asking advice and expressing their confidence in his good judgment. In 1879, when the copyrights of many of Stephen's most famous songs, that he had sold outright to the publishers in his hard times, were renewable, Morrison took care of the contracts with Wm. A. Pond and Oliver Ditson providing payment royalties to Jane, now married to Matthew Wiley, and Marion, who now was Mrs. Walter Welsh. In John Tasker Howard's *Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour,* Mr. Howard has shown how carefully and faithfully Morrison Foster looked after the interests of his brother's widow and daughter. Morrison acted as attorney for Jane and Marion until late in the 1890's.

As she grew older, Evelyn Louise developed a beautiful, deep, contralto voice. She was proficient in music, painting, and French, and delighted to entertain her father's guests with the gay songs from the popular light operas of the day. On many a happy evening, they would gather around the piano in the Foster drawing room while Evelyn sang to them in French and English from *La Fille de Madame Angot, The Daughter of the Regiment, The Grand Duchess, Olivette,* and *Mascotte.* But this brief time of joy and gladness ended with cruel suddenness. Jessie had been in poor health for several years, and death came most unexpectedly on November 5, 1882, while she was visiting friends in New York City. Morrison was summoned when her relapse occurred, but did not reach New York in time to see her alive. The lonely home on Sherman Avenue was given up, and Evelyn and her father began to board. Morrison was elected to the state legislature in 1883, the first Democrat ever to be sent to Harrisburg from the Forty-second District. But any gratification he might have felt in the election was marred by a mistake that gave his Republican opponent the office on a technicality. The Democratic party fought the matter in the courts, and the decision went to Morrison Foster with full salary granted for the two years he should have served.

On October 27, 1883, Evelyn Louise was married to George F. Murray, an attorney of New York City, who formerly had been a neighbor in Allegheny City. Evelyn went to housekeeping in Brooklyn and died on Christmas Day, 1884, two weeks after giving birth to a son, Morrison Foster Murray. The boy was brought up in Brooklyn by his father, and today Dr. Foster Murray is a recognized tuberculosis specialist of New York City. But he retains his home and office in Brooklyn where he was born and where his young mother died.

Morrison now tried to fill his broken life with work, and still took an interest in politics. He was one of the organizers of the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh, and a member of the Democratic state convention of 1885. His business interests were centered mainly in Salineville, Ohio, where his coal mine had become very prosperous. But his life was, nevertheless, exceedingly empty, as he told his sister Ann Eliza. The death of Henrietta in 1879 left Morrison Foster and Ann Eliza the last of the family. They continued to uphold the old traditions, writing to each other loving letters in the old-time polished style learned from William and Eliza Foster. Ann Eliza also had known deep sorrow in these last years. On June 16, 1871, the oldest son, James, died, and four years later, the third son, William Foster Buchanan, died on January 30, 1875, at the age of about twenty-five. These losses had left Ann Eliza in such a delicate tremulous state that she kept herself much in seclusion. The Buchanan children were loving and loyal to each other and to their parents. The sisters, Henrietta and Harriet, nursed their brothers through the long sieges of their last illnesses and in turn cared for their mother and father with the same devotion.

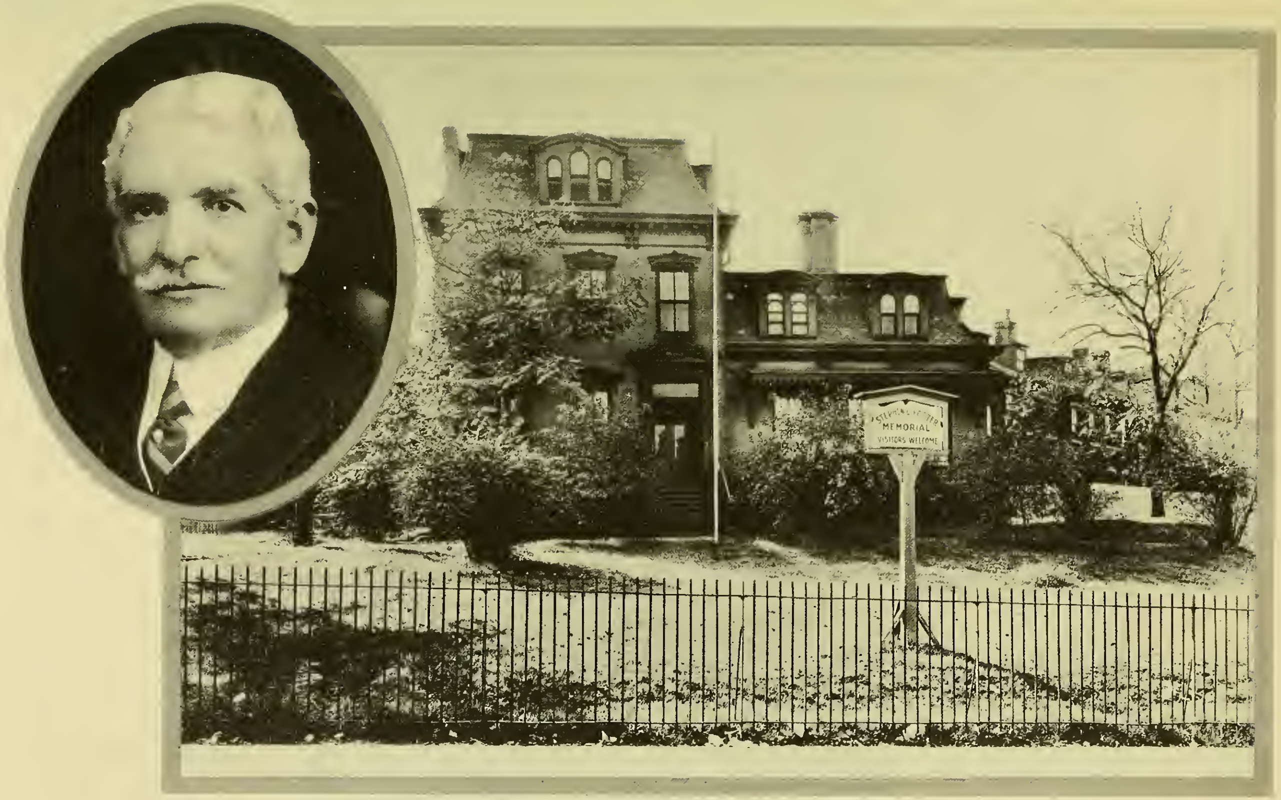
Marie Lois Buchanan (Lodie) married Alexander J. Cassatt, who became the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Many of Ann Eliza's descendants live in or near Philadelphia. Robert Cassatt, of Philadelphia, is a son of Marie Lois Buchanan Cassatt, and Mrs. John B. Thayer III, of Haverford, Pennsylvania, is a granddaughter. Ann Eliza's youngest daughter, Alice, married Maskell Ewing. Alice Ewing, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Robert E. Brooke, of Birdsboro, Pennsylvania, still survive. Maskell Ewing, Jr., an attorney of Philadelphia, died on June 3, 1938. Another of Alice's sons, Buchanan Ewing, died in 1930, leaving four children. (See Appendix I.) Reverend Edward Y. Buchanan served the parish of Trinity Church, Oxford, until 1882 when he retired and devoted his time to the compilation of a complete biography of his brother, the former President James Buchanan. Surrounded by their devoted family of children and grandchildren, Ann Eliza lived until April 17, 1891, and the Reverend Mr. Buchanan until January 22, 1895.

On October 7, 1886, Morrison Foster was married to Rebecca Shields Snowden, daughter of Francis Laird Snowden, long a family friend of the Fosters in Allegheny. Rebecca Snowden was the granddaughter of the same Judge Snowden who sat at the end of the table opposite Wm. B. Foster, Sr., at the festive July Fourth celebration in Foster's Woods the day that Stephen C. Foster was born. Two children were born of this marriage, the writer of these Chronicles, and William B. Foster. For several years, our family lived at Edgeworth, Pennsylvania, in the old stone homestead, "Olver Place," that my mother had inherited from her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Olver. In 1895, Morrison Foster built a frame house, just to the west of the stone building, that he called the White Cottage in memory of his boyhood home. We resided there about two years, and it was while living in this White Cottage that Morrison Foster prepared his *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster* that was published by Percy F. Smith, of Pittsburgh, in 1896.

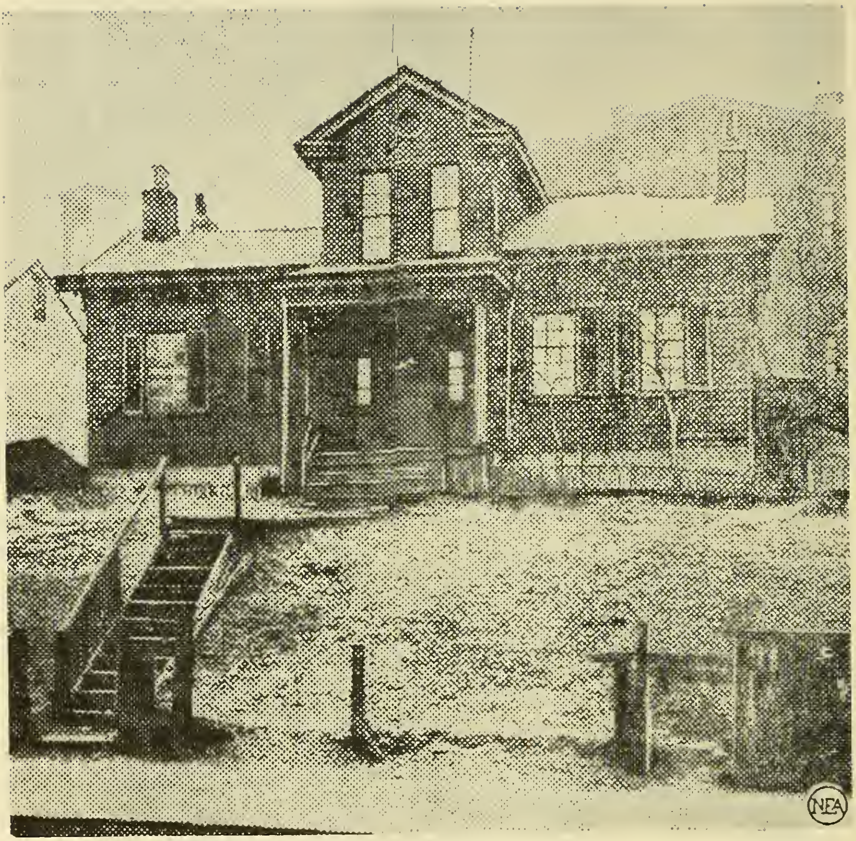
In the spring of 1898, we moved to 79 Cedar Avenue, Allegheny City, facing the North Park, or Common, and several blocks north of the house on the East Common where Morrison had lived with his father and mother and brothers in the '40's and '50's. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Wiley (Mrs. Wiley was formerly Jane McDowell Foster) lived across the Park on Montgomery Avenue. Our family exchanged almost daily visits, and Morrison found great pleasure in visiting with Jane in the summer evenings on the broad stone step before her front door. Again, we would walk down Cedar Avenue to call on Mrs. Andy Robinson who had been Siss Pentland. Mrs. Robinson was a kindly, forthright, and most emphatic old lady. She was known on numerous occasions to express herself definitely on the myth that had grown up about an affair between herself and Stephen C. Foster. In effect her words were, "I'm getting tired of people trying to make out that Steve was in love with me, or I was in love with him. We were the best of friends, but I was good friends with every member of the family. Steve and I had no love affair at all."

Morrison Foster loved to hobnob with Siss Robinson, and the two would go over and over the gay, glad, sad times of long ago while we youngsters raced around the Rahm and Robinson yards at "High Spy" and "Ketchers," absolutely impatient with the elders who could sit and talk of such stuffy things as "old times." And now it is our turn to "mind the time," and the past has become a dear and precious memory.

In 1900, we lived at 1509 Federal Street, Allegheny, and it was in March, 1901, shortly before we moved to Bellevue, that the Rev. Father E. M. McKeever, priest of St. John the Baptist Roman Catholic Church, asked Morrison Foster to come out to Lawrenceville and say whether or not a little frame house owned by the church, located at the "Forks" of Penn Avenue and Butler Street, was in fact the actual old Foster homestead, as claimed by many people. On March 21, 1901, Morrison Foster went out to Lawrenceville as requested, and assured Father McKeever that the house owned


STEPHEN C. FOSTER
MEMORIAL
VISITORS WELCOME

The Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, 3600 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, and
James H. Park who presented the site to the city in 1914



The house at the forks of the road in 1934
before its removal from Pittsburgh

by the church was not the Foster homestead; he then walked up around the bend with Father McKeever and identified the brick house at 3600 Penn Avenue, then owned by Samuel McKee, as standing on the site of the original White Cottage. The good priest had been planning to tear down the old frame house to replace it with modern buildings, but did not wish to do so if by chance it were the birthplace of Pittsburgh's famous composer, Stephen Foster. But, by the time the truth was definitely established that the cottage owned by the church was not the Foster homestead, the parishioners had already made plans to build in another location, and so the old house was not torn down until 1934.

I remember distinctly the evening my father came home from his visit to the scenes of his boyhood days. Contrary to published accounts, Morrison Foster was not brought or taken anywhere that day by anyone. He was entirely capable of going wherever he chose to go by himself and went to Lawrenceville on the street car and returned home without assistance. He was in full possession of all his faculties and needed no one to lead him around by the hand. He was greatly depressed all evening, sitting silent in his chair with the newspaper lying in his lap unread. We asked Mother, "What is wrong with Papa?" and she urged us to let him alone, saying he was feeling a little sad, as he had been back to the old Foster homestead, and it made him think of his mother and father and the old days when they were all at home together. A little later, he seemed to cheer up, and told us that "everything there was changed, but he remembered the old springhouse," and he told us stories all evening then about the time when he and Stephen were boys. All the legal records back of this McKee homestead, now the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, corroborate Morrison Foster's identification to the full. (See Appendix II.)

Morrison still belonged to the Chamber of Commerce and took a lively interest in politics. In 1900, the Democrats of Allegheny sent a committee to inquire if he would run for mayor of the city. Although it pleased him greatly to be so well regarded by his political friends, Morrison declined the honor, as he had not the physical strength to withstand the rigors of such a campaign. He still was able to make public speeches with a great deal of his old-time fervor, and on the evening of November 10, 1902, as chairman of the meeting, Morrison Foster capably introduced the Irish patriots, Sir Michael Davitt and John Dillon when they spoke at a monster rally in old City Hall, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Branch of the United Irish League. Always interested in forward-looking movements, Morrison Foster was an ardent champion of Irish freedom.

In the spring of 1902, we returned to Edgeworth to live again in the old square stone house, "Olver Place." My mother's maternal grandparents, James and Mary Olver, had come from Plymouth, England, and in 1825 established in Pittsburgh a young ladies' boarding and day school which they called Edgeworth Female Seminary in honor of Maria Edgeworth, who had been a girlhood friend of Mrs. Olver's. The seminary later was moved to Braddock's Field, and in 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Olver built a new school one mile below Sewickley in a beautiful spot that took its name from the Edgeworth Female Seminary. The main stone building is still standing, and today belongs to Carol Quay, who appropriately has named her home "Old Edgeworth."

Our next door neighbor was R. T. M. McCready, a Pittsburgh attorney, who had purchased the new White Cottage from Morrison Foster in 1897 and made extensive improvements on it. Mr. McCready still lives in the same house. Of his estimate of Morrison Foster, Mr. McCready wrote to me in April, 1936: "I have distinct and pleasing recollections of many interesting conversations with your father, a man of fine personality and strong intellect."

Despite the financial setbacks that had come to worry him, those last two years at "Edgeworth" were amongst the happiest of his life, Morrison told us often. Possibly a few extracts from some of my father's letters to my mother, written from "Olver Place" in 1902 and 1903 while we were spending vacations in Atlantic City, will reveal the humorous, tender qualities of Stephen Foster's "Brother Mit."

June 24, 1902. My dearest Rebecca: I had the pleasure of hearing from you by your letter of Saturday. Helen gave us some excellent iced sherbet last evening for dinner. Your Aunt continues to be well pleased, and as usual, talks all the time when she can get hold of me. She gave me a big pile of letters to read from your grandfather containing much good advice and many "wise saws and modern instances" for benefit of his son of 12 years. She expects Miss McFarland tomorrow for how long Providence only knows and your patient husband must endure. I am glad to see by the papers that the weather is good at Atlantic City. I trust you and my dear little ones will be able to enjoy all the pleasures there is to be had at the sea shore. . . .

June 26, 1902. . . . Robert Nesbit hitched up the colts, double, day before yesterday, and they went off as quietly as old plough horses. . . . The honeysuckle vine at the front porch is blooming beautifully and sends forth a fragrance of Araby the blest. . . .

July 4, 1902. My dearest Rebecca: All I hear from you indicates that you and the children are well and enjoying yourselves. As I wrote you before, let me know when I may meet you at the Union Station in Pittsburgh; but dont hurry. We are getting along all right here, and much as I long to see you, I would not interfere with your present opportunity to have a holiday. Your Aunt is right well again, but pretty weak. This morning she is siting on the front porch with little Mrs. Allison and Miss McFarland. They are all having a good time. The bright sunshine and the fragrant honeysuckle make it quite pleasant.—They are having a great meeting in Pittsburgh today to boom the President's aspirations for a second term. It is a good day for me to stay at home and write to my dear wife.—The colts are getting along well. Robt. Nesbit takes good care of them. I let him take Belle every day and drive her. Napoleon Bonaparte [Mr. Nesbit's driver] gives "Queeny" an airing under the saddle. She is as pretty as a picture of an Arab steed, and excites admiration wherever she goes. . . .

July 6, 1902. My dearest love—I get your nice letters and they are a great comfort to me. I am all right except that I long for my own wife. But do not be uneasy my dear one. I want you to stay as long as you can at the seashore. Everything looks beautiful about our lovely Olver Place. My inability to get a man to do any work for me nearly distracts me. Robert Nesbit however takes good care of the colts, and I must bear with patience.—Yesterday, four beautiful kittens made their appearance. Old Gray has them comfortably lodged in the harness cupboard of the stable. I see that she gets meat and milk and water. Helen has been doing first rate, and sees to it that we are all taken care of and have good and regular meals. She is away today at some kind of family meeting, but Rosy is here meantime. Aunt Allison is quite well again. With Miss McFarland for her waiting maid, your aunt is a regular Sybarite in luxury and ease. James Adair's son, Alexander, was killed 4th July night by the explosion of a huge fireworks bomb at Mr. Snyder's country home Sewickley Heights. The funeral will take place Monday afternoon, 6th inst. Say to dear Billy that "father" begs he will not touch or have anything to do with these new fashioned fireworks or pistols. . . .

July 9, 1902. My dearest Rebecca: I look for you on Saturday morning and rejoice in the hope that I will once more have you and the children with me. Wait at the Union Station Pittsburgh for me if I am not there just when the train arrives, for I think the train you come on is due pretty early in the morning. You will find your domain at Edgeworth considerably enlarged as I got the deed for 75 feet more and left it at the Recorder's office. I have sent to Cleveland for posts and am going to put a fence clear across from Olver Avenue to Beaver Road. Miss McFarland left this morning for her home. I wish her a safe arrival there. I called at the house of Johnny Robinson, saw him and his mother and little Mary and condoled with them. I could not go to the funeral, the heat was too great.—Helen went home, but came back promptly at the time she said she would. So everything is in running order for you on your return. Trusting that Providence will permit you and my dear children to return safely to your beautiful home, Your ever devoted husband, Morrison Foster.

The funeral that Morrison Foster mentions was that of Mrs. John Wilkins Robinson, daughter-in-law of Mrs. Andrew Robinson, Siss Pentland. The following letters were written the next summer from the Beaver Hotel, Beaver, Pennsylvania, where we boarded several months. My father stayed in Beaver while the rest of us went to the seashore for two weeks.

Beaver, August 21, 1903.—My dearest own wife—I see with alarm that the rescues from drowning at Atlantic City are very numerous, nearly one hundred a day. I know I need not caution you, but anxiety for Billy and Evelyn fills me with solicitude. Deep holes are developed there in a night. It has always been considered a very dangerous beach. I am much stronger and improved in health in the last few days. I have been to Salineville and got back safely feeling better for the journey. . . . There is a good troupe of Minstrels at the Junction Park I am told. I will try and hear them while they are here. I am pleased to be able to report to you that I am very kindly treated by Mrs. Wirt and in fact by everybody at the hotel. I can be quite contented except for the absence of my dear ones. . . .

August 22, 1903. . . . I notice with great regret the death of my old friend John Ellsler. I procured for him from Wm. Coleman the management of the Pittsburgh Opera House a long time ago. Mr. Coleman came to see me to get him a manager (when he had none.) I recommended Ellsler and gave him a letter of introduction to him. As soon as he met Ellsler he was so pleased with him that he contracted with him, a contract which lasted some twenty years. Ellsler reciprocated by giving my dear niece Ettie Crosman an opportunity to make her first appearance on the stage. —I went to hear the Minstrels last night at the Junction Park. They are pretty good, but not first class. Love to our dear little ones, and an abundance for yourself. Your devoted husband, Morrison Foster—I slept well last night and all night.

Morrison Foster never lost his love for the minstrels. The first show we ever attended with my father was called "The South Before the War," a plantation and minstrel medley that played at the rowdy old Academy of Music in 1895 or '96; and the last performance he ever took us to was Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels. Sometime in between these we saw a few classics. My father read to us Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott—but he took us to see the minstrels!

Although no longer engaged in the steel business, Morrison continued to take a great interest in all phases of steelmaking. Always keenly interested in the science of metallurgy, he was a frequent contributor to the press on matters pertaining to the Bessemer and open-hearth processes of steel production.

His tastes were very simple, but his standards were high; he loved good music and good books, and history was his passion. In the latter years of his life, he derived great enjoyment from the works of Mark Twain, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and Bill Nye. He could recite whole scenes from *Hamlet* and *Macbeth,* and Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinee* from beginning to end! The only music I ever knew my father to buy of his own accord were Paul Dresser's "On the Banks of the Wabash" and a little book containing several of Ethelbert Nevin's compositions, amongst them Nevin's setting of Eugene Field's poem, "Little Boy Blue," a song Morrison Foster greatly loved. At home, besides the music of his brother Stephen, he enjoyed singing the songs of his youth, "The Grave of Napoleon," "The Lass that Loves a Sailor," and "Logan Water." Morrison sang "The Star Spangled Banner" particularly well and was frequently asked to sing it at banquets and gatherings of old friends.

The Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh, has come into possession of manuscripts which show that James Whitcomb Riley in turn was devoted to the music of Stephen Foster and endeavored to find out more about his life. In the *Foster Hall Bulletin* for May, 1934, we learn of an interesting discovery:

> In examining a lot of Rileyana recently, Mr. J. K. Lilly, Jr. (the family bibliophile) found a small piece of paper upon which Mr. Riley had made a memorandum as follows:
>
> > Write sonnet or brief verse—tribute—
> > Stephen C. Foster.—Also like tribute to
> > Sarah T. Bolton—
>
> He did write the intended tribute to Sarah T. Bolton, an Indiana poetess, but a diligent search does not disclose a tribute to Foster. Nevertheless, the good intention is evident.

There is a beautiful tribute to Foster written by James Whitcomb Riley, however, that says much more in a few words than many, many verses might have done. One of the poet's friends, Mrs. Stella Weiler Taylor, of Hamilton, Ohio, asked him to write something in her "mental portrait album," and in answer to the question, "Who is your favorite composer?" James Whitcomb Riley wrote:

The gentle Stephen Foster, who
Sang even as the angels do.

There also are letters in the Foster Hall Collection to James Whitcomb Riley from his friend, Erasmus Wilson, who will be lovingly remembered by countless Pittsburghers as the "Quiet Observer" of the old Pittsburgh *Commercial-Gazette*. In 1891, Riley requested Mr. Wilson to help him get some first-hand information about Stephen Foster, and in a letter dated September 10, 1891, Mr. Wilson said:

> ... Will send you all the stuff I can find on Stephen C. Foster. Mr. Hamilton, (Billy) the naturalist and weed-ologist, has some, and maybe I can get you a photo. If not I know where I can get a good pen and ink drawing.
>
> When you come we will go and see his former wife—Mrs. Wiley, she lives in Allegheny. From her you can get a good deal about his peculiar traits and idiosyncrasies. He and Billy Hamilton steamboated together, sang together, went courting together and got drunk out of the same jug. I'll begin gathering up the stuff at once.

Erasmus Wilson mentions the matter further to Riley on November 13, 1891:

> . . . Billie Hamilton, the little man in the big green house, says he will load you up with good stuff about Stephen C. Foster when you come. You can't write a great deal about this wonderful genius, but there is no end to talking about him. His brother will furnish facts and figures.

Sometime after that, Riley gave a lecture in Sewickley which Morrison Foster attended. But he and Riley did not meet, for reasons that Erasmus Wilson explains in a letter dated July 15, 1892:

> . . . Having finished my sermon for Saturday's Com-Gaz, I take up my pen again to let you know *that Mr. Morrison Foster, brother of the late Stephen C. would like you to call and see him when you come this way,* and without fail. He has recently acquired Stephen's original score and composition book, besides he has collected quite a lot of reminiscence. He heerd [sic] you at Sewickly [sic] and wanted to shake your paw, but was to modest to crowd up. He says you and Steve were built a good deal alike. . . .

Another letter dated October 5, 1892, shows that Mr. Wilson was still pursuing the Foster matter:

> ... By the way, the little man in the posey house [sic] in the Parks, hunted me up yesterday to say that Morrison Foster will expect us to call during your stay to see his Stephen C. Foster collection of writings etc. He is most anxious to meet you, and you will enjoy the call. . . .

But so far as we know, these plans of the genial "Quiet Observer" to bring his friends Riley and Foster together, must have fallen through, for I never heard my father say, in his frequent expressions of admiration for James Whitcomb Riley, that he ever had met the great Hoosier Poet personally.

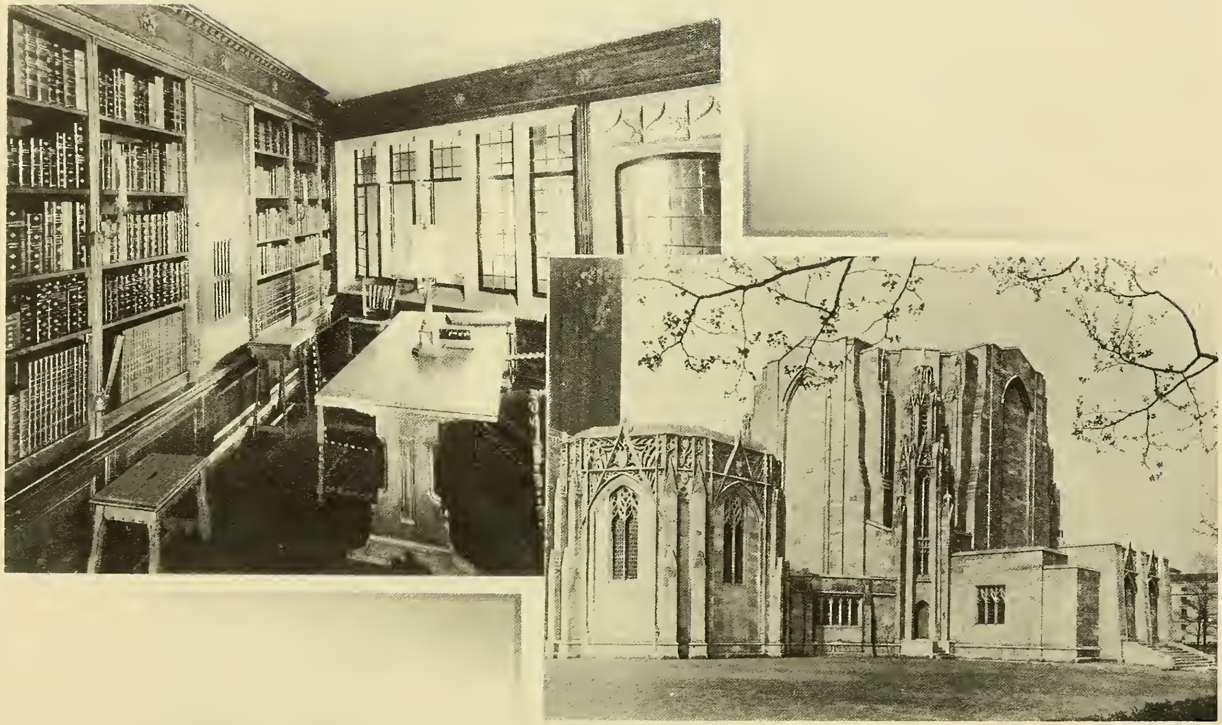
Morrison Foster was a true American; he made no pretenses and was without affectation of any kind. In his time, Morrison Foster knew bitter reverses, but he never compromised with Truth to advance his own interests, or ingratiate himself with Power.

In the autumn of 1902, Queeny, the beautiful colt mentioned in his letters, was still very restive and skittish, not fully broken to the saddle. Morrison, who had always been accustomed to riding any of the horses sent up from the farm in Salineville, had her saddled by Napoleon, the groom employed by our neighbor, Robert Nesbit, and they started out, Father riding Queeny, and "Poley" on the more sedate Belle. But Queeny was far from tame yet, and when they reached the Beaver Road, she bolted suddenly and threw Morrison violently from the saddle. The accident occurred in front of the property of John C. Slack, whose residence stands on the hill above, and fortunately "Poley" was able to secure assistance at Mr. Slack's and Robert Nevin's, who lived next door at "Vineacre." They brought my father home in a buggy, his shoulder broken, but he was fully conscious, and quite cheerful. "Why, I never was so surprised in my life!" he said, "That mare is a little devil!" But he never rode again, and the shock of the fall affected him the rest of his life. We noticed that he walked more slowly and tired very easily.

In February, 1904, we sold "Olver Place" and moved to Grove City, in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, on the advice of Samuel W. Black, of Edgeworth, who was a trustee of Grove City College. This fine school was "the outgrowth of the educational interests of the residents of the community." The historical statement in a recent Grove City College bulletin says:

> The first effort to provide college preparation was made in 1858 by Reverend Richard M. Thompson, D.D. In 1864, Reverend William T. Dickson and his wife [Mrs. Harriet Libby Dickson, one of Pennsylvania's pioneer women educators] organized and maintained in their home and later in the Presbyterian Church, a private school which continued for ten years. The first school building was erected by the school directors of

Foster Hall, the original home of the Foster Hall Collection
Indianapolis, Indiana



Two views of the Stephen C. Foster Memorial on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh

Pine Township in 1874, and in 1876, Isaac C. Ketler organized a school which has developed into Grove City College.

Doctor Ketler was a clergyman of Scotch-Irish descent, of the Presbyterian faith, but so wide is the appeal of Stephen Foster, that in a book of noble verse published by Doctor Ketler in 1910 (called by him an "epical interpretation" of *The Pilgrims,* which describes the migration of the English Puritans to Holland and Massachusetts, and extols the glorious influence of "Calvin's Creed" on the American nation), Doctor Ketler suddenly breaks off, and leaving his Pilgrims at Leyden, introduces a "Lilt of Lonliness [sic]" beginning thus:

Bohemian sad, sweet SINGER, oft
In childhood's hours with tender thrills my heart
Responded to the measured melody
Of Old Dog Tray. No dog seemed half so good,
So gentle and so kind as Old Dog Tray.
E'en now, as back o'er long-neglected years
I hear the echo of a vanished joy,
His name and fame a loving retrospect
Compel.

The past is peopled with the loved
Of those sweet years, and forms so dear, now long
Returned to dust, are reincarnated
With youth and beauty, grace and loveliness;
The hearthstone's busied with the loving deeds
Of mother, (dear, sweet mother), as the while
With honest, dreamy face sits Old Dog Tray
Upon his haunches, so sedate, so grave,
And blinking to the sparkles, as they light
The ingle with their fitful glow!

Old Dog,
Ah, dear old dog! My heart-strings strangely quick
And quaver, as in reminiscent moods,
I picture the dear Past! Again with loved
Ones on the village green I feel the joys,
(The early, artless joys), which made my life
A very dream of bliss,—but oh, the flood
Of years since these have been!

This seemingly rigid Presbyterian teacher, whose students regarded him with respectful awe, was stirred by ardent abolition sympathies to write of John Brown in this same book of poetry:

He was a chosen saint of God,
Saintliest saint that ever trod
The earth. . . . . . . . .
Cursed the cult or creed
That dares condemn the righteous deed
At Pottawatomie!

Dr. Ketler could turn from the contemplation of brave deeds done by iron-souled men and reveal himself, in the following words, a "dear friend and gentle heart" with close spiritual kinship to one who was the very antithesis of all that John Calvin represented.

Bohemian, or no,
I love thy songs. Inventor of no moods,
Content to touch the common chords and set
A-quiver life's great harp, attuned to joys
And griefs of palace or of hut, thou art
Immortal in the songs men sing. . . .

Thou art a Presence to disturb men's minds
With thoughts and loves of long-departed years.
E'en in all lands and in all sounds art thou.
We train our eyes upon the empyrean,—
And lo, thy Star is there!

But Morrison did not live to read this tribute to his brother—he did not live even to see his children enrolled in Dr. Ketler's college.

One evening, in the back parlor of our little frame house in Grove City, Morrison pulled out the old "duffel box" from under his desk and allowed us to go through its contents. We read aloud the letters Aunt Charlotte had written from Louisville away back in 1828 and 1829. With awe, and I must confess a little nervous chill, we held in our hands the lock of her red-gold hair, that had been "twenty-three years in her grave," wrapped in a piece of an 1852 newspaper. We saw for the first time the cherished mementos of Morrison's youth—the pretty small-change purse crocheted for him in 1848 by Julia Murray and a silk embroidered handkerchief from Jessie. Here was Uncle Stephen's pathetic little purse, found amongst his effects after he died in Bellevue Hospital; an ivory and feather fan that had belonged to Jessie; little white kid slippers worn by the first Evelyn at the age of six; Eliza Foster's diary, that has been quoted in these pages; a lock of red hair sprinkled with gray that had been Brother William's and a lovely brown strand of Ann Eliza's; and Brother William's leather portfolio, which he had received for his wedding gift from Elizabeth on September 22, 1842.

Letters—hundreds of them! Fishing tackle, in a terrible snarl, used by Morrison when he fished with Bill Denny in Robinson's Eddy in 1851. A theater program printed on silk, dated "Saturday Eve'ng, Dec. 29th, 1855," from the Atheneum Theatre, announcing the last appearance of that "Young American Tragedian, Mr. H. A. Perry," in *Hamlet.*

How we teased "dearest Mit" when we read aloud the innocent, gushing epistles written in 1846 by little Hannah, from Steubenville, protesting her sisterly and platonic affection!

"Why, Father, you were a flirt!"

"Hannah was a real nice girl. She wrote a pretty good letter, too!" said Morrison, with a deprecatory smile.

There were also Stephen's little *New England Primer,* and Morrison's *New Testament,* given him (with a green silk pincushion) by his mother when he started "down the River" in 1843 for Mr. McCormick; valiant old William B. Foster's receipts and accounts, kept during the War of 1812 when he paid out, again and again, to keep shoes on the feet and blankets on the backs of Andrew Jackson's hungry, ragged troops. When midnight came, Morrison put his arms around the shoulders of his wife, his son, and daughter and drew them close to him.

"I want to thank you, children," he said with tears in his eyes, "for this beautiful evening."

There are some things we never can forget—things that are imprinted so deep in one's memory that they stand out from the dark of the past as though a bright spotlight had been turned upon them. That last evening with my father has influenced every page of these

Chronicles. I have tried to picture, with the same love felt for them by Morrison Foster, his father and mother, his brothers and sisters.

Morrison died two weeks later, on May 14, 1904. The last few minutes of his life, young Mr. Cunningham, the nurse, raised him up so that he could breathe more easily. Morrison could not see—his eyes were bandaged; an erysipelas infection had developed. But he lifted both his weak hands and held them out; "Ma!" he whispered.

Do you think he saw dear Eliza Foster, on the shining shore, standing with outstretched loving arms to welcome her last one home? We believe that he did.

## II

MISTAKES and misunderstandings, large and small, seem to have pursued Stephen during his lifetime; and after his death, long-drawn-out controversies developed over some of the most trivial and casual of his actions. His first prized publication, "Open Thy Lattice, Love" appeared with his first initial wrong—composed by *L. C. Foster*. With a firm hand, Stephen changed this to *S. C. Foster* on the copy of the song preserved in his own bound volume of music. Then, through error in judgment on his part, another's name appeared as author and composer of what turned out to be possibly the world's greatest home song, "Old Folks at Home." Still another claimant for the honor of composing "Old Folks" appeared in the person of one James Murphy. Through the courtesy of G. A. Severance, 711 Pawling Avenue, Troy, New York, we reproduce here some letters published in the New York *Clipper*, concerning this matter. The following is from the issue of May 12, 1877.

### ANOTHER AUTHOR OF "OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

St. Paul, Minn., April 28, 1877

Frank Queen Esq.—Dear Sir: Having read in a late number of THE CLIPPER an article in reference to the old and ever popular ballad of

"Old Folks at Home," I take this opportunity of correcting the general error in regard to its authorship. This song was written in 1851 by James Murphy, at his home in Bloomingdale, New York. He was at the time a well known glee-singer, and composed the song for his own use, but afterwards sold it to the late E. P. Christy (the celebrated manager of Christy's Minstrels, at 472 Broadway), in whose hands it became the most favorite song of the day. Knowing how hard it is to combat public opinion, I preferred to remain silent until I could substantiate what I here assert, and I have only just learned from Col. Keating (editor and proprietor of *The Memphis Appeal*), that he can corroborate my statement, as he was a particular friend of the author, and fully aware of the whole transaction. By giving this publicity in your columns, it will be doing a simple act of justice to the memory of the late brother of yours truly,

Joseph Murphy.

On the title page of the first edition of "Lou'siana Belle," published in 1847, this announcement appears:

LOU'SIANA BELLE
Written for and Sung
*by*
JOSEPH MURPHY
*of the*
Sable Harmonists

Like the claim in the caption of "Old Uncle Ned," that it was "Written & Composed for Wm. Roark of the Sable Harmonists," the statement on the cover of the "Lou'siana Belle" is inaccurate, but it indicates that Joseph Murphy (if he be the same one) was acquainted with Stephen in 1847 at the time the latter first began to compose plantation melodies for minstrel troupes.

In the New York *Clipper* for May 26, 1877, John Mahon comes forward in defense of his friend, Stephen Foster:

In refutation of the claim that this familiar song ["Old Folks at Home"] was written by a brother of Joseph Murphy, the popular comedian, Mr. John Mahon writes us under date of May 11:

"Mr. Pond has just shown me the letter-book of Firth, Pond & Co. for 1851, in which appears a letter to Stephen C. Foster at Pittsburg, and dated Sept. 22, 1851, and from it Mr. P. has kindly permitted me to make the following extract:

> " ' "Nelly Bly" goes like hot cakes. "Willie the Brave" is also doing well. Draw on us at once for $——. *Christy has not yet sung "Old Folks at Home.*" He therefore desires us to delay the publication for a week or two.'

"Mr. Pond fears he lost Foster's original letter in the fire of 1863, but he has all the original contracts; and anyone who is interested can see the above letter and the contracts at his store."

This must close the case, so far as THE CLIPPER is concerned. The history of "Old Folks at Home" is thoroughly known in this city.

The *Clipper*'s kind defense of Stephen unfortunately did not "close the case"—the Murphy yarn bobbed up years afterwards and was reprinted on April 6, 1890, in the Chicago *Times.* And on November 23, 1891, George Welshons, editor of the Pittsburgh *Times,* wrote indignantly to Morrison Foster:

> Another fellow has broken into print with a dogmatic declaration that Stephen C. Foster did not write "Old Folks at Home"; that one Murphy wrote it, on the head of a tambourine which his (Murphy's) sister still has; and that Christy paid S. C. F. a bonus for fathering it, in order to get the benefit of Foster's reputation as a song writer. I would like to have your personal recollections and information bearing on the matter. So few Pittsburg people have done us credit before the world that I am impatient with any one who attempts to rob us of such honors as we have. I enclose the clipping (from Belford's Monthly) which please return. I am in the office after 2 p.m.

There's no knowing how many other newspapers printed the Murphy claim at about this same time, but no self-respecting editor would publish it today.

In 1898, Thomas Brigham Bishop, a contemporary of Stephen's, claimed that he had known Stephen very well and wrote to a friend that he, Bishop, had first written down the music of "Old Folks at Home"; the intimation being that Stephen was so deficient in musical training that he himself couldn't write an accompaniment to the simple air. In this letter dated February 21, 1898, to John J. MacIntyre, of New York, Mr. Bishop says:

Foster met me at the music store of Firth, Hall & Pond and *whistled* the melody—(he couldn't sing a note no voice nor ever had a vocal note—notwithstanding all statements to the contrary—) while I play'd on the Guitar and when pronounced O.K. by Foster, I copied it out & put simple chords to it—which we pronounced as sounding well—neither Foster nor myself were proficient in harmony—When I sang the song, in came E. P. Christy and listened—was delighted, enquired if it was mine—when informed it was Fosters, he said, "Steve, I give you all the money I have in my pocket for the song"—took out 3 $20 gold pieces—it is possible they were $10 pieces & Foster accepted the amount.

The song was looked over by W. S. Dressler the Proof reader of the house & the song was published as written & composed by E. P. Christy and so remained for 28 years—when second copyright was taken out the real author's name was placed upon the song & Mrs. Foster or her daughter received the copyright until the expiration of the author's copyright. However, Foster occasionally received money on account of the song through publishers as he did [for] many others of his compositions which he had sold out & out on delivery of the Mss. pts. but on account of their great popularity and his constant requirements for funds.

Foster always had the carriage and bearing of a clergyman—I never saw him, even up to my last meeting with him—which was either in 1862 or 3—when he was very seedy, but what he wore the same cut and material—the double-breasted black broadcloth coat and trousers to match.

If Mr. Bishop had known of the existence of the many manuscripts in Stephen's handwriting, notably Stephen's first song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love" which is much more elaborate than "Old Folks at Home," and composed when Stephen was only seventeen years old, he would have hesitated to imply that Stephen could not write out a simple arrangement in three chords such as he used for "Swanee River." This song was written at home sometime between June 26 and August 26, 1851. There is a possibility that Stephen went to New York after August 4, 1851, because his board at home (in the family account kept by Morrison) is paid up to that date—the payments then skip to January 1, 1852. Before we judge Mr. Bishop too hastily, however, we should give him the benefit of the doubt; the incident he describes might have been founded on fact. Bishop was a popular concert singer who introduced many new songs, some of them his own compositions. He might have run across Stephen in Firth, Pond's office and asked Stephen if he had a new song that he (Bishop) could sing. Stephen might not have had a manuscript of "Old Folks at Home" with him, but might have whistled the air for Bishop and recited the words. Bishop might have jotted the melody down so that he would not forget it; Christy might have come in at the moment, and the scene Mr. Bishop describes might have ensued, in part. Thomas Brigham Bishop, in the opinion of his friend, John J. MacIntyre, was a gentleman of high integrity, and he would not have invented a story intentionally that would tend to disparage Stephen, whom he described in the same letter as the "greatest song writer and melodist the world has produced—his combination of words & melody for the masses has never been equalled."

In 1886, a certain John Hull published an article in the Chicago *News* stating that the author of the words of quite a number of Stephen's most famous songs was really Charles P. Shiras. A few of the songs Hull claimed for Shiras were "Oh! Susanna," "Old Uncle Ned," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Hard Times Come Again No More," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and "Gentle Annie." Of the foregoing, the four first named were written during Shiras' lifetime, the three last after his death. There is ample documentary evidence in Stephen's own manuscript book to show that John Hull's statement is preposterous. Would Stephen have been so foolish as to use Shiras' verses without giving him credit when the two young men were close friends and members of the same club and social circle of Allegheny where, if Stephen had done such a thing, everybody would have known it immediately?

Why did all these people wait until after Stephen was dead before making public their claims? Was Stephen such a formidable figure that they daren't speak up while he was alive? Surely the two husky Murphys would have been able to see that justice was done if Stephen had stolen James Murphy's song! All these false claims are made out of the depths of the claimants' total ignorance of Stephen Foster's life, work, and background.

In direct contrast to the people who claim to have written Stephen Foster's best songs are those who persist in crediting Stephen with the works of other composers, most notably the popular plantation melodies "Darling Nelly Gray" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." The latter song was written by James A. Bland (1854-1911), a talented negro musician who lately has been called the "Black Stephen Foster." "Darling Nelly Gray" was the work of Benjamin R. Hanby, whose old home in Westerville, Ohio, where he wrote the famous song, has been preserved as a state shrine. The legend that Stephen Foster was the composer of "Nelly Gray" has grown to such proportions that a lady of Newark, New Jersey, whose maiden name really did happen to be Nelly Gray, even declared that she was Stephen Foster's cousin, and he had written the song for her on the occasion of her marriage. As proof of Nelly's claim one of her faithful friends stated: "She died singing Foster's song. Her relatives in the North can substantiate the story." Even in face of such smashing evidence as this, the facts remain that Stephen Foster did not write the song, and he had no cousin by the name of Nelly Gray, darling or otherwise.

In recent times, a Kentucky Colonel, Henry Watterson, late editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* made some very foolish statements (for which he afterwards tried to make amends) in an article entitled "Looking Backward" in the May 10, 1919, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post.* In this article, he accused Stephen of being a barroom loafer and of stealing his best melodies from a book of compositions (which included a number of Franz Schubert's) owned by an old German musician. Colonel Watterson also made the following somewhat uncertain statement:

> Stephen Foster was the ne'er-do-well of a good Pennsylvania family. A sister of his had married a brother of James Buchanan. There were two daughters of this marriage, nieces of the President, and when they were visiting the White House we had—shall I dare write it?—high jinks with our nigger-minstrel concerts on the sly.

"Marse Henry" certainly did "dare write it," but just what he meant remains a mystery. Does he mean that he also was a White House visitor when Annie and Harriet Buchanan were there, and that the three of them, and possibly Stephen, had these merry secret negro concerts? We do not know, but we do know that Stephen never visited Washington when Buchanan was President nor at any other time. "Marse Henry" seems to have got hold of a few names and places, and, being an inveterate news reporter, dressed them up into a story.

The great revival of interest in Stephen C. Foster also has encouraged quite a number of spurious Foster relatives to appear upon the scene. At a Foster celebration held in Louisville some years ago, one enterprising lady, posing as Stephen Foster's niece, drove grandly in an open car through the streets seated beside the governor of Kentucky. Then there was a young gentleman named Foster who did rather well for himself on the radio as a "grandnephew" of Stephen Foster. When questioned about his connection to the Foster family, he stated that his grandfather, James Foster, was one of Stephen Foster's brothers. It is undoubtedly a fact that Stephen had a younger brother named James, but he died at the age of one year, three months and sixteen days. Every now and then we hear from different sections of the country of great-great-granddaughters of remote Foster in-laws appearing sweetly at women's club meetings to give intimate details in the life of their "famous forebear, Stephen Collins Foster."

Out in Hollywood, a young singer with the perfectly good French-Swedish name of Suzanne Larson changed it to Susanna Foster and has toured the country billed variously as a niece, grandniece, granddaughter, or what-have-you, of Stephen C. Foster. We don't know on which relationship she finally decided.

Another example of well-intentioned legend-weaving, centered about Stephen, is related in *Brainard's Musical World* for December, 1875. It seems to owe its origin to Will S. Hays, which is surprising, since he knew the Foster family.

### "A MONUMENT FOR FOSTER"

Mr. Will Hays felt called upon to draw attention to the sad fact, as he imagined, that Foster's grave is not even marked with a lump of coal! And now comes the Louisville *Courier Journal,* and brings us the following touching pathetic lines:

Poor Foster sleeps! The willing hand
 That gave the world "Old Folks at Home,"
Is cold and silent on his breast,
His voice is hushed, his soul's at rest,
 No more with us he'll roam.

His lonely grave, unmarked, unknown,
 Save by the angels, who, through tears,
Look down through countless stars at night,
And turn the darkness into light
 That they may watch for years.

He calmly rests! No monument,
 No slab of granite marks the place
To tell where poor Steve Foster lies:
No matter, for the angels' eyes
 Are smiling on his face.

Poor Foster's gone! His heartfelt songs
 Will still be sung for years to come;
His name in memory we will keep,
We loved him, and it makes us weep
 To hear "Old Folks at Home."

At the same time, the *Courier-Journal* suggests that Pittsburghers ought to open their hearts and purses and pay the debt they owe to the memory of old [?] Stephen Foster by erecting a handsome and fitting monument over his remains.

We know from members of the family, that the memory of Stephen is as dear to them as it can be to the outside world, and we are happy to state that Mr. Morrison Foster has informed the public that his brother's grave is not neglected, but is marked, tho' not with a lump of coal, nor with a costly monument, but with a simple slab of marble, not better nor worse than those which mark the graves of the other members of the family, in whose midst the remains of Stephen Foster lie buried.

There also is the old story, recently brought out of moth balls and dusted off for a later generation, that Stephen C. Foster was buried in a potter's field, location unknown, and possibly plowed under. Read the following sad account in a biographical sketch of Stephen Foster written by one "E.B.M." in a collection of Foster melodies published in New York City in 1936:

> His music publisher Pond, paid to have his body removed to Alleghany, Pa. For some reason it was interred there in Potters Field. When Shattuck and Pratt [New York musicians and reputed friends of Stephen's] came back from the war, they went to Alleghany, but could find no trace of the body and it is generally supposed that it never has been found as the spot was probably dug up.

It would appear that Messrs. Pratt and Shattuck came to Allegheny, and, not finding Stephen's grave in the middle of Federal Street between the horse-car tracks, concluded that it was doubtful if Stephen Foster had been buried at all.

In addition, "E.B.M." gives us some more startling information (at least it certainly is startling to members of the Foster family):

> The elder Pond his publisher, frequently stated that after 28 years, when the copyrights of Foster's songs reverted to his heirs, they drove up every quarter, behind a spanking team of horses and footmen in livery, to collect his royalties.

I wish someone had thought to find out from the elder Pond whether these Foster nabobs, riding so grandly behind what Eliza Foster would have called their "gay animals," brought along with them the proverbial flour barrels, or just plain bushel baskets in which to haul away their quarterly royalties!

## III

IN spite of the many errors and legends that grew up around the name of Stephen Foster from his very birthplace down to his grave, caused by the general lack of knowledge of his personal life, Stephen has not been neglected by those who cared to find out the truth about him. His native city has come forward many times to do him honor. As early as 1876, a club of "Amateur Minstrels and Musical Performers," who called themselves the "Stephen C. Foster Serenaders," was organized in Allegheny. The secretary was James

F. Livingston, of the Allegheny *Evening Mail.* For several years, this club gave benefit performances for charitable purposes in Allegheny. Their programs consisted of playlets, orchestral selections, dancing numbers, and dramatic recitations interspersed with Foster melodies rendered by a quartette and soloists. Morrison was elected an honorary member of the "Stephen C. Foster Serenaders" on May 9, 1876.

The writer of these Chronicles has not forgotten the zeal and hard work of Thomas J. Keenan, editor of the Pittsburgh *Press,* and a committee of Pittsburgh friends who raised money to erect a monument in Stephen Foster's honor in 1900. This beautiful piece of sculpture, the work of Guiseppe Moretti, now stands in Highland Park, Pittsburgh. In creating the figure of Stephen, Mr. Moretti carefully followed the recollections of Morrison Foster, and Mrs. Matthew Wiley, formerly Mrs. Stephen C. Foster. In the statue, Stephen's hands were modeled from his brother Morrison's hands. Below Stephen, playing a banjo with fingers "long like de cane in de brake," sits a laughing Uncle Ned. When this monument was unveiled in Highland Park on September 12, 1900, by little Maybelle Welsh, Stephen's granddaughter, with Victor Herbert conducting the mighty assemblage of Pittsburgh bands which came to furnish the music, it was probably the last occasion when the actual old friends and relatives of Stephen's youth gathered together to do him honor. When the site of his birthplace was dedicated on July 4, 1916, sixteen years later, almost all those who had been contemporary with Stephen had gone to meet him in a better land.

Sometime in 1936 or 1937, vandals or metal thieves visited the Stephen Foster monument in Highland Park and cut away the bronze banjo from the hands of Uncle Ned and the pencil from Stephen's hand. Through the efforts of the Civic Club of Allegheny County, funds were collected to replace the stolen parts and in a ceremony on Stephen's birthday, July 4, 1938, under the leadership of the Civic Club, the dedication of the restored banjo and pencil took place in Highland Park.

In 1913, a group of Pittsburgh citizens, headed by Dr. A. L. Lewin, long a resident of Lawrenceville, who lived directly across

Penn Avenue from the residence of Mrs. Samuel McKee (the brick mansion that had replaced the old White Cottage), started to raise a subscription to preserve the building as a memorial to Stephen C. Foster. When James H. Park heard of their plan, he offered to bear the entire expense of purchasing the house from its owner, Mrs. McKee, and thus it was that the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, at 3600 Penn Avenue, which stands on the site of the original White Cottage, was established as a shrine to Stephen Foster. It was the wish of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Park that Stephen C. Foster's descendants should live in this Foster memorial, and act as caretakers, and there Mrs. Marion Foster Welch spent the last twenty-one years of her life. (She moved in sometime before it was formally dedicated.) Stephen Foster's daughter died on July 9, 1935, in the comfortable home made possible for her in her old age through the generosity of James H. Park. At present, Mrs. Welch's son, Matthew, and her daughter, Mrs. Jessie Rose, and Mrs. Rose's family occupy this birthplace memorial which is maintained by the city of Pittsburgh.

A complete list of Stephen Foster memorials and tributes compiled by Fletcher Hodges, Jr., Curator of the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh, will be found in Appendix IV.

In recent years, Josiah K. Lilly, of Indianapolis, has done more than any other person to stimulate interest in the life and works of Stephen Collins Foster. He has presented thousands of copies of Foster songbooks to radio stations and public schools, and has sponsored the publication of a score of works dealing with the composer, whose songs have been dear to him since the time when, as a little boy in Greencastle, Indiana, he listened from his bed upstairs while his young aunts played and sang Foster melodies or were serenaded with Stephen's songs by the gallants of old Asbury College (now DePauw University). Mr. Lilly started his world-famous collection of Foster music and relics in 1930, and through careful, painstaking research has brought together practically all the authentic material pertaining to Stephen Foster that is obtainable. This remarkable collection was housed from 1930 until 1936 in a beautiful, chapel-like, granite building called Foster Hall on J. K. Lilly's Indianapolis estate. A group of scrupulous and punctilious research workers has assisted Mr. Lilly in establishing the authenticity of every item before it is accepted for the Foster Hall Collection. Link has been added to link in the chain of Stephen Foster's hitherto obscure life until almost the whole story is now preserved in contemporary records that, before Mr. Lilly began gathering them "home," were scattered the length and breadth of the Union. And "home" in fact they have come at last for their final resting place. In 1937, Mr. Lilly presented his priceless collection to the new Stephen C. Foster Memorial completed that year on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh. We are indebted to Fletcher Hodges, Jr., Curator of the Foster Hall Collection, for the following description of this splendid memorial.

## IV

TEN years of conception, planning, financing, and construction are represented in the Stephen Collins Foster Memorial, which is located on the university's Cathedral of Learning quadrangle, facing Schenley Park. Built in Gothic style, of Indiana limestone, it is designed to harmonize with the soaring idealism of the Cathedral of Learning, the university's central building, which rises above it. The architect was the late Charles Z. Klauder of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Will Earhart, as president of the Tuesday Musical Club of Pittsburgh, first proposed the idea of a memorial to Foster in 1927. Realizing that Pittsburghers were singing his songs, and yet were forgetting the man himself, Mrs. Earhart's associates in the club decided to sponsor the founding of the Stephen Foster Memorial. The energy and devotion of Mrs. Earhart and the Tuesday Musical Club were important factors in the completion of the undertaking. The University of Pittsburgh soon entered into the project. Through the co-operation of Chancellor John G. Bowman, the university offered a site for the memorial on its campus, and agreed to maintain and operate the building after its completion. The half million dollars necessary for construction were raised by the Stephen

Foster Memorial Committee under the leadership of Edward T. Whiter, by the University of Pittsburgh, and by the Tuesday Musical Club. The work of these three groups in sponsoring the building is acknowledged in an inscription on one of its walls. Contributions to this fund were received from Pittsburgh citizens, children in the schools, and lovers of Foster's music throughout Pennsylvania and the United States. Ground for the memorial was broken on January 13, 1935 (the seventy-first anniversary of Stephen's death), the corner-stone was laid on June 3, 1935, and the building was formally dedicated on June 2, 1937.

The principal speaker at the dedication ceremonies was Josiah Kirby Lilly, who presented his Foster Hall Collection to the university at that time. Or, rather, he stated, he was presenting the music and the manuscripts of America's beloved composer to the people of the United States, with the University of Pittsburgh as perpetual trustee. The gift was accepted on behalf of the university by Chancellor Bowman.

The memorial combines sentiment and practicality. It is both a tribute to an honored Pittsburgh citizen and an assembly hall used by many educational and civic enterprises.

As the visitor enters the building, he finds himself in the spacious foyer. Facing him are the two entrances to the auditorium. Over the entrances are engraved the themes of Stephen Foster's best-loved songs, "Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home." The auditorium, seating seven hundred persons, is used for the concerts, lectures, and dramatic productions presented by the University of Pittsburgh, the Tuesday Musical Club, and other groups: its flamingo red velour curtain and chairs and draperies of the same color form a brilliant contrast to the gray stone walls of the room. Several hundred events take place in this auditorium each year. In other parts of the building are a large social room used for receptions, programs, and classes; the permanent offices of the Tuesday Musical Club; dressing rooms for musicians, lecturers, and actors; and a kitchen. An entire wing of the memorial is devoted to Stephen Collins Foster: here are located a shrine dedicated to the memory of the composer, and the library and office of the Foster Hall Collection.

On a wall of the passage leading to the shrine an inscription is engraved:

TO
JOSIAH KIRBY LILLY
THIS TABLET IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
AS A BOY HE FOUND COMFORT AND COURAGE
AND JOY IN THE SONGS OF
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
IN PAYMENT OF THIS "UNPAYABLE DEBT" HE
GATHERED THE FACTS OF FOSTER'S LIFE
AND OF HIS SONGS INTO
THE FOSTER HALL COLLECTION
AND GAVE THE COLLECTION IN TRUST TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

The shrine is a lofty twelve-sided room, containing a series of delicately carved stone arches. It is lighted by stained glass windows, depicting the themes of the best-known Foster melodies. These windows are the work of Charles Connick, formerly of Pittsburgh, now of Boston. Rich in reds, blues, purples, and golds, they give life and color to the shrine, and are one of the chief interests to the visitor. Around the walls of the shrine are displayed facsimiles of the music pages of the first or earliest obtainable edition of every published song, composition, arrangement, and translation by Stephen Foster so far discovered. The shrine is also used for displays of Stephen's manuscripts, letters, and other Fosteriana—it may be considered a museum room, as well as a shrine.

The library room, designed by Gustav Ketterer of Philadelphia, furnishes a quiet study for the research worker. On its shelves is an extensive bibliography, built around the life and the works of Stephen Foster, and his background—the music, art, literature, history, and journalism of middle nineteenth century America. Because of the wide range of the subjects it covers, the library is of value to students of Americana, as well as Fosteriana. The books are encased in hand-tooled morocco slip cases, which serve the dual purpose of protecting their contents and adding their brilliant colors to the room. On the west wall of the library hangs a portrait of Stephen Foster, painted by the American artist, Thomas Hicks, in 1852, when Stephen was twenty-six years old. It is probably the only portrait of Foster actually painted from life. All other portraits of the composer were evidently copied from photographs. (See page 424, and illustration opposite page 424.) A phonograph, with recordings of Foster's music, is available in the library for the use of those visitors who wish to hear his songs.

The Foster Hall Collection consists of more than ten thousand separate items, carefully catalogued and prepared for preservation and use, including: original manuscripts; facsimiles of manuscripts in other collections; first, early, and modern editions of Foster's music; Foster's own possessions; books relating to the composer in whole or in part; songbooks containing his music; magazine and newspaper articles; pictures and portraits; phonograph records; broadsides; and miscellaneous Fosteriana.

It is the hope of the University of Pittsburgh that the Stephen Foster Memorial will be more than a tribute to a composer of a past generation. It should also be a living institution of the present, contributing to the musical, the dramatic, and the intellectual progress of the community.

In the first six years of the memorial's existence, more than a quarter of a million people have attended programs in its auditorium, and an additional 175,000 have visited the shrine or inspected the Foster Hall Collection. Included among the visitors have been natives of most European countries, Canadians, Latin Americans, South Africans, Australians, Chinese, and Japanese.

Mr. Lilly has always felt that his Foster Hall Collection should be more than a mere museum of Foster relics. One of Foster Hall's chief purposes has been to keep alive the *music* of Stephen Foster. The composer did not belong exclusively to the middle nineteenth century; he sang for the world of today, as well as for the past. To help maintain his music as a living influence, the Foster Hall staff has published thousands of copies of Stephen's songs, arranged for many purposes, and has presented them to interested organizations, as well as to individuals.

The work of Foster Hall, under the auspices of the University of

Pittsburgh, is an uninterrupted continuation of its former activities in Indianapolis. Its facilities are available to student or writer, schools and clubs are assisted in the preparation of Foster programs, material is added to the collection.

Up to December 7, 1941, most of the Foster publications were presented to public, private, and parochial schools, and to libraries. Such work is still maintained without interruption. But after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the majority of Foster Hall's activities have been directed towards the war effort.

As a composer of war songs during the 1860's, Stephen Foster was a failure. Yet the great songs of home he wrote in an earlier day—"Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home," especially—were among the favorites of the armies of our Civil War, both Union and Confederate.

There are many articles in the Foster Hall Collection which show how deeply the fighting men of America, from the Civil War to World War II, have loved Stephen Collins Foster's songs of home. They have brought comfort to men in the camps, on marches, on battleships, and in prisons. Recent newspaper accounts (1941-1943) have mentioned the singing of Foster's songs in the campaigns of Australia, North Africa, and the islands of the south Pacific.

To meet this interest on the part of service men, Foster Hall has published *Songs of Stephen Foster,* a collection of more than forty of his best works, arranged especially for presentation to the armed forces. By the end of 1943, approximately two hundred thousand copies will have been presented to the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, as well as to the Red Cross and United Service Organizations. These books have been sent to many parts of the world. The army camps, naval stations, and U.S.O. canteens of continental United States have been supplied. In addition, sets of *Songs of Stephen Foster* have been sent to the far-flung American outposts of Northern Ireland, England, North Africa, Iceland, Newfoundland, the Caribbean, Panama, Alaska, Hawaii, and the south Pacific. Through the co-operation of the International Y.M.C.A., the books have been given to American prisoners of war in Germany and Italy, while the Japanese-Americans now living in the War Relocation centers in the western states of this country are singing Stephen Foster's songs in their Americanization classes.

Another Foster Hall publication which has been given to service organizations is *Stephen Foster Melodies,* a composition arranged for both concert band and orchestra.

Commencing in the spring of 1943, a unit of the United States Army Air Corps was stationed at the University of Pittsburgh, for pre-flight training. Many of their lectures were given in the auditorium of the Stephen Foster Memorial. In addition, some of the entertainments given by and for the cadets took place in the building.

When Stephen Foster was living in the familiar environment of home, family, friends, and peace, he composed his greatest songs. He never knew what the songs would mean, almost a century later, to men deprived of home, family, and friends, and engaged in a life-and-death struggle in the greatest war the world has ever known. In the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal, the deserts of North Africa, the barren wastes of Iceland, the cold fogs of the Bering Sea, and in the crowded bunk rooms of transports and destroyers crossing the north Atlantic, songs of the Swanee River and the old Kentucky home give men an escape from the bitter realities of war.

Due to their healthy vitality, Foster's songs have stood the tests of peace and war and time, and have emerged fresh and strong and ever-young. They have become, not only a part of the American heritage, but of the world's heritage. If music can achieve for itself immortality, then the simple melodies of the modest Pittsburgh composer will be heard for all time.

## V

THESE Chronicles have opened with the story of William Barclay Foster and Eliza Clayland Tomlinson Foster, and the home and family they established in Pittsburgh. William and Eliza united the two strains of rugged Scotch-Irish pioneer and Eastern Shore aristocrat. Their home and their family were typical of their time in American history, their location in the United States.

The descendants of William and Eliza Foster are found in many parts of the United States. Many are leaders in their businesses and professions, or are prominent in community activities. Some have participated in America's wars in past generations; others are taking part in World War II. William and Eliza might well take pride in those of their blood who have followed them. Their descendants have been a credit to their family heritage.

Of all this family line, one has become world-famous. The influence of his work has spread far beyond the boundaries of his native Pittsburgh; it is felt in all parts of the world. The music of Stephen Collins Foster moves the hearts of men, everywhere. He has brought "comfort and courage and joy" to millions; the world is better because he lived.

These Chronicles have been the story of Stephen Foster's family, not only of Stephen. But as the most famous member of the family, his career has been described in increasing detail. Therefore, it seems appropriate to close this book with a tribute to his genius which sympathetically portrays his fundamental significance.

In 1896 Morrison Foster published his *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster.*

When Josiah Kirby Lilly founded the Foster Hall Collection in Indianapolis, one of his first activities was to reprint, in 1932, the biographical section of Morrison's volume, under the more intimate title of *My Brother Stephen.* This little book was presented by Mr. Lilly to people who loved Stephen Foster's music.

One copy was sent to Marian Bigler Good (Mrs. R. E. Good) of Patton, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Good is a granddaughter of William Bigler, who was elected governor of Pennsylvania in 1851, and a grandniece of his brother, John Bigler, who was elected governor of California the same year. It will be remembered that Stephen Foster had written a song for this political campaign entitled "Hurrah for the Bigler Boys!" (See page 390.)

Mrs. Good, a student of Pennsylvania music and history, was impressed with Morrison's simple story of Stephen's life. She felt that Stephen Foster had caught the spirit of America, and that he expressed it in his music. Eventually, she was inspired to compose a poem with this theme. Her poem was dedicated to the founder of the Foster Hall Collection.

## ON READING "MY BROTHER STEPHEN"

From the Virginia that lies to the West
There flows a river North,
And from a far Northern county of the old Keystone State
There flows a river South,
And these two meet and then go West together in that grand stream
That romancing Frenchmen and gnarled old Indians
Used to call the "Belle Riviere."

On they go, 'twixt North and South,
Until at Cairo, the very heart of the country,
They meet that Great Father of Waters, the Mississippi;
From there all three wind South with him, 'twixt East and West,
Until they lose themselves in the warm gulf
And the southern oceans at the very heart of the World.

A slender lad, dark haired, with deep all-seeing eye,
Once lived and played and dreamed among
These softly wooded hills of stately Allegheny.
From there he watched the rivers come from out the North and out the South;
From there he watched them meet and go West in the great Ohio
And his thoughts went with them.

He saw the life and bustle of the river,
The sparkling boats, their genial captains,
The gay passengers and the slow rhythm of the crews.
And far off there beyond his youth's horizon
He saw the Old Kentucky Home and Gentle Annie,
Susanna and Old Dog Tray,
Black Joe, Uncle Ned, the Old Folks,
And Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.
And because he saw all these his thought sped on to the very heart of the country.

But it was because, in the fullness of his heart, he knew
The irrevocableness of death and the human gay release in kindly fun,
The faithfulness of dumb friends, and the bond between master and servant,

The way of a man with a maid and the deep, deep love of home.
But beyond and above all these, it was because, in his soul,
He knew the Beauty of Lowliness,
That his thought flowed on to the very heart of the World,
Aye, to the very depth of the Universe.

Marian Bigler Good

Patton, Pennsylvania, June 11, 1933
Dedicated to Josiah K. Lilly of Indianapolis

# *APPENDICES*

## APPENDIX I

# The Descendants of William Barclay Foster and Eliza Clayland Foster, with Brief Notes on Other Branches of the Family

WILLIAM BARCLAY FOSTER'S grandfather, Alexander Foster, was born in the north of Ireland about 1710. He is believed to have come to America from Londonderry, Ireland, about 1725, with his mother or some other near relatives—one account says two brothers, Thomas and John, were with him. Alexander first settled in Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey, and removed to Little Britain Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, about 1728; this township became a part of Lancaster County on May 10, 1729.

About 1730, Alexander Foster married Polly Connor. On April 17, 1744, he took out a warrant for 187 acres of land, in the northern part of Little Britain Township, which was bounded by the property of Walter Buchanan, Benjamin Gayly, John Allison, and Patrick Ewing. In April, 1767, Alexander Foster died leaving half of his estate to his son John and a life interest in the other half to his widow. After her death, this portion was to go to John. All the other children received five shillings each, but it is probable they were provided for in his lifetime. On April 28, 1775, John Foster sold the entire estate of his father to Hugh Barkley (or Barclay). At this time his mother was living, but John made provision for her.

The following list of the descendants of Alexander Foster was sent to Morrison Foster by John Kincaid Foster, oldest son of James Barclay Foster; James Barclay Foster was the oldest son of James, the oldest son of Alexander Foster.

> The names of his children are as follows. I will name his sons first according to their seniority of birth, and then the daughters in the same rotation of age.
>
> 1) [AA—see footnote, page 608] James—born April 6, 1738. Removed to Washington County, Pennsylvania.

2) [BB*] John—who removed to the State of Tennessee where he deceased leaving a large number of descendants.
3) [CC*] William—born in 1740.

*Daughters*

1) Betsy—married Charles Kneely—removed to Kentucky.
2) Susan Walker—lived and died in eastern Pennsylvania. [In Alexander Foster's will, dated October 6, 1766, the name is given as *Susanna.*]
3) Mary Lucky—removed to South Carolina.
4) Jeney [Janet] Fulton—removed to State of Ohio.
5) Violet—married Josiah Scott—lived and died in Washington County, Pennsylvania. [Many descendants of Violet Foster and Josiah Scott are living today in the West; included are Henry L. Sawyers, Maryville, Mo.; Lucille Sawyers Webster (Mrs. Carl D. Webster), Carl Day Webster, Jr., and David Gray Webster, of St. Joseph, Mo.; Josephine Webster (Mrs. Herman K. Brigham), of Kansas City, Mo.; Captain William Orr Sawyers, United States Army, St. Joseph, Mo.; Paul H. Sawyers, Leavenworth, Kan.; Mrs. Samuel Crowley, Savannah, Mo.; Scott K. Sawyers, Mrs. Eleanor Zimmerman, and Lowell McJimsey, of Maryville, Mo. The Scott family of Ohio and Missouri is also descended from Violet Foster Scott. Prominent members of this line are the late Colonel John Scott, and the late Honorable Josiah Scott of the Ohio Supreme Court. The Cotton branch of the Scott family is also descended from Violet Foster Scott. It includes the Reverend James Sumner Cotton of Grove City, Pennsylvania, and the Reverend James Harry Cotton of Chicago.]
6) Margaret Russell—lived and died in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

[End of communication from John Kincaid Foster]

AA) James Foster, oldest son of Alexander Foster, will be mentioned in detail later.

BB) John Foster, date of birth not known, died in 1824, in Wilson County, Tennessee. He married Martha Donnell, of a family of Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian preachers and teachers. I am indebted to Mrs. Benjamin Smith Foster (Annie

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*These index letters are not a part of the communication from John Kincaid Foster to Morrison Foster. They are used here to identify Alexander Foster's three sons whose names will appear again later in this appendix. The descendants of Alexander Foster have been arranged according to a system in which the identification of individuals has been determined by letters and numbers, and generations have been indicated by degree of indentation.

Stark McDaniel), of Little Rock, Arkansas, for the history of John Foster. Mrs. Foster's information is based on a chart prepared by her husband's uncle, Reverend Robert Verrell Foster, of Lebanon, Tennessee, great-grandson of John Foster, and on verbal information received from her father-in-law, Rufus Harrison Foster and his sisters, Martha Foster Dawson and Mary Foster Davis, of Lebanon, Tennessee.

John Foster went to North Carolina with the David Caldwell contingent of the Revolutionary Army and took part in the battles of Guilford Court House and Cowpens. In 1797, John Foster and his family, in company with several of his wife's family, the Donnells, and the families of his sons-in-law, William McClain and John Doak, pioneered to Wilson County, Tennessee. Together with their associates, including Alexander Barkley, they achieved the first permanent settlement in Wilson County which was then a part of Sumner County. The children of John Foster and Martha Donnell Foster were:

I) Elizabeth Foster, born in 1777 (Mrs. William McClain)
II) Alexander Foster, married Miss Harris
III) James Foster, married Rebecca Williamson
IV) Robert Foster, married Miss Donnell
V) Mary Foster (Mrs. John Doak)
VI) Margaret Foster (Mrs. William Donnell)
VII) Martha Foster (Mrs. Robert Doak)
VIII) John D. Foster (December 11, 1784—February 28, 1838) married, in 1813, Elizabeth Rogers, of Wake County, North Carolina; she was also of Foster lineage; their descendants were:
  A) Rufus Harrison Foster (1814-1896) married Sarah Spain; their children were:
    1) William Alexander Foster, born December 25, 1843, died in the Confederate Army
    2) Robert Verrell Foster, born August 12, 1845, married Belle Braden, of Waynesburg, Pennsylvania; they had a daughter:
      a) Laura Braden Foster (Mrs. Fred M. Lewis)
    3) John Stephen Foster, born March 9, 1847, married

Mary Ralston and later Virginia Charleton

4) Mary Adelaide Foster, born December 24, 1848, married Thomas Ellington, of Virginia
5) Charlotte Elizabeth Foster, born January 16, 1854, married the Reverend Erskine Brantley, of Nashville, Tennessee
6) Infant son, born and died June 23, 1853
7) Benjamin Smith Foster (February 1, 1855–1928) married Annie Stark McDaniel, of Arkadelphia, Arkansas; Dr. Foster's widow, Annie McDaniel Foster, resides in Little Rock. He was founder and for fourteen years president of the Lebanon College for Young Ladies (Cumberland University Annex), Lebanon, Tennessee. For many years he was dean of the faculty of Henderson-Brown College, now Henderson State College. Dr. Foster is survived by two children:
    a) Benjamin Smith Foster, of Washington, D. C.
    b) Annie Stark Foster is director of music in the West Side Junior High School, Little Rock, Arkansas

B) William M. Foster, born March 1, 1817
C) Nancy S. Foster, born August 5, 1819 (Mrs. Thomas Spain)
D) Benjamin S. Foster, born December 3, 1821, died young
E) John D. Foster, born August 5, 1824, died young
F) Martha Rebecca Foster, born December 5, 1826 (Mrs. Henry Dawson)
G) James A. Foster, born February 25, 1829
H) Elizabeth C. Foster, born July 29, 1832, married —— Johns
I) Carters A. Foster, born March 14, 1837
J) Mary Foster (Mrs. William Davis)

IX) William Foster, married Elizabeth New

Many Tennessee families of distinction are descended from John Foster, particularly in the neighborhood of Lebanon, Wilson County. They include the names of McClain, Doak, Mottley, Anderson, Green, Davis, Dawson, Freeman, McGaughey, Bostic, Caldwell, Lewis, Pennybacker, Wilson, and Houston. It is interesting to note that one of the sons of John Foster's daughter, Elizabeth (Mrs. William McClain), was named Josiah Scott McClain, evidently for Josiah Scott, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, who married John Foster's sister Violet. Squire Josiah Scott McClain was for forty consecutive years clerk of Wilson County; Justice Grafton Green, of the Superior Court of Tennessee, is his grandson.

CC) William Foster was born in 1740. He graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1764 and was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Upper Octorara and Doe Run, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1768. Reverend William Foster was a Revolutionary patriot who did such successful work recruiting soldiers for the Continental Army that at one time the British set a price upon his head. He was married about 1768 to Hannah Blair, daughter of Reverend Samuel Blair of Fagg's Manor, Chester County. Their children were:

I) Alexander William Foster
II) Samuel Blair Foster
III) James Blair Foster
IV) Mary Foster (Daugherty)
V) Margaret Foster (Rodgers)
VI) Susan Foster (Clark)
VII) Hannah Foster (Stephenson)

In 1770, the Reverend William Foster owned a large farm near the Upper Octorara Church in Chester County, about two miles north of Parkesburg. This farm was afterwards sold to Joseph Parke, and I understand that it is still owned by Mr. Parke's descendants and that the large stone homestead occupied by Reverend Foster is still standing. This location is close to the Lancaster County line. Reverend William Foster died September 30, 1780; he was forty years old. His grave is in the Upper Octorara churchyard, on Route 122, south of the Lincoln Highway. His widow and children moved to Cussewago (now Meadville), Pennsylvania, in 1796. Mrs. Foster died May 14, 1810, at the home of a daughter in Mercer, Pennsylvania;

she was sixty-five years of age at the time of her death.

During the 1820's the family of William Barclay Foster, of Pittsburgh, visited frequently at the home of "Mr. William Foster" in Meadville, Pennsylvania. The latter was referred to by William Barclay Foster, in family letters, as a first cousin; this was doubtless the oldest son of Reverend William Foster, Alexander William Foster, of Meadville. Amongst the letters of William Barclay Foster, written in December, 1834, is the comment that "A. W. Foster, Jr." had just been married to a Miss Singer, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania. I have no record to show whether or not this A. W. Foster, Jr., was the son of Alexander William Foster, of Meadville.

Samuel Blair Foster married Miss Donnell of Greensburg, Pennsylvania; their children of whom I have record are Frances Foster who married Mr. Garrett, of Mercer, Pennsylvania; Alexander W. Foster who married Jane Heron; and Henry Donnell Foster who married Miss Young. Reverend William Foster's descendants amongst the Crosman and Thornton families are described in the Chronicles and under Henrietta Angelica Foster in this appendix.

The Reverend William Foster's son, James Blair Foster, married Mary Grier, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, in February, 1829.

Colonel William Foster Daugherty of 9 Craig Avenue, Piedmont, California, Captain Joseph Blair Daugherty and Maria Daugherty Harper, of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, wife of Colonel Joseph H. Harper, U.S.A., also Mrs. M. C. Mackey (deceased), are direct descendants of Reverend William Foster's daughter, Mary, who married William Daugherty.

The late Reverend Edward P. Clark, of Detroit, son of William Foster Clark, of Mercer, Pennsylvania, was descended from Reverend William Foster's daughter Susan. His two children, Marian and William, reside in Detroit.

Other descendants of the Reverend William Foster are the late Mrs. Elizabeth F. McGinnis, of Pittsburgh; Francis Schellenberg and Mrs. Emily Paul, of California; Foster Hewitt, of New Castle, Pennsylvania; Harry Happer, of New Orleans; the late Lieutenant Harry Long, U.S.N.; Mrs. F. R. Dobbie, of

Detroit; the late Caroline Foster Griffith, of Mercer, Pennsylvania; the late Henry F. Griffith, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Florence Miller White, of Grove City, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Marian Miller Orr and Will Miller, of Mercer; Mrs. Thomas Kirk, of New Castle; and Louise Treadwell Tracy (Mrs. Spencer Tracy), of Hollywood, California.

AA) James Foster, oldest son of Alexander Foster, was born in Little Britain Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, April 6, 1738. In 1766 he married Ann Barclay of Lancaster County, a daughter or granddaughter of William Barclay. (According to another story, Ann was the daughter of Hugh Barclay [or Barkley] and Hannah Kirkpatrick.) Shortly after their marriage James and Ann Barclay Foster, in company with members of the Barclay family and other families, removed to Berkeley County, Virginia (now West Virginia), bordering on the Potomac River, facing Washington County, Maryland, and only a few miles from the Pennsylvania line.

According to the records, James Foster served as a private in the Liberty Company of Londonderry Volunteers, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; he enlisted May 17, 1775, under Captain James Cook. He is listed as a private in Captain Samuel Hays' Company, Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment, 1777 to 1781, and received depreciation pay to January 1, 1781. It has also been stated that he served in a Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel William Davies and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

About 1782, James Foster removed his family to Washington County, Pennsylvania, and became a pillar in the new community. He was one of the original trustees of the Canonsburg Academy, founded in 1791, with Dr. John McMillan as president, which later developed into Washington and Jefferson College and is now located at Washington, Pennsylvania. James Foster was one of the original elders of Chartiers Presbyterian Church, which stands about two miles east of Canonsburg. In 1797, after the death of his first wife, James Foster married the widow of Reverend Thaddeus Dodd, of Washington County, Phoebe Baldwin Dodd, daughter of Caleb Baldwin; she is buried in Amity Graveyard beside her first husband who was the first Presbyterian minister to come to Washington County. James Foster died in Poland, Ohio, April 7, 1814, at the home of his oldest daughter, Mary (Mrs. John Struthers). His grave is in Poland Cemetery.

Ann Barclay Foster was descended from William Barclay, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, who was born, presumably in Ireland, in 1669, and died in Lancaster County, in 1732. William Barclay and his wife Mary are buried in the Middle Octorara Churchyard in Lancaster County; this graveyard is northeast of Quarryville, on Route 372. William Barclay died in October, 1732, and Mary Barclay died in October, 1757; she was eighty-eight years old. They had three sons: John Barclay, born in 1704, died January 4, 1765; William Barclay, Jr., born in 1709, died May 23, 1757; Hugh Barclay, date of birth unknown, died in 1764. Ann Barclay Foster was descended from either Hugh or William. It seems likely that her father, or grandfather, was William Barclay, for she named her youngest son William Barclay Foster. The late Reverend Wilbur F. Barclay, and his son Douglas, of Louisville, Kentucky, are descended from Hugh Barclay.

Two brothers who were descended from the John Barclay mentioned above were living in Louisville, in the first half of the nineteenth century; they were Joshua G. and George W. Barclay. Their father, also named John Barclay, died in Harford County, Maryland, in 1800. These men were relatives of William Barclay Foster (father of Stephen C. Foster) and Judge John Rowan, of "Federal Hill," Bardstown, Kentucky. John Rowan was born and reared in Peach Bottom Township, York County, Pennsylvania, just across the Susquehanna River from Lancaster County. Barclays, Fosters, and Rowans were all Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who worked together to establish the church in that wild part of Pennsylvania. The father of Judge John Rowan was William Rowan and his mother was Elizabeth Cooper, a Quaker girl.

Joshua G. Barclay, of Louisville, died in 1854. His children living in 1897 were H. Wheeler Barclay, W. C. Barclay, John

Rowan Barclay, and Mrs. V. P. Wheeler; his daughters were Kitty, Mary, and Georgiana.

The descendants of James Foster and Ann Barclay Foster were as follows:

I) Mary Foster (1767-1819), who married John Struthers, died in Poland, Ohio

II) James Barclay Foster was born in 1768 and died in Baldwin Township, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, February 6, 1845. He was married three times: (1) to Mary Kincaid, (2) to Jane Rutherford, (3) to Rachel M. ——. He was the father of twelve children, but was survived by only two—both were children of Mary Kincaid

  A) John Kincaid Foster was born in 1797 and died August 23, 1886; he married Margaret Morrow, who was born in 1801 and died March 13, 1877. Their children were:

    1) James Foster
    2) Sarah Foster
    3) John C. Foster (July 8, 1832—September 2, 1889)
    4) Alexander Foster
    5) Henrietta J. Foster (1845-1928)

  B) Ann Barclay Foster (July 17, 1800—June 17, 1852) married Joseph Miller

III) Alexander Foster lived in Pittsburgh and Harrison County, Ohio; he died in Harrison County, January 23, 1845

IV) Ann Boyd Foster, born March 6, 1774, died in Martinsburg, Ohio, February 11, 1872, in her ninety-eighth year; she married Abraham Sankey; their children (of whom I have only an incomplete record) were:

  A) Elizabeth Sankey, married to William Lyon
  B) Isabel Sankey, married to John Coe
  C) Sarah Sankey
  D) Mary Sankey, married to William Lee
  E) Ann Barclay Sankey
  F) William Sankey
  G) Jane Sankey, married to John C. McCullough; their daughter, Mrs. Hannah C. McC. Torbert, lived in Davenport, Iowa, for many years and died in June,

1938, in Syracuse, New York, at the home of her son, E. L. Torbert, vice-president of the Onondaga Pottery Company

- H) James Foster Sankey
- I) Rebecca Sankey, married to Abner Brown
- J) Sarah Ann Sankey, married to Stephen B. Dodd; their grandson, James Foster Dodd, lives at Delaware, Ohio

V) Sally Cummins Foster, born in 1776, died in Illinois, January 22, 1847; she was survived by several daughters and one son, Hugh

VI) William Barclay Foster (September 7, 1779–July 27, 1855) was born in Berkeley County, Virginia, and died in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania

VII) Elizabeth Foster, married to Andrew Morrison, lived and died in Nashville, Tennessee

William Barclay Foster, son of James and Ann Barclay Foster, attended school at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.* He came to Pittsburgh on April 20, 1796, where he lived the remainder of his life. On November 14, 1807, he was married to Eliza Clayland Tomlinson, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, by Reverend David Denny.

Eliza Clayland Tomlinson was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on January 21, 1788, and died in Pittsburgh, January 18, 1855. She was the daughter of Joseph Tomlinson and Elizabeth Clayland. Sarah Tomlinson, sister of Joseph Tomlinson, married Oliver Evans, the inventor. The father of Joseph Tomlinson and Mrs. Evans was John Tomlinson, a Delaware farmer. On the Clayland side, Eliza C. Tomlinson was descended from Reverend James Clayland, who came from England about 1670 and settled on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He was the rector of St. Michael's parish. Reverend James Clayland's will was probated November 7, 1699, in Talbot County,

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*In listing the children of William Barclay Foster and Eliza Clayland Tomlinson Foster, and their descendants, in the balance of this appendix, the same general system, as has been established, will be followed. However, from this point on, the system does not depend upon the earlier genealogical information for its numbering or its indentation. No attempt has been made to correlate the details of the form used for William Barclay Foster's descendants with the details of the form used for the other descendants of Alexander Foster.

For the sake of simplicity and convenience, the listing of the families of each child of William and Eliza Foster is independent of the listing of the families of the other children.

Maryland.* The Reverend James Clayland's son, John Clayland, married Sarah Thomas. They had a son Thomas who married Susannah Seth who was the daughter of William Seth; her mother was the daughter of an English earl of the West Riding of Yorkshire. William Seth brought his wife to America. The daughter of Thomas Clayland and Susannah Seth Clayland, Elizabeth Clayland, first married John Costin. They had four daughters: Ann, who married Marmaduke Tilden; Susannah, who married James Clayland, Jr.; Hannah, who married Jacob Clayland; and Sarah, who married Thomas E. Clayland. After the death of John Costin, his widow married Joseph Tomlinson. So far as we know, Eliza Clayland Tomlinson, born January 21, 1788, was their only child, for her mother died soon after the child's birth. On April 28, 1791, Joseph Tomlinson married Margaret Noel and moved to Kentucky. Their two sons, Joseph and John Tomlinson, settled in Augusta, Kentucky, where Joseph became president of Augusta College, and John, a physician. Amanda, daughter of Dr. John Tomlinson of Augusta, Kentucky, married Secretary of War W. W. Belknap on December 11, 1873.

The children of William Barclay Foster and Eliza C. Foster were:

I) Ann Eliza Foster (November 2, 1808–December 23, 1808)

II) Charlotte Susanna Foster (December 14, 1809–October 20, 1829) died in Louisville at the home of George W. Barclay; she was buried in the old Bullitt Graveyard where she lay until September 11, 1852, when her remains were removed from Louisville and reinterred in the Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh

III) Ann Eliza Foster (January 12, 1812–April 7, 1891), the second daughter bearing this name, married Reverend Edward Y. Buchanan

IV) William Barckly Foster (May 7, 1814–March 26, 1815) [This is the old spelling of Barclay]

The William Barclay Foster, Jr., who grew into manhood and became vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was an adopted child born probably about 1806; he was a grandson of James Foster. When the infant William Barckly Foster died in 1815, this other William was taken into the Foster home and given the place of the oldest son

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*It is believed that three sons mentioned in his will, William, Roger, and John, were the children of his wife Elizabeth Hemsley, daughter of William and Judith Hemsley, who came to Maryland in 1658; and that four daughters, not mentioned by name, were the children of Elizabeth Nettleship.

V) Henry Baldwin Foster (March 23, 1816–June 28, 1870)

VI) Henrietta Angelica Foster (September 14, 1818–March 13, 1879) first married Thomas L. Wick, and then Jesse Thornton

VII) Dunning McNair Foster (January 26, 1821–March 31, 1856) served in the Mexican War and at the time of his death was captain of the Ohio-Mississippi steamboat *Norma*; Dunning was not married

VIII) Morrison Foster (June 10, 1823–May 14, 1904)

IX) Stephen Collins Foster (July 4, 1826–January 13, 1864)

X) James Clayland Foster (February 3, 1829–May 19, 1830)

William Barclay Foster, Jr., began his career as a surveyor in 1826, when he joined a company of engineers, under the supervision of Nathan S. Roberts, appointed by the Board of Canal Commissioners to locate a canal from Pittsburgh to Kiskiminetas; in a short time he became assistant engineer. In 1833 he became an engineer for the state of Pennsylvania, working on the North and West Branch canals. Then he went to the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal Company and, in 1837, was engaged as principal engineer by the state of Kentucky; he returned to the service in Pennsylvania in 1839. In 1849, William B. Foster, Jr., J. Edgar Thomson, and Edward Miller were the engineers who laid out the great Pennsylvania Railroad over the mountains between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh. At the time of his death, William was vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His first wife was Mary A. Wick, daughter of Henry B. Wick, of Youngstown, Ohio. They were married in November or December of 1837, and his young wife died the following January 8, 1838. His second wife was Elizabeth Smith Burnett (April 17, 1819–October 22, 1856), daughter of Abijah Smith, of Brooklyn, New York; they were married September 22, 1842, and the children of this marriage were:

I) Charlotte Frances Foster (July 13, 1843–November 28, 1881) married Judge Henry Reed, April 27, 1876, and died in Philadelphia

II) William B. Foster III (October 6, 1845–March 8, 1872) served in the Union Army and died at DeSoto, Missouri

III) Henry Morrison Foster was born in 1852 and died January 4, 1859

IV) Fanny Foster, infant, died September 4, 1853

Colonel Robert Burnett, of Plainfield, New Jersey, a stepson of William B. Foster, Jr., survived William B. Foster's family many years.

William B. Foster, Jr., died in Philadelphia on March 4, 1860, and is buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh; there are no living descendants.

Ann Eliza Foster was born January 12, 1812, in the brick house located on the northeast corner of Sixth Street and Cherry Alley, Pittsburgh, where the Foster family lived before removing to the White Cottage in Lawrenceville in 1814 or 1815. Ann Eliza died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1891. She was married to the Reverend Edward Young Buchanan on April 9, 1833, in Christ Church, Allegheny, by Doctor Upfold. Edward was a brother of President James Buchanan and died January 22, 1895. Their children were:

I) James Buchanan (May 3, 1834—June 16, 1871) was born in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, married Florence Myers in 1868, and died leaving no descendants

II) Charlotte Foster Buchanan was born at (old) Pequea, Pennsylvania, in 1836 and died April 24, 1850; her grave is in the cemetery of All Saints Church, Paradise, Pennsylvania*

III) Ann Elizabeth Speer Buchanan (September 23, 1838—May 31, 1927) was born at (old) Pequea, Pennsylvania, and did not marry*

IV) Harriet Buchanan (July 10, 1841–April 28, 1912) was born at (old) Pequea, Pennsylvania, and did not marry*

V) Edward Young Buchanan, Jr., was born at Paradise,

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*The Buchanan family Bible lists the birthplace of three of Ann Eliza's children as "Pequea," which was a settlement in the eastern portion of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, near the present towns of Cains, Kinzers and Paradise. This Pequea is no longer in existence.

At the present time, there is another town of Pequea, also in Lancaster County, but located in the southwestern portion, on the Susquehanna River. This present town of Pequea has no connection with the Foster family.

Pennsylvania, in 1843; he graduated from West Point, married Agnes Scott in 1870, and died in San Francisco in 1927. His children were:

- A) James Buchanan
- B) Agnes Foster Buchanan, married Dr. Daniel Crosby in 1908, died in 1924
- C) Henrietta Jane Buchanan, died in San Francisco, January 20, 1894

VI) Henrietta Jane Buchanan (December 23, 1844—April 24, 1906) was born in Paradise, Pennsylvania; she did not marry

VII) Marie Lois Buchanan (1847-1920) was born in Paradise, Pennsylvania; she married Alexander Johnston Cassatt and their children were:

- A) Edward Buchanan Cassatt (1869-1922), a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army who first married Emily Louise Phillips and then married Eleanor Blackford Smith; there was one daughter by the first marriage:
  - 1) Lois Buchanan Cassatt who married John Borland Thayer III, December 15, 1917; they live at Haverford, Pennsylvania, and their children are:
    - a) John Borland Thayer IV, born September 16, 1918
    - b) Alexander Johnston Cassatt Thayer (January 31, 1920—February 9, 1920)
    - c) Edward Cassatt Thayer, born January 22, 1921
    - d) Lois Thayer, born May 31, 1923
    - e) Julie Thayer, born April 3, 1928
    - f) Pauline Thayer, born August 30, 1930
- B) Katherine Kelso Johnston Cassatt (1871-1905) married Dr. James Pemberton Hutchinson, of Philadelphia, in 1903
- C) Robert Kelso Cassatt, born in 1873, married Minnie Drexel Fell in 1900; they have two sons:
  - 1) Alexander Johnston Cassatt married Cassandra Morris Stewart; their son is:

        - a) Robert Kelso Cassatt II
    - 2) Anthony Drexel Cassatt married Madeleine Cochrane Randolph in 1900
  - D) Eliza (Elsie) Foster Cassatt (1875-1931) married W. Plunket Stewart, of Baltimore, in 1902; their children are:
    - 1) Cassatt Stewart (1903-1912)
    - 2) Katherine Kelso Stewart, born in 1905, married Vicomte Eric de Spoelberch, of Belgium, in 1932
    - 3) Doris Lurman Stewart, born in 1910, married William P. Wear in 1931
    - 4) Elsie Cassatt Stewart, born in 1915
- VIII) William Foster Buchanan, born in Paradise, Pennsylvania, in 1849, died January 30, 1875; he was not married
- IX) Ridley Buchanan, born and died in 1851
- X) Alice Conyngham Buchanan (1853-1931) was married October 26, 1876, to Maskell Ewing (1847-1931), of Philadelphia; their children are:
  - A) Cornelia Lansdale Ewing, born September 17, 1877, married Robert E. Brooke of "Brooke Manor," Birdsboro, Pennsylvania, January 23, 1897; their children are:
    - 1) Robert Clymer Brooke, born in 1898, married Virginia Lafayette Blair in 1925; they have two children:
      - a) Virginia Brooke, born in 1927
      - b) Robert Clymer Brooke, born in 1929
    - 2) Maskell Ewing Brooke, born in 1903
    - 3) John Louis Barde Brooke, born in 1906
    - 4) Cornelia Lansdale Ewing Brooke, born in 1912, married Charles Donnell Marshall, Jr., of Pittsburgh, September 20, 1940; they have a son:
      - a) Charles Noble Marshall, born February 18, 1942
  - B) Alice Buchanan Ewing, born February 25, 1879, is an artist and lives at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
  - C) Anne Foster Ewing (April 18, 1880—March 12, 1909)
  - D) Lois Buchanan Ewing, born and died in 1884

- E) Maskell Ewing, Jr. (May 5, 1885–June 3, 1938) was an attorney in Philadelphia who served as a lieutenant in the United States Army in World War I
- F) Buchanan Ewing, born December 6, 1887, died in 1930; he was a civil engineer and was married to Belinda Meeks in 1915. Their children are:
  - 1) Helen Ewing, born in 1916, married Richard Rundle Pleasants, Washington, D.C., June 11, 1938; they have a daughter:
    - a) Belinda Pleasants, born September 9, 1941
  - 2) Buchanan Ewing, Jr., born in 1917; married Gretchen Winifred Wunder, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, June 22, 1941; they have a son:
    - a) Buchanan Ewing III, born March 26, 1942
  - 3) James Hunter Ewing, born in 1920
  - 4) Edward Buchanan Ewing, born in 1921

Henry Baldwin Foster was born March 23, 1816, at the White Cottage, Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania. From 1842 to 1849, he was employed in the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C.; he returned to Pittsburgh about 1850, and lived there until his death in 1870. He was married January 12, 1847, to Mary Burgess, daughter of John Burgess, of Pittsburgh; they had two daughters:

- I) Mary Burgess Foster, born in December, 1847, died November 22, 1880; she married Jonas Butterfield, an attorney, and their children were:
  - A) Lois Butterfield, of Atlantic City, New Jersey
  - B) Henry Butterfield (died December 29, 1936) married Katherine Lyons (who now lives in Larchmont, New York), of Pittsburgh; their children are:
    - 1) Dorothy Butterfield, who married Carl Cordes; they have one son:
      - a) Carl Butterfield Cordes, born July 7, 1934
    - 2) Henry Wadsworth Butterfield, married Virginia Henderson; they have one daughter:
      - a) Barbara Butterfield, born December 10, 1935
- II) Eliza (Lidie) Clayland Foster (September 10, 1854–May 30, 1890)

The death of Henry B. Foster was a tragic one; he was killed either by lightning or fire when two huge tanks of the Eclipse Oil Works, near Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania, were struck by lightning on June 28, 1870; the entire plant was destroyed by the conflagration that followed. Henry Foster's body was recovered and interred in the family lot in Allegheny Cemetery. The widow of Henry Foster, Mary Burgess Foster, reared her two orphaned grandchildren, Henry and Lois Butterfield, at "Elm Cottage," her beautiful home on the Allegheny River, not far from where her husband met his death; she died February 9, 1908, and is buried in Allegheny Cemetery.

Henrietta Angelica Foster was born at the White Cottage, Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, September 14, 1818, and died in Philadelphia, March 13, 1879. Henrietta was twice married, first to Thomas L. Wick, of Youngstown, Ohio, on October 20, 1836; their children were:

I) Mary Baldwin Wick, born July 28, 1837; in 1860, she married Lieutenant George Hampden Crosman (afterwards Major), son of General George H. Crosman, U.S.A., and Hannah Blair Foster, who was also descended from the first Alexander Foster, the immigrant. Hannah Blair Foster's grandfather was the Reverend William Foster of Chester County, Pennsylvania, brother of James Foster, from whom Mary Wick was descended. Hannah Blair Foster's parents were Alexander William Foster and Jane Heron. Major George H. Crosman died in New York in 1911 or 1912, and his wife died in Mercer, Pennsylvania, April 23, 1912, at the home of Caroline Foster Griffith, also a descendant of the Reverend William Foster. The children of George H. and Mary Wick Crosman were three sons who died in childhood (John Cushing Keith Crosman, who died September 30, 1864, aged eleven months, George Hampden Crosman, and another infant son) and two daughters:

A) Henrietta Foster Crosman, born in 1862, became celebrated as a star of the stage and screen; she first married Sedley Brown; they had one son:

1) Crosman Sedley Brown (March 31, 1887—July 25, 1939) married Fay Wheeler; they have one daughter:
    - a) October (Toby) Brown

Henrietta later married Major Maurice Campbell who died October 16, 1942. She lives in Pelham Manor, New York. Their son is:

1) Maurice Campbell, Jr., who married Evelyn Fuller Maghee, daughter of Gillison Maghee on September 17, 1934; they also live in Pelham Manor

B) Hannah (Anna) Blair Crosman, youngest child of Mary Wick and George Hampden Crosman, was first married to George Fawcett. In 1898, Anna married Robert Sayles who died May 6, 1913; Anna died on December 20, 1910; they had four children:

- 1) Robert Wilson Sayles, married Murlen Holton, September 22, 1923; they have three children:
    - a) Murlen Elizabeth Sayles, born July 21, 1927
    - b) Robert Knox Sayles, born August 21, 1928
    - c) Steven Buell Sayles, born November 12, 1929
- 2) John Sayles, married Mildred Lee Carr on February 14, 1925; they reside at 915 Esplanade, Pelham Manor, New York
- 3) Anna (Nancy) Blair Sayles
- 4) Alexander Sayles

II) Matilda Eliza (Lidie) Wick, born in 1839 (died in Cleveland, April 1, 1866), married Abner H. Tyler, of Youngstown, Ohio, in 1861; they had three sons:

- A) Robert H. Tyler, born in 1861 or 1862, was living in New York City in 1903
- B) Thomas W. Tyler, born about 1863, died when he was eight years old
- C) J. Walter Tyler, died in December, 1864, when he was two months old

III) Thomas L. Wick, Jr., died on October 3, 1855 (at the age of thirteen and a half years), of injuries received in a fall from a chestnut tree

Thomas L. Wick, Sr., died on May 24, 1842; Henrietta Foster Wick was married on January 5, 1847, to Jesse Thornton who died on May 20, 1895; their children were:

I) William Foster Thornton, born at Warren, Ohio, October 10, 1848. On July 7, 1873, he married Mary Knox Crosman (sister of George H. Crosman who had married Mary Baldwin Wick), who was the daughter of General George H. Crosman and Hannah Blair Foster. (See information listed under Mary Baldwin Wick, above.) Mary Knox Crosman was born in Philadelphia, January 20, 1852, and died in Pittsburgh, August 24, 1924; William F. Thornton died in Hot Springs, Arkansas, March 28, 1909. Their children were:

  A) George Crosman Thornton, born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 17, 1874, married Frances Claybaugh at Birmingham, Alabama, September 7, 1907; their present residence is Deland, Florida

  B) William Foster Thornton, Jr., was born in Philadelphia, July 27, 1876, and married Ruth Moser (October 13, 1879–April 10, 1933), of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, on January 16, 1909. Ruth Moser was born in Mechanicsburg and died there. Mr. Thornton resides in San Gabriel, California. Their children are:

    1) William Foster Thornton III, born in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, on October 19, 1909. In 1930 he married Frances Polack, of York, Pennsylvania; they live in Mechanicsburg and have one daughter:

      a) Jane Thornton, born October 31, 1936

    2) Henry Moser Thornton, born September 12, 1915, married Virginia Whiteley, of York, Pennsylvania, December 7, 1935; the family resides at York, and the children are:

      a) Henry Moser Thornton, Jr., and (b) George Whiteley Thornton, twins born August 11, 1936

      c) William Foster Thornton IV (January 20, 1938 –May 31, 1940)

      d) Virginia Thornton, born January 2, 1940

- C) Mary Crosman Thornton, born in Philadelphia, June 21, 1878, married A. B. Davis, September 9, 1897, who died in 1902; they had one child:
    - 1) Gordon Davis, born August 16, 1898, lieutenant, United States Army, aviator, was killed in France in 1918

  Mary Crosman Thornton Davis married Norman Dodge in November, 1907; Mrs. Dodge now lives at 330 North Gerona Avenue, San Gabriel, California
- D) Alexander Foster Thornton, born in Cleveland, January 27, 1882, married Corinne Gough (born September 8, 1882, St. Mary's County, Maryland) on July 27, 1910, in Los Angeles; they live in Pasadena, California, and have one child:
    - 1) Mary Elizabeth Blair Thornton, born May 17, 1917

- II) Dunning F. Thornton, born about 1855, died May 18, 1881, married Kate E. Eastburn, about 1872 or 1873 in Germantown, Philadelphia. They had two sons:
    - A) Dunning Thornton
    - B) Edward Thornton
- III) George Thornton died when a small child
- IV) Henrietta (Nettie) Thornton, born about 1861 or 1862, died January 7, 1895; she was not married

Morrison Foster was born at the White Cottage in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, June 10, 1823. For almost twenty years, he was associated with the Hope Cotton Mill of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, owned by Pollard McCormick. Morrison Foster was a leader in the Democratic party both in Pittsburgh and Cleveland; he lived in the latter place from 1860 to 1870 as representative of George and John M. Shoenberger's Juniata Iron Works. In 1882 Morrison Foster was elected to the Pennsylvania state senate from the Forty-second District. He was one of the organizers of the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh. Morrison Foster was married on February 23, 1860, to Jessie Lightner, daughter of Isaac Lightner of Allegheny. They had one child:

- I) Evelyn Louise Foster (October 20, 1860—December 25, 1884) was married on October 27, 1883, to George Frederick Murray, an attorney of New York City. They had one son:

- A) Morrison Foster Murray, born December 6, 1884, was married on April 14, 1920, to Ella Maud Lee, daughter of Maurice Lee of London, Ontario; they have two daughters:
    - 1) Ruth Evelyn Murray, born January 11, 1921
    - 2) Dorothy Anne Murray, born July 11, 1923

    Dr. Morrison Foster Murray's office is in Brooklyn

Jessie Lightner Foster died in New York City on November 5, 1882, at the age of forty-six. Morrison Foster's second wife was Rebecca Shields Snowden, daughter of Francis Laird Snowden and a granddaughter of Judge John M. Snowden, of Pittsburgh. She was born July 26, 1848, and they were married October 7, 1886. Morrison Foster died at 631 Centre Street, Grove City, Pennsylvania, May 14, 1904, and Rebecca Snowden Foster died in Detroit, June 30, 1929. They are both buried in the Foster lot in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh. Their children are:

- I) Evelyn Olver Foster, born December 29, 1887, married Alfred C. Morneweck on April 19, 1911; they live at 5056 Underwood Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
- II) William Barclay Foster, born January 27, 1890; served in France with the Fifteenth Engineers, U.S.A., 1918-1919; married Ethel Knowlson Caster on April 14, 1921; she was the daughter of Andrew and Sarah Knowlson Caster of Pittsburgh; the family is living in Pittsburgh at 431 Bucknell Street, and the children are:
    - A) William Barclay Foster, born September 25, 1922; served with U. S. Army Air Corps, 1943-
    - B) Richard Knowlson Foster, born October 2, 1926
    - C) Sarah Elizabeth Foster, born July 4, 1933

Stephen Collins Foster, the composer, was born July 4, 1826, at the White Cottage in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania. He was married July 22, 1850, to Jane Denny McDowell (December 10, 1829—January 3, 1903), daughter of Dr. Andrew N. McDowell, of Pittsburgh; they had one daughter:

- I) Marion Foster (April 18, 1851—July 9, 1935) married

Walter Welsh; their children are:

- A) Jessie Mary Welsh, born April 26, 1875, married Alexander Dallas Rose (died April 2, 1938), of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1898; their children are:
    - 1) Dorothy Jane Rose, born February 26, 1899, married Ralph L. Melady, of Brooklyn, New York, October 6, 1937
    - 2) Stephen Collins Foster Rose, born January 2, 1901, married in South Coventry, Connecticut, on February 7, 1939, to Estelle Sheeran, who was born in South Coventry, June 9, 1911
    - 3) Dallas Clayland Rose, born April 13, 1912
- B) Matthew Wiley Welsh, born February 8, 1877, is not married
- C) Maybelle Foster Welsh, born October 8, 1887, married Ernest A. Reed, of New York City, January 1, 1906. Mrs. Reed died in 1933 leaving two children:
    - 1) Marshall Foster Reed, born August 21, 1907, married Margaret E. Smith, March 2, 1929; they have three sons and live at Bay Shore, New York:
        - a) Marshall Foster Reed, Jr., born November 7, 1931
        - b) Donald Smith Reed, born October 11, 1933
        - c) Peter Leslie Reed, born March 24, 1938
    - 2) Virginia Clarissa Reed, born June 17, 1911, married Arthur B. Hull in 1932; their children are:
        - a) Gail Foster Hull, born December 22, 1934
        - b) Arthur Benjamin Hull IV, born April 20, 1937

Stephen Collins Foster died in New York City, January 13, 1864; he is buried in the Foster lot in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh. His widow later married Matthew D. Wiley of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. Marion Foster Welch (she preferred to spell it this way), only daughter of Stephen C. Foster, died at the age of eighty-four in the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, 3600 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh. Of the many descendants of William Barclay Foster and Eliza Clayland Tomlinson Foster, Stephen's daughter Marion is the only one (with the possible exception of the infant William B.

Foster, who died March 26, 1815) to end her days on the spot where her grandfather, William B. Foster, Sr., built his homestead, the White Cottage, in 1814. Stephen C. Foster's grandchildren, Matthew W. Welsh and Jessie Welsh Rose, reside in the Stephen Foster birthplace shrine at 3600 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh.

## ADDITIONAL GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION

Information concerning three descendants of William Barclay Foster and Eliza Clayland Foster was received in the spring of 1944, after pp. 607-628 of Appendix I had been printed.

Foster—Lieut. William Barclay Foster, of the U. S. Army Air Corps, a grandson of Stephen Foster's brother Morrison, was married, August 14, 1943, to Helen Eleanor Price, of Pittsburgh, at Albany, Georgia.
See p. 627, entry II-A.

Rose—Dallas Clayland Rose, a great-grandson of Stephen Collins Foster, was married on April 22, 1944, to Dorothy Jane Armstrong, of Manchester, Connecticut, at Manchester.
See p. 628, entry A-3.

Thornton—George Crosman Thornton, a grandson of Stephen Foster's sister, Henrietta Angelica Foster Thornton, died on April 27, 1944, at DeLand, Florida.
See p. 625, entry I-A.

# APPENDIX II

# The Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster

## THE FOSTER HOMESTEAD

THE White Cottage in which Stephen C. Foster was born was built on Outlot No. 9 of the Lawrenceville plan of lots which his father, William B. Foster, had laid out in 1814, on the Philadelphia-Greensburg Turnpike, now Penn Avenue. Seven children were born at the White Cottage, including my father, Morrison Foster, on June 10, 1823, and Stephen Collins Foster, on July 4, 1826. On May 6, 1826, about two months before Stephen Foster was born, the Bank of the United States foreclosed a mortgage it held against William B. Foster's property. (Vol. 33, page 49, recorder's office.) The records of Allegheny County show that the Foster family stayed on in the White Cottage renting from the bank, until the property was sold on September 6, 1827, to Malcolm Leech. (Vol. 35, page 288.) Soon thereafter (we do not have the exact date), the Fosters moved to a house on Water Street, Pittsburgh; they were living there in 1829. In the spring of 1832, they removed to Allegheny where they resided permanently.

Malcolm Leech paid $4,000 to the Bank of the United States for Outlot No. 9 on which the Foster homestead stood. Mr. Leech built a large brick addition to the frame White Cottage, using the fifty foot cottage as a wing. (Bell Plan, Plan Book Vol. 3, page 57.) In 1864, the property passed into the hands of Andrew Kloman (Vol. 177, page 351), a partner of Andrew Carnegie, and founder of the famous Kloman Furnace, "Cradle of the United States Steel Corporation." Mr. Kloman tore down the frame wing of the Foster-Leech homestead, where Stephen Foster was born, and replaced the frame structure with a brick wing. And so it stands today at 3600 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh. In 1884, the property passed into the hands of Katherine McKee (Mrs. Samuel McKee) (Vol. 503, page 313), and in 1914 Mrs. McKee sold the brick mansion to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Park (Vol.

1818, page 96), of Pittsburgh, who presented the house to the people of Pittsburgh to be maintained as a shrine to the memory of Stephen C. Foster.

Sometime in the 1890's, many years after the White Cottage had been completely replaced by brick, another frame cottage, of somewhat similar construction, but ten feet smaller, built on outlots 6 and 7 at the foot of the hill (at the forks of the road) began to be mistaken for the "Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster." As the Foster family had moved away from Lawrenceville not later than 1829, a number of Lawrenceville residents of a later generation, who had not known the Foster family when they lived in Lawrenceville, and also various Foster relatives unfamiliar with the facts, have mistaken this "house at the forks of the road" for the original Foster homestead.

The records of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, show that on January 8, 1828, the Bank of the United States sold outlots 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 for two hundred and fifty dollars each. (Vol. 36, pages 146, 155, and 504.) Outlots 6 and 7 were purchased by a carpenter named William Toman, who, sometime thereafter, built a house on his lots, almost entirely on Outlot No. 7. This Toman homestead, situated at the forks of the road, is the cottage that frequently has been mistaken for the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster and, as such, was sold to Henry Ford in May, 1934.

Stephen Foster's father, William B. Foster, Sr., purchased his property from Alexander Hill, April 5, 1814. (Deed Book Vol. 19, page 331.) He conveyed thirty acres of his land to the government of the United States on which to build an arsenal. (Vol. 19, page 365.)

The first recorded map of Lawrenceville, after it was laid out by William B. Foster, is found in Map Book T, page 522. (See Map A.) It is dated December 10, 1814, and March 15, 1815. Only that section known as the inlots laid out around the United States Purchase, is drawn to scale and laid out in lots. The property in the neighborhood of the forks of the Butler Turnpike and the Philadelphia Turnpike had not yet been divided into lots. The tavern, formerly occupied by Alexander Hill and rented in 1815 to J. W. Hunter, can be seen at the Two-mile Run, and across the turnpike from the tavern are the tavern stables, which, according to an advertisement by William B. Foster in the Pittsburgh *Gazette* on February 4, 1815, had a carriage house attached, were built of brick and stone, and would house between thirty and forty horses.

Only one map of the inlots is reproduced here, as that section of Lawrenceville lay one-quarter mile or more north of the Foster homestead and does not enter into this account.

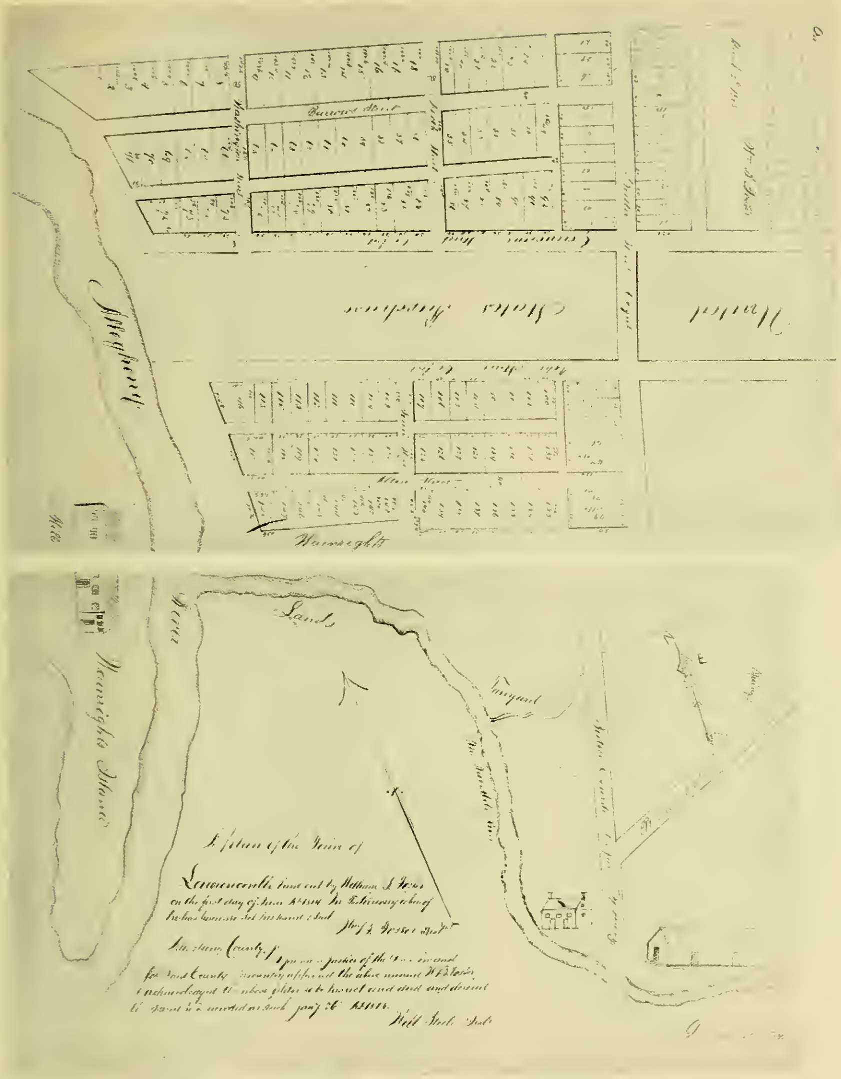
It is believed that all these early maps of Lawrenceville were drawn by the Rev. John Taylor, first minister of Trinity Episcopal Church. Father Taylor, as he was called, was in great demand as a surveyor in early Pittsburgh. In the personal reminiscences ("Sketches and Incidents") of Eliza C. Foster, mother of Stephen C. Foster, she states that Father Taylor was a frequent and welcome visitor at the White Cottage.

The next map (Map B) is from original Plan Book No. 1, Part 1, page 58, and shows the outlots surveyed and laid out in 1815 and 1816. This copy is William B. Foster's own map, which he used in selling his Lawrenceville property. It shows the residence of William B. Foster unmistakably on Outlot No. 9, and the only other building, the tavern, on Outlot No. 1. This old original map is badly faded and frayed, but has been carefully restored and pasted into the Plan Book. It was recorded in 1836, the year that Andrew Jackson closed the Bank of the United States.

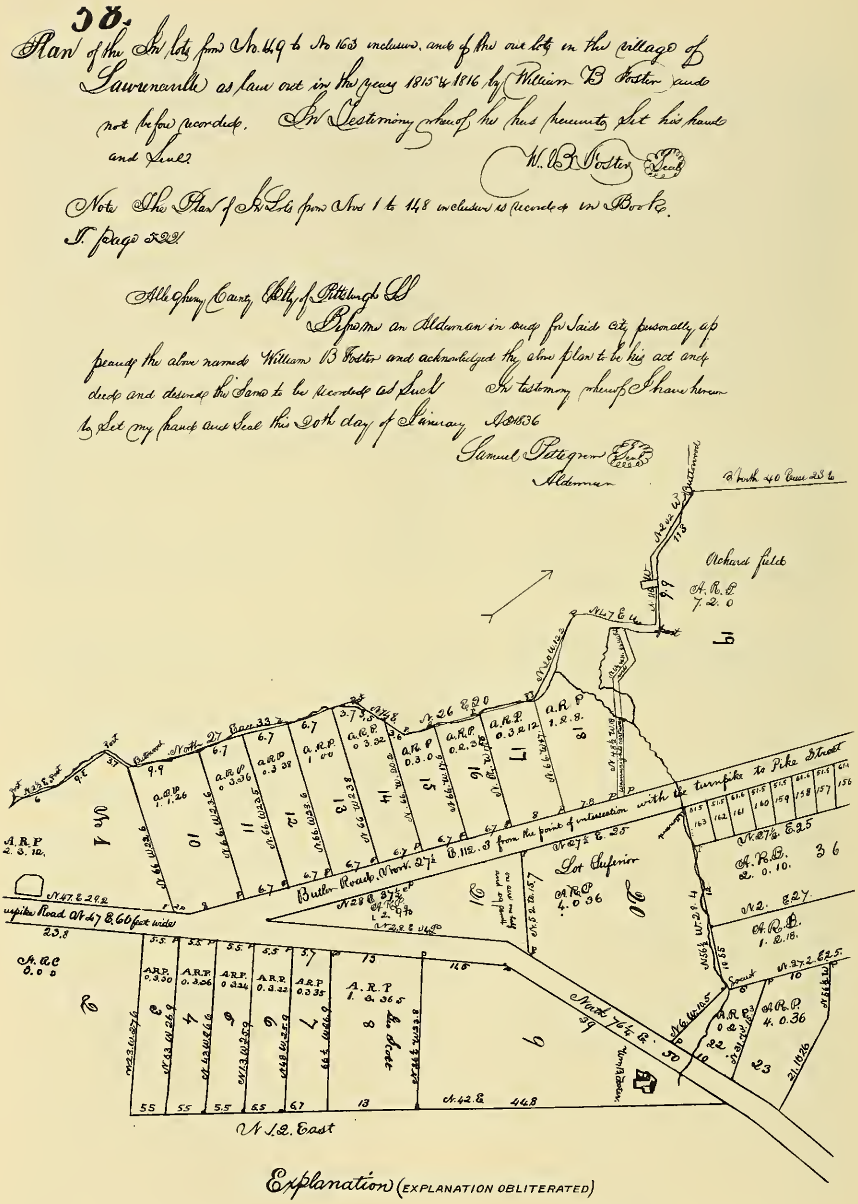
Another copy, on brown paper, was retained by Wm. B. Foster, and in 1847, was used by Robert E. McGowin, a well-known engineer and surveyor of Pittsburgh, as the basis for the Lawrenceville section of a huge map of Pittsburgh which Mr. McGowin was then preparing; he published it in 1852. (This 1852 McGowin map of Pittsburgh and vicinity can be found at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, and the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.) The Lawrenceville section is shown in these pages. (Map F.)

Map E, shown here, is a photograph of Mr. McGowin's copy of "Wm. B. Foster's original map on brown paper." (Union Fidelity Title-Insurance Company, Pittsburgh; Plan Book No. 9, page 55.)

Robert McGowin made his copy of Wm. B. Foster's map in 1847, during the lifetime of Wm. B. Foster, undoubtedly borrowing the map personally from Wm. B. Foster for the purpose. If the Foster homestead had been built at the forks of the road, on outlots 6 and 7,


Allegheny
Wainwright's Island
Wainwright
Washington Street
Butler Street
United States Arsenal
Vineyard

Map A—Lawrenceville in 1814, from a map presumably made by "Father" John Taylor, of Pittsburgh



38.

Plan of the In lots from No. 149 to No 163 inclusive, and of the out lots in the village of Lawrenceville as laid out in the years 1815 & 1816 by William B Foster and not before recorded. In Testimony whereof he has hereunto Set his hand and Seal.

W. B. Foster (Seal)

Note The Plan of In Lots from Nos 1 to 148 inclusive is recorded in Book T. page 522.

Allegheny County City of Pittsburgh SS

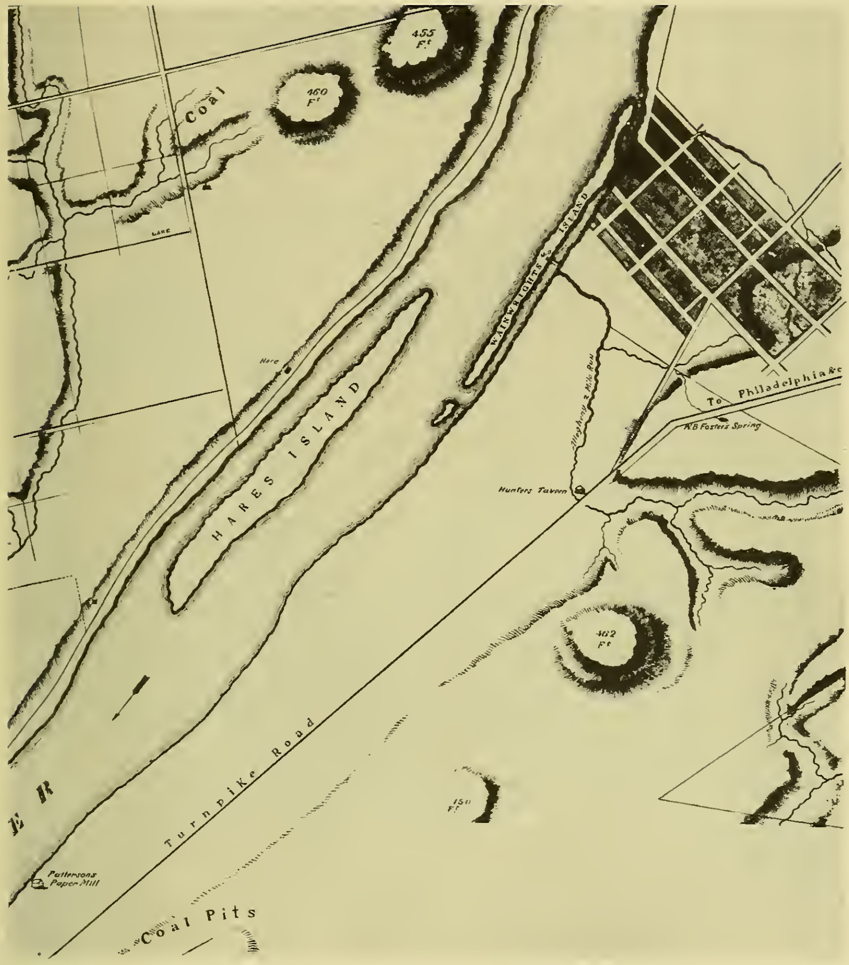
Before me an Alderman in and for said city personally appeared the above named William B Foster and acknowledged the above plan to be his act and deed and desired the Same to be recorded as Such In testimony whereof I have hereunto Set my hand and Seal this 20th day of January AD 1836

Samuel Pettegrew (Seal)
Alderman

North 40 East 23 to
Buttonwood
N 20½ W
113
Orchard field
A. R. P.
7. 2. 0
9.9
N 47 E
Post
19
N 60 W. 12.2
N. 26 E. 20
N 74 E.
North 27 East 33.7
Buttonwood
Post
N 2½ E. Post
9.8
3.7
6
No 1
A. R. P
2. 3. 12.
9.9
A. R. P
1. 1. 26
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
A. R. P
0 3. 36
A. R. P
0. 3 38
A. R. P
1 00
A. R. P.
0 3. 32
A. R. P
0. 3. 0
A. R. P.
0. 2. 36
A. R. P.
0. 3. 2. 12
A. R. P
1. 2. 8.
6.7
N 66 W 23.6
N 66 W 23.5
N 66 W 23.8
N 66 W 22.0
N 66 W 17.6
N 66 W 17
Butler Road. North 27½ E. 112. 3 from the point of intersection with the turnpike to Pike Street
7.8
N 48½ W 18
N 27½ E. 25
Lot Superior
A. R. P
4. 0 36
10
N. 52 W. 15.7
N 28 E 37½ P
A. R. P.
1 2. 9
N. 28 E 14.9
Turnpike Road N 47 E. 60 feet wide
N. 47 E 29.2
23.8
A. R. C
0. 0 0
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
A. R. P.
0. 3. 30
A. R. P.
0. 3. 06
A. R. P.
0 3. 24
A. R. P.
0. 3. 22
A. R. P
0. 3 35
A. R. P
1. 2. 36 5
5.5
5.7
13
11.6
N 23 W 27.6
N 63 W 26.9
N 43 W 26.6
N 13 W 25.9
N 48 W 25.9
66½ W 26.9
N 64½ W 23.8
Le Scott
North 76¼ E. 50
39
Wm B Foster
N. 42. E
44.8
N 12. East
51.5
61.6
163
162
161
160
159
158
157
156
36
A. R. P.
2. 0. 10.
N 2. E 27.
A. R. P.
1. 2. 18.
N 56½ W. 28. 4
10 55
Locust
N. 27. 2. E 25.
10
N 6 W. 10.5
A. R. P
0 2
22
23
A. R. P.
4. 0.36
N 31 W
21. 10 26
N 56½ W

Explanation (EXPLANATION OBLITERATED)

Map B—Original map of the outlots, Lawrenceville, 1815-1816, from Original Plan Book No. 1


455 F^t
460 F^t
Coal
Lane
Hare
HARES ISLAND
WAINWRIGHTS ISLAND
Alleghany 2 Mile Run
To Philadelphia &c
W.B Fosters Spring
Hunters Tavern
462 F^t
150 F^t
Turnpike Road
E R
Pattersons Paper Mill
Coal Pits

Map B2—Lawrenceville, from a map of Pittsburgh published by Robert Patterson, Pittsburgh, December 24, 1816; surveyed by W. Darby, of Philadelphia

CLAN OF THE IN LOTS FROM No 149 TO No 163 INCLUSIVE AND OF THE OUT LOTS IN THE VILLAGE OF LAWRENCEVILLE. AS LAID OUT IN THE YEAR 1815 & 1816 BY **Wm B. FOSTER**, AND NOT BEFORE RECORDED. In testimony whereof he has hereunto set his hand and seal.
W. B. Foster {seal}

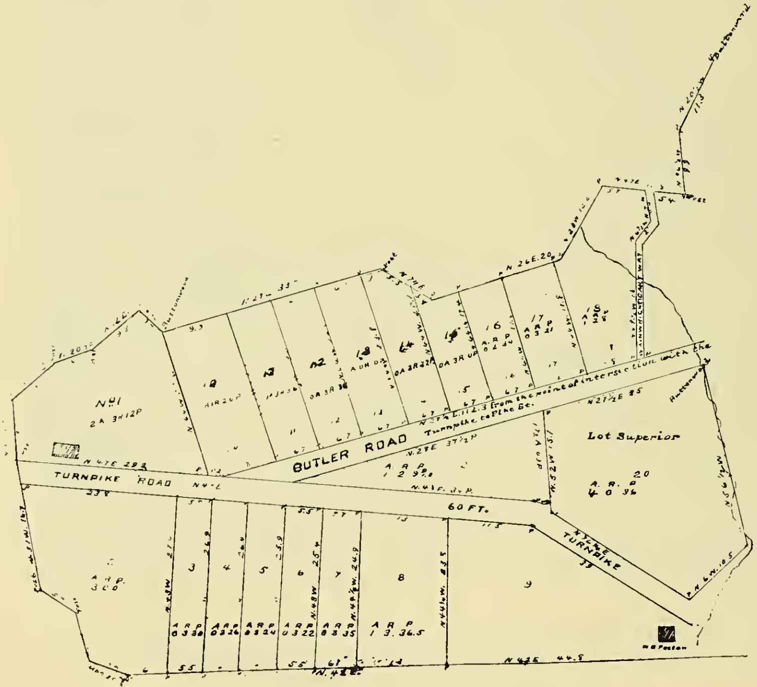
Note! The plan of In lots from No 1 to 148 inclusive is recorded in Book T, Page 522.

NOW 6 TH & 9 TH. WARDS

Allegheny County, City of Pittsburg, ss.

Before me, an Alderman, in and for said City personally appeared the above named William B. Foster, and acknowledged the above plan to be his act and deed, and desired the same to be recorded as such. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of January, A.D. 1836.

Samuel Pettigrew,
Alderman {seal}



No 1
2 A 3 R 12 P
BUTLER ROAD
TURNPIKE ROAD
60 FT.
N 27½ E 112.3 from the point of intersection with the Turnpike to Pike St.
Lot Superior
20
A. R. P
4 0 36
16
17
18
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
A R P
3 0 0
A R P
1 3 36.5
TURNPIKE
W. B. Foster

Map C—The outlots, 1815-1816; certified copy made in 1885 by order of the Court of Common Pleas

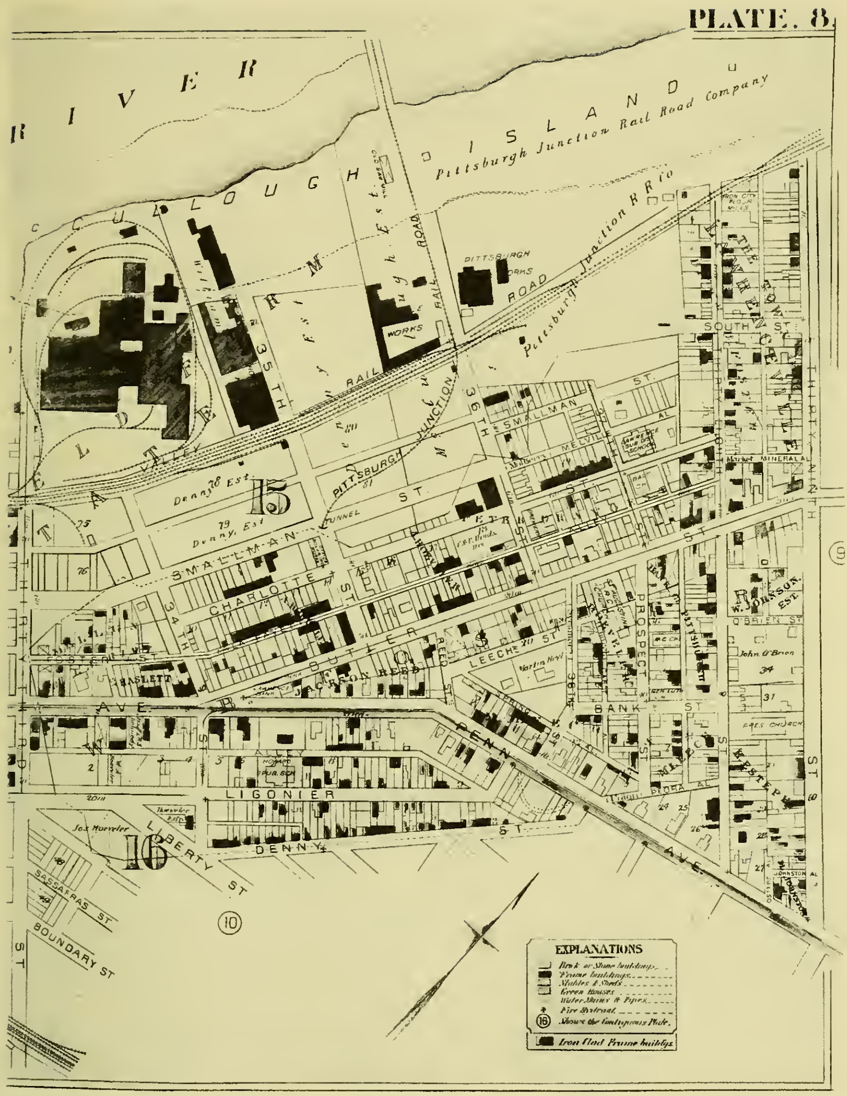
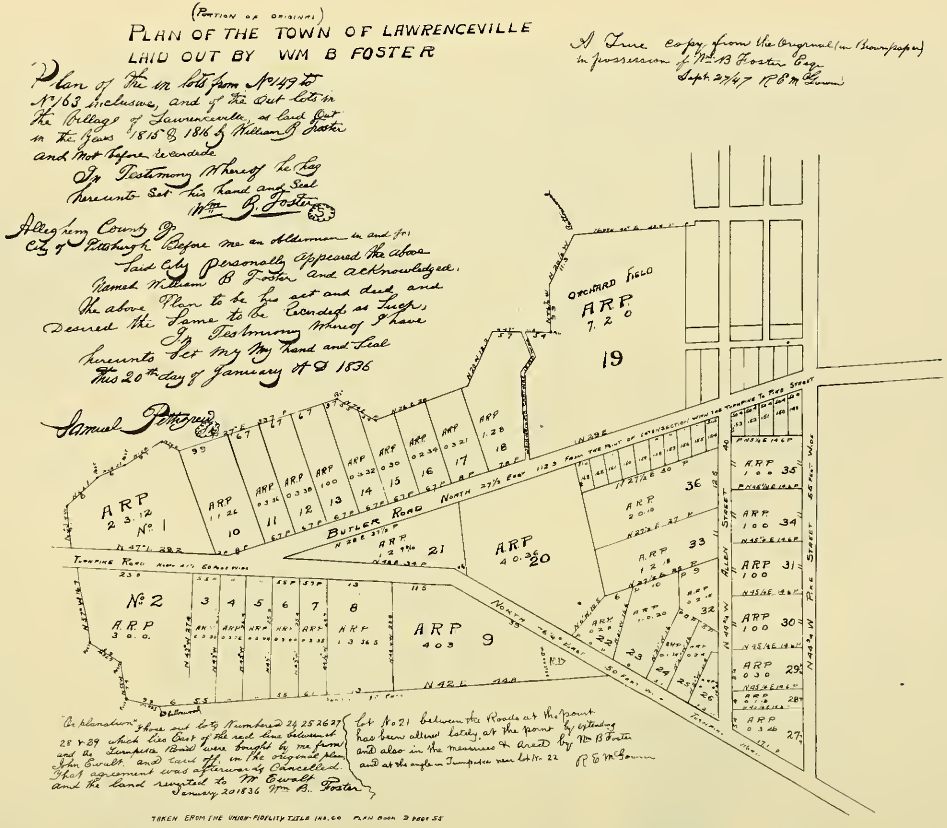


PLATE. 8.
RIVER
MCCULLOUGH ISLAND
Pittsburgh Junction Rail Road Company
Pittsburgh Junction R R Co
ALLEGHENY ARSENAL
PITTSBURGH WORKS
WORKS
RAIL ROAD
PITTSBURGH JUNCTION
35TH
36TH
34TH
SMALLMAN
CHARLOTTE
PITTSBURGH
TUNNEL
ST.
PENN
BUTLER
LEECH ST
FOSTER
HASLETT
AVE
LIGONIER
ALLEY
DENNY ST
LIBERTY ST
SASSAFRAS ST
BOUNDARY ST
SOUTH ST
MELVILLE
MINERAL AL
PROSPECT
BANK ST
PEORA AL
O'BRIEN ST
W. JOHNSON EST
John O'Brien
PRES. CHURCH
JOHNSTON AL
LAWRENCEVILLE
THIRTY NINTH
Denny Est
Denny Est
15
16
⑨
⑩
EXPLANATIONS
Brick or Stone buildings
Frame buildings
Stables & Sheds
Green Houses
Water Mains & Pipes
Fire Hydrant
⑯ Shows the Contiguous Plate.
Iron Clad Frame buildgs

Map D—Lawrenceville in 1882


(Portion of original)

PLAN OF THE TOWN OF LAWRENCEVILLE
LAID OUT BY WM B FOSTER

Plan of the in lots from No 149 to No 163 inclusive, and of the Out lots in the Village of Lawrenceville, as laid Out in the Years 1815 & 1816 by William B Foster and not before recorded

In Testimony Whereof he has hereunto Set his hand and Seal
Wm B. Foster

Allegheny County SS
City of Pittsburgh Before me an Alderman in and for said City Personally appeared the above Named William B Foster and acknowledged the above Plan to be his act and deed and Desired the Same to be Recorded as Such,
In Testimony Whereof I have hereunto Set my My hand and Seal This 20th day of January AD 1836

Samuel Pettigrew

A True copy from the Original (in Brownpaper) in possession of Wm B Foster Esqr
Sept. 27/47 R E McGowin

"Explanation" Those out lots Numbered 24 25 26 27 28 & 29 which lies East of the red line between it and the Turnpike Road were bought by me from John Ewalt. and laid off in the original plan. That agreement was afterwards Cancelled. and the land reverted to Mr Ewalt
January 20 1836 Wm B. Foster

Lot No 21 between the Roads at the point has been altered lately, at the point by extending by Wm B Foster and also in the measures & area and at the angle in Turnpike near lot No. 22
R E McGowin

TAKEN FROM THE UNION-FIDELITY TITLE INS. CO PLAN BOOK 3 PAGE 55

ORCHARD FIELD
A R P
7 . 2 0
19
BUTLER ROAD NORTH 27½ EAST
TURNPIKE ROAD
NORTH 35 ¼ EAST 50 FEET W.
ALLEN STREET
PINE STREET 58 FEET WIDE
No 1
No 2
A R P 2 3 . 12
A R P 3 0 . 0
A R P 4 0 3
A R P 4 0 . 36
A R P 1 2 . 9
A R P 1 00
A R P 1 28
36
33
35
34
31
30
29
28
27
26
25
24
23
22
21
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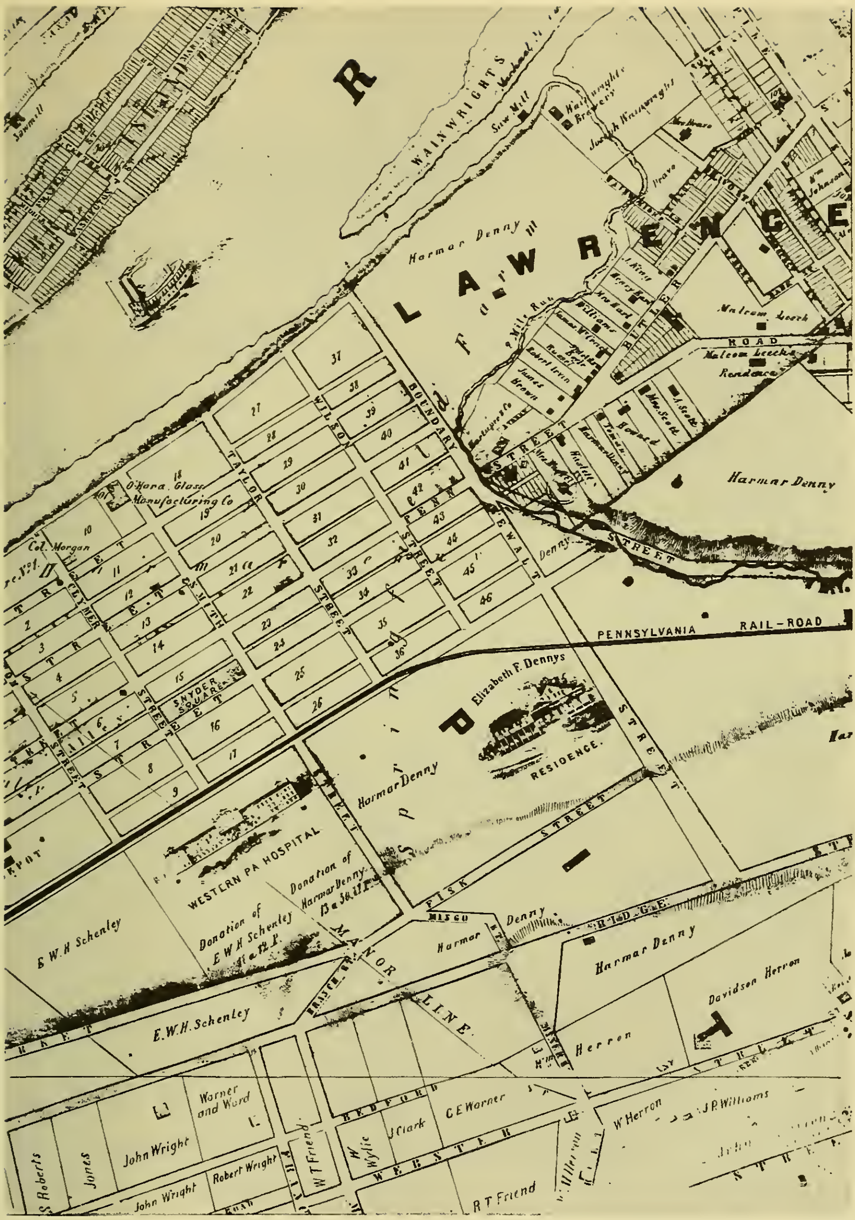
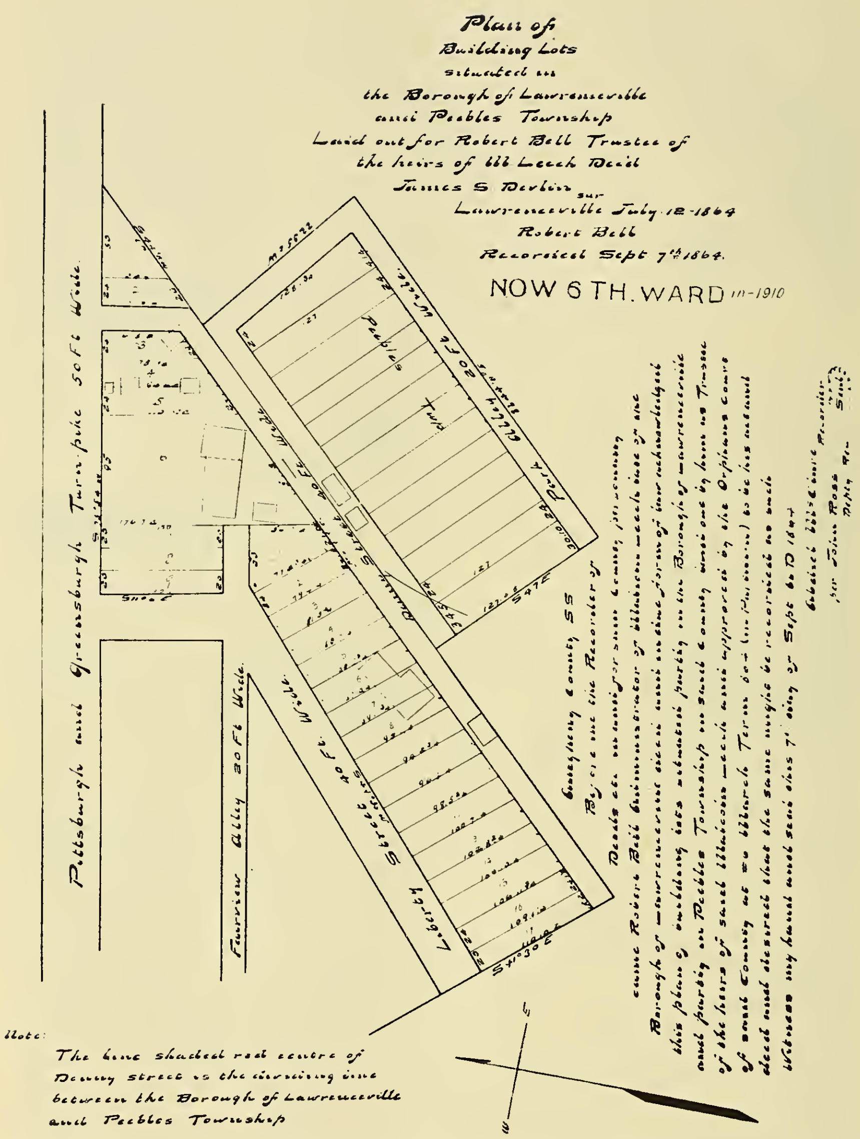
6
5
4
3
N 42 E 448

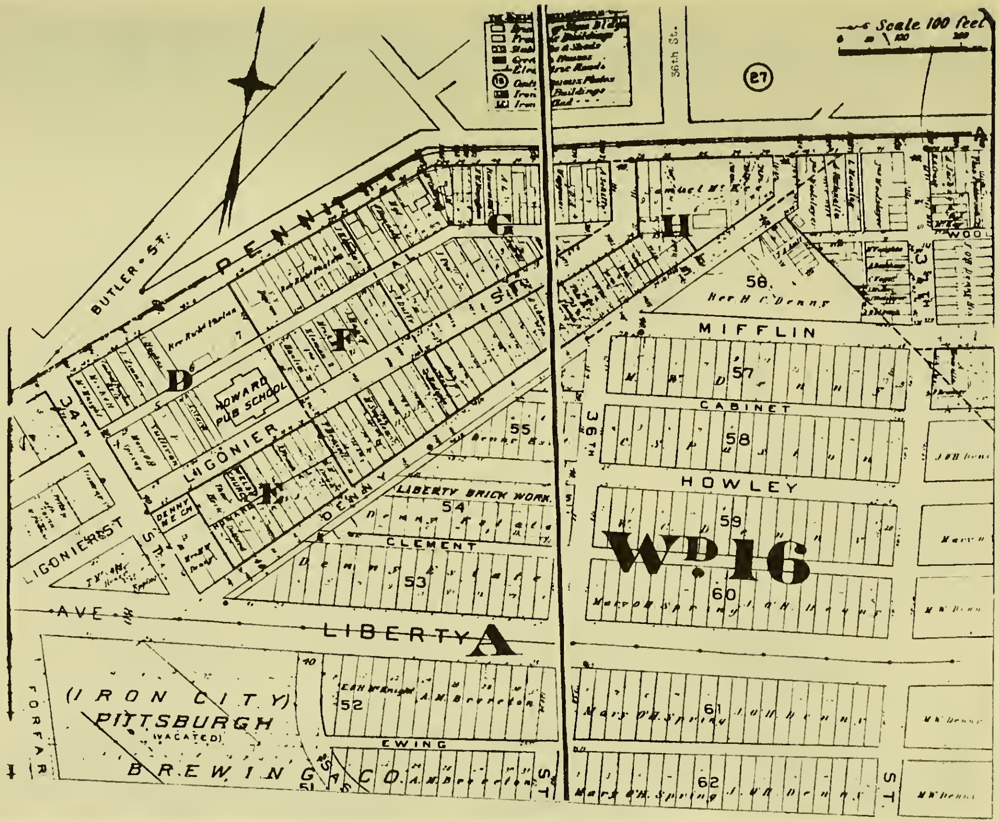
Map E—Robert E. McGowin's 1847 copy of William B. Foster's original plan of Lawrenceville


R
WAINWRIGHTS
Saw Mill
Wainwright's Brewery
Joseph Wainwright
Harmar Denny
LAWRENCE
Farm
Malcom Leech
ROAD
Malcom Leech's Residence
BOUNDARY
BUTLER
STREET
Harmar Denny
O'Hara Glass Manufacturing Co
Col. Morgan
TAYLOR
WILSON
PENN
STREET
EWALT STREET
Denny
CLYMER
SMITH
SNYDER SQUARE
PENNSYLVANIA RAIL-ROAD
Elizabeth F. Dennys
RESIDENCE.
P
Harmar Denny
FISK STREET
WESTERN PA HOSPITAL
Donation of E W H Schenley
Donation of Harmar Denny
E.W.H. Schenley
MANOR LINE
Harmar
Denny
Harmar Denny
Davidson Herron
Herron
E.W.H. Schenley
Warner and Ward
John Wright
Jones
S Roberts
Robert Wright
John Wright
W.T. Friend
W. Wylie
J Clark
C E Warner
BEDFORD
WEBSTER
R T Friend
W. Herron
J.P. Williams
DEPOT
STREET

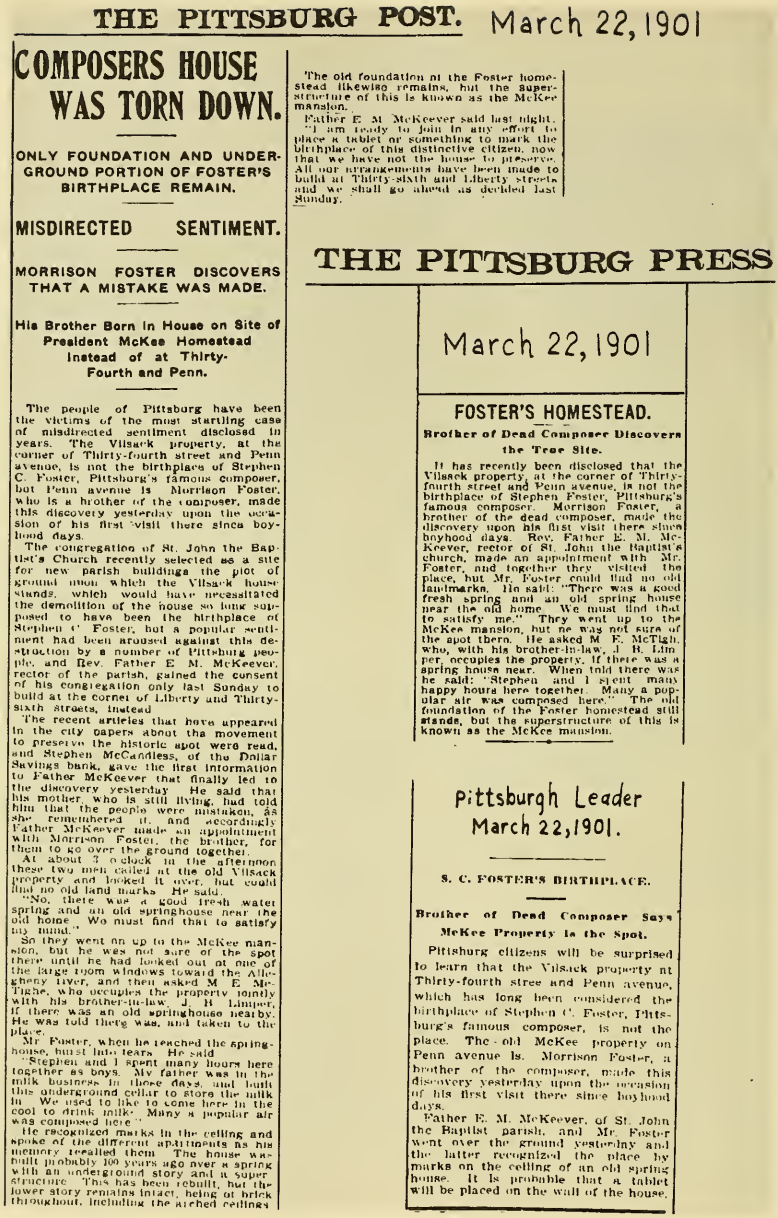
Map F—Lawrenceville, from Robert E. McGowin's 1852 map of Pittsburgh


Plan of
Building Lots
situated in
the Borough of Lawrenceville
and Peebles Township
Laid out for Robert Bell Trustee of
the heirs of M Leech Dec'd
James S Devlin sur
Lawrenceville July 12-1864
Robert Bell
Recorded Sept 7th 1864.
NOW 6 TH. WARD in-1910
Pittsburgh and Greensburgh Turn-pike 50 Ft Wide.
Fairview Alley 20 Ft Wide.
Liberty Street 40 Ft. Wide.
Denny Street 40 Ft Wide
Park Alley 20 Ft Wide.
Peebles Twp
Allegheny County SS
Before me the Recorder of
Deeds etc in and for said County personally
came Robert Bell Administrator of Malcolm Leech late of the
Borough of Lawrenceville dec'd and in due form of law acknowledged
this plan of building lots situated partly in the Borough of Lawrenceville
and partly in Peebles Township in said County laid out by him as Trustee
of the heirs of said Malcolm Leech and approved by the Orphans Court
of said County at No March Term 64 (in Partition) to be his act and
deed and desired that the same might be recorded as such
Witness my hand and seal this 7th day of Sept AD 1864
Gabriel McClure Recorder
per John Ross Depty Rec
Seal
Note:
The line shaded red centre of
Denny street is the dividing line
between the Borough of Lawrenceville
and Peebles Township
W
E

Map G—The Robert Bell plan of the Malcolm Leech property, 1864


Scale 100 feet
27
36th St.
BUTLER ST.
PENN
HOWARD PUB SCHOOL
LIGONIER
LIGONIER ST
DENNY
34TH
36TH
MIFFLIN
CABINET
HOWLEY
CLEMENT
LIBERTY BRICK WORK
LIBERTY
AVE
EWING
ST.
WOOL
FORFAR
(IRON CITY) PITTSBURGH (VACATED) BREWING CO.
WD 16
A
D
E
F
G
H
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62

Map H– A portion of Lawrenceville, 1900



THE PITTSBURG POST. March 22, 1901

# COMPOSERS HOUSE WAS TORN DOWN.

### ONLY FOUNDATION AND UNDERGROUND PORTION OF FOSTER'S BIRTHPLACE REMAIN.

### MISDIRECTED SENTIMENT.

### MORRISON FOSTER DISCOVERS THAT A MISTAKE WAS MADE.

**His Brother Born in House on Site of President McKee Homestead Instead of at Thirty-Fourth and Penn.**

The people of Pittsburg have been the victims of the most startling case of misdirected sentiment disclosed in years. The Vilsack property, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Penn avenue, is not the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster, Pittsburg's famous composer, but Penn avenue is. Morrison Foster, who is a brother of the composer, made this discovery yesterday upon the occasion of his first visit there since boyhood days.

The congregation of St. John the Baptist's Church recently selected as a site for new parish buildings the plot of ground upon which the Vilsack house stands, which would have necessitated the demolition of the house so long supposed to have been the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster, but a popular sentiment had been aroused against this destruction by a number of Pittsburg people, and Rev. Father E. M. McKeever, rector of the parish, gained the consent of his congregation only last Sunday to build at the corner of Liberty and Thirty-sixth streets, instead.

The recent articles that have appeared in the city papers about the movement to preserve the historic spot were read, and Stephen McCandless, of the Dollar Savings bank, gave the first information to Father McKeever that finally led to the discovery yesterday. He said that his mother, who is still living, had told him that the people were mistaken, as she remembered it, and accordingly Father McKeever made an appointment with Morrison Foster, the brother, for them to go over the ground together.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon these two men called at the old Vilsack property and looked it over, but could find no old land marks. He said:

"No, there was a good fresh water spring and an old springhouse near the old home. We must find that to satisfy my mind."

So they went on up to the McKee mansion, but he was not sure of the spot there until he had looked out of one of the large room windows toward the Allegheny river, and then asked M. E. McTighe, who occupies the property jointly with his brother-in-law, J. B. Limper, if there was an old springhouse nearby. He was told there was, and taken to the place.

Mr. Foster, when he reached the springhouse, burst into tears. He said:

"Stephen and I spent many hours here together as boys. My father was in the milk business in those days, and built this underground cellar to store the milk in. We used to like to come here in the cool to drink milk. Many a popular air was composed here."

He recognized marks in the ceiling and spoke of the different apartments as his memory recalled them. The house was built probably 100 years ago over a spring with an underground story and a superstructure. This has been rebuilt, but the lower story remains intact, being of brick throughout, including the arched ceilings.

The old foundation of the Foster homestead likewise remains, but the superstructure of this is known as the McKee mansion.

Father E. M. McKeever said last night:

"I am ready to join in any effort to place a tablet or something to mark the birthplace of this distinctive citizen, now that we have not the house to preserve. All our arrangements have been made to build at Thirty-sixth and Liberty streets and we shall go ahead as decided last Sunday."

---

THE PITTSBURG PRESS

March 22, 1901

## FOSTER'S HOMESTEAD.

**Brother of Dead Composer Discovers the True Site.**

It has recently been disclosed that the Vilsack property, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Penn avenue, is not the birthplace of Stephen Foster, Pittsburg's famous composer. Morrison Foster, a brother of the dead composer, made the discovery upon his first visit there since boyhood days. Rev. Father E. M. McKeever, rector of St. John the Baptist's church, made an appointment with Mr. Foster, and together they visited the place, but Mr. Foster could find no old landmarks. He said: "There was a good fresh spring and an old spring house near the old home. We must find that to satisfy me." They went up to the McKee mansion, but he was not sure of the spot there. He asked M. E. McTigh, who, with his brother-in-law, J. B. Limper, occupies the property, if there was a spring house near. When told there was he said: "Stephen and I spent many happy hours here together. Many a popular air was composed here." The old foundation of the Foster homestead still stands, but the superstructure of this is known as the McKee mansion.

---

Pittsburgh Leader
March 22, 1901.

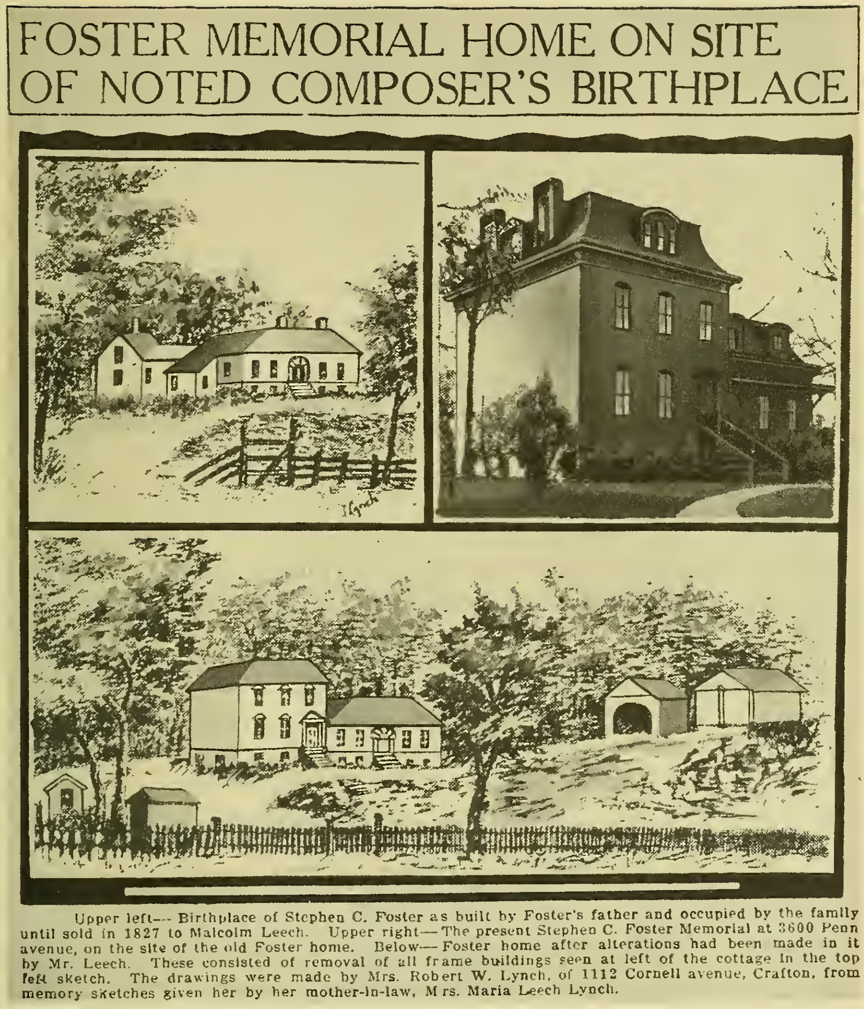
## S. C. FOSTER'S BIRTHPLACE.

**Brother of Dead Composer Says McKee Property is the Spot.**

Pittsburg citizens will be surprised to learn that the Vilsack property at Thirty-fourth stree and Penn avenue, which has long been considered the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster, Pittsburg's famous composer, is not the place. The old McKee property on Penn avenue is. Morrison Foster, a brother of the composer, made this discovery yesterday upon the occasion of his first visit there since boyhood days.

Father E. M. McKeever, of St. John the Baptist parish, and Mr. Foster went over the ground yesterday and the latter recognized the place by marks on the ceiling of an old spring house. It is probable that a tablet will be placed on the wall of the house.

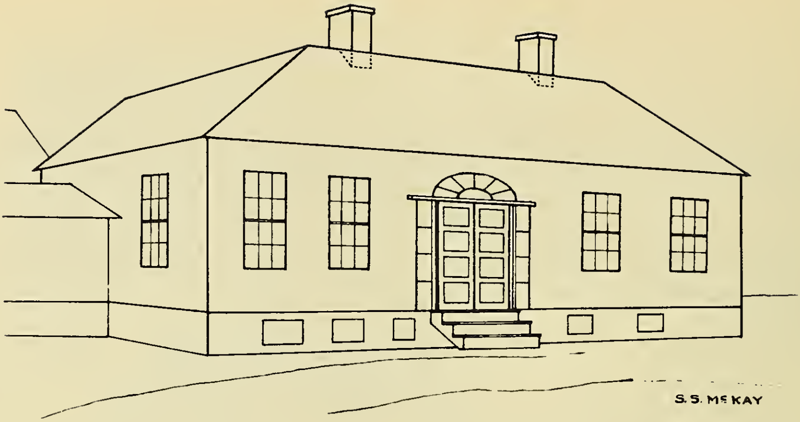
Accounts of Morrison Foster's visit to Lawrenceville



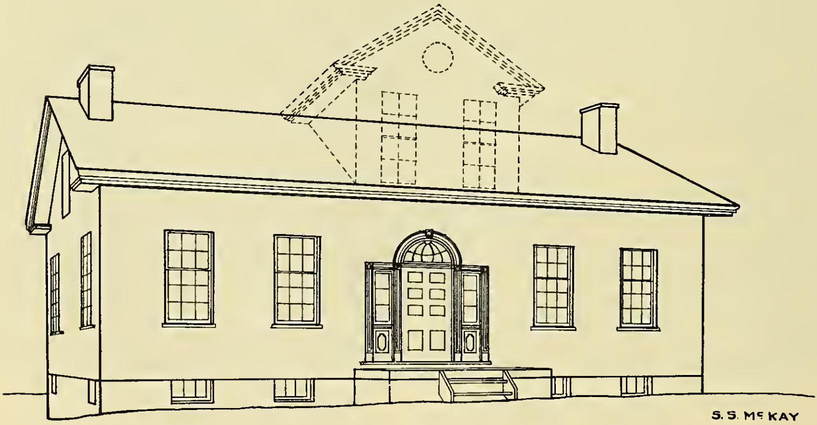
# FOSTER MEMORIAL HOME ON SITE OF NOTED COMPOSER'S BIRTHPLACE

Upper left—Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster as built by Foster's father and occupied by the family until sold in 1827 to Malcolm Leech. Upper right—The present Stephen C. Foster Memorial at 3600 Penn avenue, on the site of the old Foster home. Below—Foster home after alterations had been made in it by Mr. Leech. These consisted of removal of all frame buildings seen at left of the cottage in the top left sketch. The drawings were made by Mrs. Robert W. Lynch, of 1112 Cornell avenue, Crafton, from memory sketches given her by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Leech Lynch.

From the *Pittsburgh Sun,* February 17, 1927



OUTLINE COPY OF FOSTER COTTAGE
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY
MR. MILLER — IN THE YEAR 1828



OUTLINE DRAWING MADE FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "FORD PURCHASE"
DORMER — NOW REMOVED —
INDICATED BY DASH LINES.

and not on Outlot No. 9, the map would not have remained unchanged from 1815 to 1847. The map "on brown paper," owned by William B. Foster in 1847, has been lost in the course of the years, but to Foster students familiar with the handwriting of William B. Foster, Sr., it is evident that in copying the map, Robert E. McGowin also reproduced the familiar flourishes peculiar to the handwriting of Stephen C. Foster's father.

To readers unfamiliar with the lay of the land in early and present-day Lawrenceville, it should be explained that the Toman cottage (purchased by Henry Ford in 1934) stood at the foot of what was called "Bullitt's Hill" where the turnpike (now Penn Avenue) begins to rise. Penn Avenue starts to ascend at the forks of the road, where this house stood, and Butler Street continues on the level. Penn Avenue continues to rise, curves, and the White Cottage (now the location of the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home) stood on the brow of the hill, up around the bend, "overlooking the village of Lawrenceville," between a quarter and a half mile above the "house at the forks of the road."

In Morrison Foster's *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster,* published in 1896, Morrison describes the location of the White Cottage, his own birthplace, in the following manner:

> In 1814, my father established his residence upon a tract of land belonging to him on the Allegheny River, two and one-half miles above Pittsburgh. Here he built a beautiful white cottage *on Bullitt's Hill, a height commanding a view up and down the river for miles.*
>
> At the White Cottage, *overlooking the village of Lawrenceville,* and the *winding Allegheny,* the family spent many happy years. Here hospitality and kindness prevailed. Being the only private residence outside of town in that neighborhood where open house was kept, its generous board was free to all comers at all times. [Italics supplied by author.]

An accurate, clear copy of Map B, which is easier to read than the faded and stained original map, is also shown here (Map C). It was made in 1885, under order of the Court of Common Pleas (Plan Book 1, page 46). In this map, the Foster residence is plainly shown on Outlot No. 9, with the source of the little stream that flowed from the springhouse down to the Two-mile Run indicated in the same spot as the springhouse painted in the original picture of the White Cottage made by Mr. Miller in the year 1828.

This spring is also plainly shown on another early map of Pittsburgh, a portion of which is shown here (see Map B-2). It was surveyed by W. Darby, of Philadelphia, and published by Robert Patterson, of Pittsburgh, on December 24, 1816. This is a topographical map of the Pittsburgh district, and no buildings in the Lawrenceville area are indicated except the "United States Ordnance" (the arsenal) and "Hunter's Tavern." (This tavern was situated on Outlot No. 1 of the Lawrenceville plan, and the tavern stables, with accommodations for "thirty or forty horses," were across the turnpike on what was later plotted as Outlot No. 2.) The Patterson map reproduced here was procured from the War Department by the late Walter R. Whittlesey of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. This map shows "W. B. Foster's Spring" in the same location as indicated in maps B and C. William B. Foster constructed his springhouse on the same side of the turnpike as the White Cottage, the south side, at a higher point in the flow of the spring water than shown on the early map, Map A.

On May 6, 1826, the Bank of the United States, which held a large mortgage against William B. Foster and Alexander Hill, foreclosed and took all of that designated as the southern half of the one hundred and twenty-one acre farm which Wm. B. Foster had purchased from Alexander Hill in 1814. (Vol. 33, pages 49-51.) This included all the outlots that had not already been sold to other purchasers.

Of the outlots on the south side of the turnpike (Penn Avenue), only one had been sold by Wm. B. Foster, Outlot No. 8, to George Scott, on July 20, 1816. Outlot No. 8 consisted of one acre, three roods, and thirty-six and a half perches. (Deed Book 20, page 426.)

On September 6, 1827, the Bank of the United States sold Outlot No. 9 to Malcolm Leech, for the sum of four thousand dollars (Vol. 35, page 288); the deed to Mr. Leech indicates that Wm. B. Foster was still living in the White Cottage and paying rent to the Bank of the United States. The deed contains this paragraph:

> The following described piece or parcel of land situate in Pitt Township, Allegheny County, and marked in the Plan of the Town of

Lawrenceville, recorded in the Office of the recording Deeds in said County, No. 9, and containing Four acres and three perches more or less. Being part of a tract of land which was mortgaged by William B. Foster to Alexander Hill and by Alexander Hill and William Hill to the parties of the first part as by the records of said County fully appear, and *being the same premises now in the tenure occupancy of William B. Foster,* and conveyed (inter alia) by Deed Poll from William Lecky, Esquire, High Sheriff of Allegheny County, dated 6th of May, 1826, to the parties of the first part under judgments regularly obtained by the said parties of the first part as appears of record. [Italics supplied by author.]

The above paragraph shows that although Wm. B. Foster lost his property, including Outlot No. 9, on which the White Cottage stood, the Foster family stayed on paying rent to the bank until the house was sold to Mr. Leech on September 6, 1827. Eliza Foster's reminiscences prove that the Foster family were still living in the White Cottage on July 4, 1827. In these papers, Stephen Foster's mother describes an informal gathering at the White Cottage on the day that Stephen Foster was just one year old. These reminiscences of Eliza Foster's will be quoted more extensively further on. I cannot state just how long the Foster family continued to live in the White Cottage after it was purchased by Mr. Leech. Family letters indicate that in April, 1829, the Foster family were living in a house on Water Street, Pittsburgh; in 1832, they moved to Allegheny where they resided permanently.

## THE TOMAN HOUSE

The next record of sales by the Bank of the United States of the foreclosed property occurs on January 8, 1828. On that date, the bank sold outlots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, and 11; outlots 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 were sold for $250 each. Each lot measured about 90 feet on the "great Turnpike Road to Philadelphia," and averaged 427 feet deep. (Vol. 36, pages 146, 155, 504.) Outlot 3 and half of Outlot 4 were sold to Wm. Sturgeon; Outlot 5 and half of Outlot 4 to Robert Burnside; outlots 6 and 7 to William Toman.

If Wm. B. Foster had built the White Cottage on outlots 6 and 7, and not on Outlot No. 9, then, when William Toman purchased his lots from the bank on January 8, 1828, the commodious frame homestead of at least seven rooms, with stables, outbuildings, cow barns and springhouse, would have been standing on the property.

Yet the records show no higher charge for the two lots sold to Mr. Toman than for the lots sold to Sturgeon and Burnside, although Mr. Toman also had the advantage of .2 perch more frontage on the turnpike.

The total acreage of outlots 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 is about 4.3 acres.

The 4-acre plot, Outlot No. 9, was sold to Malcolm Leech for $4,000. The 4-acre plot, outlots 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, was sold for $1,250.

Even without the maps, or other evidence, on which plot is it reasonable to believe the White Cottage, built by Wm. B. Foster, stood?

In May, 1934, statements appeared in certain Pittsburgh newspapers to the effect that when William B. Foster lost his property to the Bank of the United States on May 6, 1826, he "reserved Lots 6 and 7 because his house stood on them." A careful search of the records has failed to reveal any record of any such reservation, or any such transaction regarding outlots 6 and 7. There is no evidence that the Foster homestead or any other building was standing on Mr. Toman's lots when he bought them, or that outlots 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 were anything but vacant lots when sold by the bank on January 8, 1828.

The *Pittsburgh Directory* for 1826 lists William Toman as a carpenter living on the east side of Smithfield Street, between Virgin Alley and Fifth; Malcolm Leech, who purchased Outlot No. 9, is listed as a grocer, with residence on the north side of Seventh between Smithfield and Cherry Alley. Wm. B. Foster is not listed in the *Pittsburgh Directory* of 1826, as the borough of Lawrenceville was outside the city limits. William Toman was a member of the Lawrenceville Borough Council from 1835 to March, 1840. During 1835, 1836, and 1837 he was president of the council, and Malcolm Leech was treasurer. (Council Records, Pittsburgh.)

Mr. Toman died in 1844. His will, filed for probate on August 18, 1844, shows that he built a house which he called the "Mansion House," on the lots he purchased from the Bank of the United

States on January 8, 1828. From Will Book 5, page 504: "I will and bequeath to my son, James Toman, all my property both real, personal and mixed for and during his natural life and to his heirs forever, viz.: William Charlton and Augenette, to be divided by them in the following manner. William to have part of a lot of ground situate in the Borough of Lawrenceville, Allegheny County, deed to me by the Bank of the United States, the part I wish him to have is bounded as follows: Commencing at the Widow Scott's line[1] on the Pittsburgh and Greensburgh Turnpike, thence West to William Dawson's line[2], thence south to Harmar Denny's Woods[3], including the Mansion House."

On May 2, 1850, the heirs of William Toman conveyed the above piece of property containing the Toman homestead to Thomas Howard, for $6,000. (Deed Book Vol. 95, page 132.) Thomas Howard conveyed the same to Leopold Vilsack by deed dated October 24, 1872; Vilsack conveyed to Patrick Conwell, July 8, 1891; Conwell conveyed to Patrick McCabe, October 7, 1891; and McCabe conveyed to Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, D.D., Roman Catholic bishop, on January 9, 1892, for St. John the Baptist Church. In May, 1934, the Toman cottage was purchased from the church by Henry Ford, of Dearborn, Michigan.

Map D shows Lawrenceville in 1882 practically the same as it is today. The Foster-Leech-Kloman homestead can be plainly seen on Outlot No. 9 with the circular driveway drawn in. The house built by William Toman is shown on outlots 6 and 7. In 1882 it was the residence of Leopold Vilsack.

## MORRISON FOSTER'S TESTIMONY

Going from these contemporary documents, let us examine the recollections of Morrison Foster, who was born at the White Cottage on June 10, 1823. After the Fosters removed from Lawrenceville

---

[1] Vol. 20, page 426, Outlot No. 8 sold to George Scott on July 20, 1816. This lot contained more than one acre. It remained in the Scott family until August 1, 1866.

[2] This pertains to two 25-foot pieces from the western end of Outlot No. 6, which William Toman sold to William Dawson in 1839 and 1840. Vol. 58, p. 109, and Vol. 59, p. 424.

[3] Formerly James O'Hara's Woods; the southern boundary of Wm. B. Foster's property.

(about 1829) Morrison Foster revisited the neighborhood repeatedly; relatives and friends lived out Penn Avenue. At one time, in the 1890's, Morrison Foster's brother-in-law, Francis Laird Snowden, lived in the brick house at 3600 Penn Avenue which had replaced the White Cottage and was then owned by Mrs. McKee. Morrison Foster visited Mr. Snowden and his family on different occasions.

All his life, Morrison Foster was accustomed to passing the spot where his childhood home had stood. He was entirely familiar with the neighborhood. In one of Morrison Foster's early diaries, we find this notation: "August 9, 1843.—In company with Brother Henry, visited the house I was born in at Lawrenceville."

Morrison Foster was then twenty years old, and Henry Foster was twenty-seven.

Following is an extract from an article published in the Philadelphia *Times,* Sunday, April 15, 1883. This article was reprinted in the Pittsburgh *Daily Post,* April 17, 1883, many years before any controversy had arisen concerning the location of Stephen Foster's birthplace. It was based on an interview with Morrison Foster, as he is quoted throughout the article. This entire newspaper article was credited by Morrison Foster when he sent it to D. Appleton & Company in March, 1887, as basis for a brief biography of Stephen C. Foster to be published in *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography.* The correspondence that passed between D. Appleton & Company and Morrison Foster is in the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh.

### "A Writer of Songs"

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Lawrenceville, now a portion of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards of Pittsburg, on the 4th of July, 1826. His father, William B. Foster, Sr., was quite wealthy, and resided on the old Philadelphia pike, back from the road in a frame cottage house, painted white, with green blinds. Splendid trees surrounded the early home of the musician, while back of it, stretching acres away over the hill, was a magnificent grove of walnut and oak. The Foster residence was then known to almost every resident of the growing city of Pittsburg and Allegheny town, as the northside city was then known. William B. Foster laid out the borough of Lawrenceville, and

> the homestead, in the center of these hundreds of acres, was for many years, after the city had stretched eastward and absorbed the modest borough, a landmark to the older people. *The elegant residence of an iron prince now occupies the site of the old homestead, on Penn Avenue, at the head of Thirty-sixth street,* the name the old Philadelphia pike assumed when it became one of the city thoroughfares. One picture of Foster's early home is extant. It is in the possession of Mrs. Buchanan, of Philadelphia. [Italics supplied by the author.]

The "iron prince" mentioned above was Andrew Kloman, a partner of Andrew Carnegie's, who still owned the property in 1883. The "picture of Foster's early home" is the painting reproduced in these pages. This picture was given to Morrison Foster by his sister, Ann Eliza Buchanan.

Another article, entitled "America's Greatest Song Writer," appeared in the May 7, 1887, issue of the *East End Bulletin.* This article was prepared by G. Fred Muller, then editor of the *Bulletin,* and a nephew of Morrison Foster's first wife. This article contains minor inaccuracies, but in the main is correct. A letter concerning the publishing of this article written by Mr. Muller to Morrison Foster, is preserved in the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh. This letter indicates that Mr. Muller had consulted Mr. Foster before writing the article and it is noteworthy that he states of the Foster homestead: "The house itself has long since been removed and a modern residence built upon its site."

From the *East End Bulletin,* May 7, 1887, "America's Greatest Song Writer."

> The boyhood of Stephen C. Foster was passed in and about the comfortable old mansion (located in what is now the Sixteenth Ward), where the gifted song writer first saw the light. No picture of this homestead has been given to the public until now, and *the house itself has long since been removed and a modern residence built upon its site.* The engraving here presented is from an oil painting in the possession of the sister of Foster, Mrs. Edward Y. Buchanan, of Philadelphia. The Foster property comprised three hundred acres of land, reaching from the shore of the Allegheny river southwardly, across Butler Street and Penn Avenue to Two-Mile run, a noble tract covered with forest and orchard trees, and surrounding the homestead with park-like beauty.

> The building stood a half mile west of the "Forks of the Road"—and consisted of a central one-story cottage, and of wings, two stories in height, that were added after the building of the central portion. In the latter was born the subject of this sketch. *Only the old spring house standing close to Penn Avenue, remains of the old time buildings.* [Italics supplied by author.]

The last paragraph obviously should read "east," or "northeast" instead of "west" of the "Forks of the Road," and was an inaccuracy that escaped Mr. Muller's proofreading. The previous article, dated April 15, 1883, quoting Morrison Foster, makes it quite plain that the house stood at the head of Thirty-sixth Street. "One-half mile west of the Forks of the Road" would have been down near Twenty-fifth Street and entirely inapplicable to either house under discussion. However, the author of the article was not trying to prove any case, as no controversy existed at that time, and his general intent should be given first consideration.

The following quotation is from an interview with Morrison Foster published in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch,* November 18, 1888. The article, "One Million in it," was on the subject of the Pittsburgh arsenal, for which land was secured by the government from William B. Foster, Sr., in 1814.

> "Why was your father's property picked out by the Government for arsenal purposes?" inquired the writer [who interviewed Morrison Foster].
>
> "Well, in the first place," replied Mr. Foster, "he was the owner of all the real estate in that section of the city at that early date. *My father's farm house stood on the site now occupied by the handsome residence of Samuel McKee, Penn Avenue, at the head of Thirty-Sixth Street. There we were all born and raised, including Stephen C. Foster, the music composer."* [Italics supplied by author.]

The legend that the old Toman homestead at the forks of the road was the Foster homestead sprang up after the publication in the *East End Bulletin* on May 7, 1887, of the drawing of the White Cottage made from our old painting. There is a resemblance, but a comparison which will be made later in these pages shows that the resemblance is a superficial one only. After the publication of

Morrison Foster's *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster,* in 1896, which also contained a cut of the White Cottage painting, many Lawrenceville residents began to point out the old house at the forks of the road as the "Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster."

In the winter of 1900-1901, the Catholic parish of St. John the Baptist, then owners of what once had been the Toman-Howard-Vilsack cottage at the forks of the road, desired to erect some new parish buildings and decided to tear down the old frame building standing on their property to make way for the new structures. When the announcement was made in the papers, protests arose from well-meaning persons who thought the house owned by the Catholic church was the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster. However, according to the Pittsburgh *Post* for March 22, 1901, Mrs. Wilson McCandless (who had been Sarah Collins before her marriage, and a frequent visitor at the old White Cottage in her young days) sent word by her son, Stephen Collins McCandless, to the Rev. E. M. McKeever, priest of the parish, that these people were mistaken—that the Foster homestead had been located up around the bend where the McKee mansion now stood. Father McKeever, anxious to make sure, and not wishing to destroy the old house owned by the church if there was a chance that it might be the Foster homestead, called upon Morrison Foster to settle the matter. Accordingly, on March 21, 1901, Morrison Foster went with Father McKeever, and several newspaper reporters, to both places—he found nothing familiar at the house owned by the Catholic church, although it was practically the same as when it had originally been built. They went on up the hill around the bend to the McKee house at 3600 Penn Avenue, and Morrison Foster identified that place as the site of the White Cottage, in spite of the fact that all the old frame structure had been replaced with brick and the surrounding neighborhood closely built up. He asked if there was an old springhouse on the place, and found it in the precise location where he had remembered it. Map H, Lawrenceville in 1900, shows this section precisely as it was when visited by Father McKeever and Morrison Foster. The residence at 3600 Penn Avenue, with the old curving driveway plainly shown, can be found on the large lot marked "Samuel

McKee." At the sharp point where Butler Street and Penn Avenue meet, the cottage owned by St. John's parish, with a small "7" beside it, can be seen on the lot marked "Rev Richd Phelan."

This visit of Morrison Foster was recorded in three Pittsburgh newspapers of March 22, 1901. Although the account in the Pittsburgh *Post* is highly colored by the reporter who wrote it, and marred by several typographical errors, the fact stands unmistakably that Morrison Foster identified the McKee location, and rejected the cottage owned by the Catholic parish. Also, it clearly indicates that Father E. M. McKeever accepted Morrison Foster's decision without question. He is quoted as follows in the Pittsburgh *Post,* March 22, 1901.

> I am ready to join in any effort to place a tablet or something to mark the birthplace of this distinctive citizen, *now that we have not the house to preserve.* All our arrangements have been made to build at Thirty-Sixth and Liberty streets and we shall go ahead as decided last Sunday. [Italics supplied by author.]

As Father McKeever stated, the parish erected its new buildings on Liberty Avenue, and the old house at 3414 Penn Avenue was rented out in small apartments.

Certain accounts of Morrison Foster's visit with Father McKeever to both houses on March 21, 1901, have stated that "the aged man was brought to Pittsburgh and taken to both places"; at that time, we were living at 1509 Federal Street, Allegheny. Morrison Foster got on the street car and rode over to Pittsburgh without assistance from anyone. He went wherever he felt like going of his own accord and was entirely capable of finding his way even at the "advanced age" of seventy-eight. He rode over to Pittsburgh practically every day in the pursuit of his business affairs, and made frequent trips to Salineville, Ohio, where he owned and operated a coal mine. Morrison Foster was painstaking, accurate, and particular; he would not have been mistaken in the location of his old home; there was no guesswork about his decision, and it can be accepted as the findings of a man who knew exactly what he was talking about.

Map D, Lawrenceville in 1882, also shows the Samuel McKee residence as identified by Morrison Foster on Outlot 9. The old

Toman house at the forks of the road, owned in 1901 by St. John the Baptist parish, is shown on the outlots 6 and 7.

## ELIZA C. FOSTER

We have a description of Eliza Clayland Foster's home during her early married life—in a series of reminiscences entitled "Sketches and Incidents." This manuscript, copied by Morrison Foster from loose sheets left by his mother, is in my possession. It is written in the form of an old-fashioned, romantic novel, and the characters are all real persons—Eliza Foster's own family, relatives, neighbors, and friends in early Pittsburgh. Eliza C. Foster was about sixty-two years old when she started these reminiscences; she died in 1855 at the age of sixty-seven.

The following paragraphs, written by the mother of Stephen C. Foster, describe her return to the White Cottage after a visit with friends in Pittsburgh, which the context shows to have taken place in 1818.

It was a summer morning, early in the month of June, when a plain, square-bodied carriage turned slowly up a shady road two miles from Pittsburgh. The fresh breeze fanned the foliage of the locust trees that grew along the white fence which surrounded the grounds belonging to a *beautiful Cottage that stood upon an elevation, retired from view; for the road wound half circularly round the base of the hill.*

The carriage contained four ladies . . . [Miss Denny, Mrs. Foster, and Miss Denny's nieces, Nancy Denny and Mary O'Hara] . . . their faces flushed with gladness when they beheld a little girl . . . peep through the fence, and with a delighted smile point *across the hill* towards the new Arsenal, where for the first time proudly floated upon the summer air, the striped and star-bespangled ensign of our happy land.

*The sloping, terraced grounds about the Cottage,* dressed off with many a rose and dancing flower, laughed gaily on that sweet morning in the bright sunlight. I knew that a happy home awaited me, with breakfast laid, and husband kind, and infant footsteps pressing the green sod.

[Evening] . . . The clear moonbeams serenely and brightly fell upon the scene—the neat white country seat, with dark marble colored steps, and full blown roses blooming on the green sward, *the white graveled*

> *terrace gently sloping off into the broad turf* . . . the distant Arsenal, the glassy river, and the rolling fields that divided it from the Cottage, composed a romantic scene which memory delights to recall. [Italics supplied by author.]

The Robert Patterson 1816 map of Pittsburgh (Map B-2) indicates that Penn Avenue is a perfectly straight line from the center of Pittsburgh until it passes the forks of the road; it does not curve until it reaches the center of Outlot No. 9. If the Foster homestead had stood on outlots 6 and 7, it would not have been "retired from the view" of anyone approaching from the west along the turnpike. The road does not begin to wind "half-circularly around the base of the hill" until after it passes George Scott's property, Outlot No. 8.

The painting of the White Cottage, made by a Pittsburgh artist, Mr. Miller, in 1828, shows the springhouse in the lower left-hand corner, or in a northeasterly direction from the house. It also shows the house well back from the road, surrounded by sloping terraced grounds, and with a curving driveway leading up to the cottage. In the present day, the grounds surrounding the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, at 3600 Penn Avenue, show ample evidence that they are the same as painted by Mr. Miller in 1828. The spring has been filled up and the water diverted into the city sewer, but a springhouse stood there as late as 1914. The course of the old driveway is indicated today by a pathway leading from Penn Avenue up to the front door, and down to Penn Avenue on the opposite side in a half-circle. (See Map D and Map H.)

In compiling memories of her old home, her "delightful cottage," where seven of her children were born, and where she lived many happy, but several very sorrowful years, Eliza C. Foster reveals that the vivid picture she carried in her mind corresponds in all respects with the facts as to the location of the house.

Several more passages from Eliza Foster's reminiscences will throw further light upon the lay of the land; none of this description applies to the Toman house.

> A gallant dapple grey steed, ambled playfully *up the sloping road* that led to the White Cottage shaded with blooming locusts. *Passing through the gate,* [Lieut. Harding] threw himself from the saddle. . . .

> The wheels of the carriage rattled over the pebbles that covered *the road descending from the steps to the outer gate....*
>
> "The carriage is ready," observed Mr. Febiger, "pick up your sewing basket. Good night, Mrs. Foster." *"I will pioneer you to the gate,"* said Mr. Foster, *leading the way* after they had entered the carriage. . . .
>
> Charlotte's attention was attracted by a gay and elegant carriage which had just been admitted *through the large gate....*
>
> They were all hanging to the fence when Mr. B—— rode up. The gentleman saluted them with a remark or two, and rode deliberately on, and *turned into the gate that led to the Cottage.*
>
> . . . In the evening . . . *Mrs. Foster walked down the ravine to the Arsenal* to visit her friend, Mrs. Woolley, with whom she spent the rest of the evening. [Italics supplied by author.]

Here again, Stephen Foster's mother indicates the correct location of her old home. If it had been situated at the forks of the road, there would have been no ravine to walk down. The ravine was east of the White Cottage and followed the course of the rivulet that ran from the Foster spring down to the Two-mile Run. If the White Cottage had been located at the forks, Eliza Foster would have walked on the level along the Butler Road to the arsenal, located in what was then the heart of Lawrenceville.

Notice Eliza Foster's corroboration of the maps and painting of the White Cottage by Mr. Miller in the following paragraph:

> The gray evening was closing fast, and the soft dews were descending upon the green turf that surrounded the Foster cottage. *On the eastern side,* Dinah was milking the prize cow that had been purchased some weeks previously from Mr. Beltzhoover. Mrs. Foster sat upon the *side portico,* with a child in her arms, and occasionally turning her eyes *towards the gate which opened on the road.* "Dinah," said she, "keep your milk vessels well scalded and sunned, or the *cool springhouse* will fail to keep it sweet now, even though it is so well shaded by the *large oak."* [1821. Italics supplied by author.]

The position of the Foster house in Mr. Miller's painting shows how far the original wing stretched to the east. If the main building of this cottage had been the same that was still standing on outlots 6 and 7 in May, 1934, the Foster's side porch, when the wing was still there, would have been squarely up against George Scott's line, if not actually over the line. (As mentioned before, the house at the forks was mainly on Outlot No. 7.) If the Foster house had been the one at the forks of the road, the springhouse in Mr. Miller's painting would have been on George Scott's property, Outlot No. 8.

## MRS. MARIA LEECH LYNCH'S STATEMENT

When Mr. and Mrs. James H. Park bought the brick house at 3600 Penn Avenue from Mrs. Samuel McKee, and presented it to the city of Pittsburgh, Mr. Park received many protests from well-intentioned persons who had "always been told" that the "house at the forks of the road" was the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster.

Mr. Park's attorney, John C. Slack, of Pittsburgh, had made a painstaking investigation of the records, but in order to cover every point raised, Mr. Slack requested Maria Leech Lynch (whose grandfather, Malcolm Leech, bought the Foster homestead from the Bank of the United States in 1827) to record her recollections of her grandfather's homestead.

Mrs. Lynch was the daughter of Joseph S. Leech, whose house across the turnpike, Penn Avenue, can be seen on property owned by Malcolm Leech. (See Robert McGowin's map of Lawrenceville in 1852, Map F.) Map F also shows the Malcolm Leech residence on Outlot No. 9; the Scotts' on Outlot No. 8; the Howards' (formerly William Toman's) on Outlot No. 7, and a small section of Outlot No. 6, still owned in 1852 by one of the Toman heirs.

Mrs. Lynch's letter is dated March 13, 1915. She was then sixty-eight years old and in full possession of all her faculties. Her statement is given here in full on account of its historic importance and interest. We also reproduce a drawing made by Mrs. Lynch's daughter-in-law, Lotta (Mrs. Robert W. Lynch), from memory sketches given her by her husband's mother, to illustrate the changes made in the White Cottage after it was acquired by Malcolm Leech and Andrew Kloman. Mrs. Maria Leech Lynch and her daughter-in-law, Lotta Lynch, who made the sketches, both died in January, 1936.

Crafton, Pa., March 13th, 1915

Mr. John C. Slack,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Mr. Slack:

In compliance with your request, I take pleasure in imparting to you what knowledge I have of the birthplace of Stephen Collins Foster.

In 1827, a year after Stephen was born, and shortly before the removal of the Foster family to Allegheny, my grandfather, Malcolm Leech, purchased their Lawrenceville home and some thirty or more acres of land surrounding it, located on both sides of the Greensburg turnpike (now Penn Avenue) and extending from it to Butler Street, and from Allen Street (now 38th Street) to the turn in the "pike" above its junction with Butler Street commonly known as the "forks of the road." He made some alterations in the house and occupied it until his death in the early sixties.

I was born in 1847 in a house on his property directly across "the pike" from his and there spent the first twelve years of my life in full view of his house, making daily visits to it and roaming at will over the thirty acres with such infinite enjoyment that every portion seems indelibly imprinted on my memory.

My grandfather's house consisted then of *the original white frame cottage just where and as left by Mr. Foster,* and to the left of, and connected with it, the brick structure he had erected himself, and which forms the main part of the mansion as it now stands. Evidently the two story part of the Foster dwelling, replaced by the latter, had at some time been removed to the rear, as a building corresponding exactly to the sketch of it—porch and all—stood just back of the cottage, used, as I recall it, for storage and servants' quarters.

After my grandfather's and father's death in '61 and '62, the estate was placed on the market—the house becoming the property of Mr. Anthony Kloman, [this should be Andrew Kloman] who tore down the original cottage and substituted for it the brick wing now there.

Certainly there is little about the present edifice to suggest the one built by Mr. Foster, and it is small wonder that, when a few years ago persons having in mind a memorial to his brother, asked Mr. Morrison Foster to try and locate his boyhood home, he should have found the cottage at the "forks of the road" fitted much better into his early recollections. I might make the same error myself if suddenly dropped there after an absence of seventy years. Having never lived very far from

Pittsburgh for any great length of time, and having for family reasons always kept more or less in touch with our old home, I feel my utmost confidence in my ability to trace Mr. Park's late purchase from Mrs. McKee back through its various transitions to the old Foster home. [Italics supplied by author.]

(The preceding paragraph from Mrs. Lynch's letter indicates that she evidently had been informed that Morrison Foster had identified the "cottage at the forks of the road" as his birthplace. As we know, this is quite the opposite from the facts. All direct evidence from Morrison Foster definitely identifies the McKee mansion as the site of the Foster homestead. Morrison Foster did not return to Pittsburgh after "an absence of seventy years." With the exception of ten years [1860 to 1870] spent in Cleveland, Morrison Foster lived all his life [1823 to 1904] in or near Pittsburgh. Morrison Foster died in Grove City, Pennsylvania, on May 14, 1904, after living there only three months. In no uncertain manner, Morrison Foster on more than one occasion stated that the McKee mansion was the site of the White Cottage where he and his brother Stephen were born.)

Whether or not any of the frame-work of the old was incorporated in the new building, I am unable to say. Possibly the foundations remain as laid by Mr. Foster, *as the site has never varied.* Unfortunately, Mr. Samuel McKee is not here to elucidate matters, as he could well do, having been the builder employed by my grandfather to make the alterations in the house he always afterwards manifested a warm interest in, and finally acquired—the interest due in part to his lifelong friendship for my parents and grandparents—all of these having passed away before I was old enough to be much interested in ancient history. I am able to quote them as well as Mr. and Mrs. McKee and other old friends to whom I am indebted for information regarding these almost century old happenings.

As is well known, Mrs. McKee died here last summer [1914] at the Kenmawr Hotel in her 100th year. She has told me of coming with her parents from Ireland when six years old, thus dating her advent here in 1820, after which date she and Mr. McKee spent almost their entire lives in the Lawrenceville district. As she never differed to an apparent degree from the rest of our sex, it may pretty safely be taken for granted that she took a friendly interest in her neighbors' affairs, particularly long ago when neighbors were few and far between. I think it may also be taken for granted that Mr. McKee was well informed as to the transaction between Mr. Foster and my grandfather; and from these premises, it seems reasonable to deduce that when they have stated at times in my presence that *our home had originally been the Foster home,* they knew what they were talking about.

I remember Mrs. McKee becoming rather irritated, and saying, "Well, you knew better than that," once when I mentioned having heard some one claim as Stephen Foster's birthplace the "forks of the road" cottage, known to us as Mr. Howard's house—the Howards being its occupants during my twelve years in the neighborhood. [See McGowin 1852 map of Lawrenceville, Map F.] Their daughter and I were playmates and exchanged frequent visits. Their house was almost a duplicate of the frame cottage part of my grandfather's, *only on rather a smaller scale* [see Robert Bell plan, Map G, showing that the wing on Leech house measures 50 feet]; nor were they very unlike as to location before "the pike" was graded and widened into Penn Avenue. To this resemblance, probably, may be attributed the confusion which has arisen as to the identity of the two cottages. The Howards left the locality, I think a year or so before we did—55 years ago—since when any number of Foster families may have occupied their house for all I know.

Between our people and Mr. Howard lived a *widow lady—Mrs. Scott* [see McGowin 1852 map of Lawrenceville, Map F]—with her four daughters, great friends of ours, and whose residence there antedated that of my grandparents, I have been informed. [Note: George Scott purchased his property from Wm. B. Foster on July 20, 1816.] A grandson, Mr. Wm. Alexander, lives in the East End, and said he well remembers allusions by his elders to *our home as the old Foster home.* His mother died about five years ago, aged 97, and always spurned the idea of Stephen Foster having been born elsewhere. She accounted for the "Howard house" as follows: *"Original owner named Toman;* next owners, Wood & Hughie (brewers); third owner, Rody Patterson; and fourth, Thomas Howard;" bringing it well up to the sixties. [Italics supplied by author.]

(The slight mistakes made here by Mrs. Alexander regarding the ownership of the house at the forks after the Tomans left, are easily explained. The names of Wood & Hughie, and Rody Patterson do not appear in the records as owners of the property, but were possibly tenants of William Toman's or of his heirs. The Toman heirs sold this property to Thomas Howard in 1850. Rody Patterson was a social and business friend of William B. Foster, Sr.; he was associated with the latter from 1849 to 1851 in a soldiers' agency which made collections of back pay, bounties, land grants, etc., for war veterans. Morrison Foster's account books show that a great deal of business was done with Mr. Patterson in the 1850's. If the house Mr. Patterson lived in for a time had been the old Foster homestead, Morrison Foster certainly would have been aware of the fact, and it would further have fixed the place in his mind when he came to look it over in 1901.)

Our home after 1859 was with my mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, on the Allegheny River above the Allegheny Cemetery. Next to us lived Judge McCandless, and a little farther up the river lived *Henry B. Foster, a brother of Stephen.* Their family were well acquainted with ours, and *often Mr. Foster would speak of our Lawrenceville home as having formerly been his. Mrs. McCandless* delighted in entertaining us adoring young people with reminiscences of old times, and none were more appreciated than those pertaining to the Foster family—the Foster songs having then about reached the zenith of their popularity. It so happened that Mrs. McCandless' mother (Mrs. Collins) and Stephen Foster's mother had been playmates in Baltimore, and their friendship had continued after they had come to Pittsburgh to live. At the time Stephen was born—to quote Mrs. McCandless: "A messenger sent by my mother from our home (one of the dozen or so charming country places into which the land between the Allegheny cemetery and Sharpsburg was at that time divided) to enquire for Mrs. Foster's health at their home (here she would always look at me and say 'afterwards your grandfather's place') returned with the message 'the baby is a boy and will be named Stephen Collins for your son.' " [Italics supplied by author.]

(Before her marriage to Judge Wilson McCandless in 1834, Mrs. McCandless was Sarah Collins, daughter of attorney Thomas Collins and Sarah Lowrey Collins. Sarah Lowrey and Eliza Clayland Tomlinson had been girlhood friends on the Eastern Shore where they were brought up; both came to Pittsburgh in 1807 as brides. Stephen Collins Foster was named for Mrs. Collins' young son, who died shortly before Mrs. Foster's baby was born on July 4, 1826. Eliza C. Foster's reminiscences state that Sarah Collins was a familiar visitor at the White Cottage when Stephen Foster was a baby, and prove that she would be quite sure of the location of the house. Sarah was the youngest of the Collins girls; her sisters were Valeria [Mrs. Evan Rees Evans], Margaret [Mrs. John Duncan], and Lydia [Mrs. Wm. B. McClure].)

It would be very strange if these three old friends of mine—Mrs. McCandless, Mrs. Alexander, and Mrs. McKee—either of whom, if living would be more than 100 years old, and all more or less qualified as friends or neighbors to speak advisedly of the Foster family, should all be mistaken as to the birthplace of their [friend's] illustrious son, and *still more strange if his brother Henry should be.* To me it seems inconceivable; nevertheless, I am glad to have my conviction clinched by the picture of his old home bequeathed by Mr. Morrison Foster to his descendants, and used by him to illustrate the book he published—"Foster Songs."

Though the elusive White Cottage has shown a disposition to flit about and confuse itself with other cottages to the bewilderment of some ardent seekers after truth, there is no disputing *the lay of the land,* which, as anyone can see by comparing them, is identical in the three sketches. [See reproduction, Mrs. Lynch's sketches.] First, and very important, in the extreme left appears the springhouse, habitant of the landmark I am told Mr. Morrison Foster sought, and I fear did not find, or was sorely puzzled if he did to account for its distance from the home he thought he had located at the "forks of the road." [We know from the records, that Mrs. Lynch had been misinformed, that Morrison Foster *did* find the springhouse, and recognized it, as well as the site of his birthplace, the McKee mansion at 3600 Penn Avenue.]

*It was a landmark worth remembering.* After doing refrigerator duty for the family, it was piped to where it could be of service to thirsty outsiders, with whom it was very popular. Decidedly more so than its stocky neighbors to the right—the "powder houses." What an event in the lives of us children, and those of our neighbors as well, Mr. John Beatty and his brothers and sisters among them, when a six or eight horse Conestoga wagon would arrive from over the mountains and unload kegs of powder my grandfather [Malcolm Leech] was allowed to take only in small quantities as needed, to his warehouse in the city, then several miles away. Now the Arbuckle warehouse.

How I should love to have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Morrison Foster and of conducting him (retrospectively) up the drive to the right of the "powder houses," past the dwelling and innumerable outbuildings—barns, carriage houses, etc., with orchards and gardens stretching off to the right to where the drive ended in the "little woods," an acre or two of forest where we children were allowed to gather nuts or wild flowers with the strict proviso that we could not climb the fence and lose ourselves in the "big woods," our name for Denny's woods, a famous place for picnics and all kinds of outdoor gatherings, and which extended over to and included the hills overlooking the valley where ran (and runs) the Pennsylvania Railroad. I am sure there would have been conviction in his mind that there he had found his and his brother's childhood home; and if he ever loved the old place as much as I did, an ache in his heart besides.

I have used the personal pronoun profusely, but shall not apologize, as I have hoped by so doing to introduce a note of intimacy that will give significance to my statement and help it to ring true in the ears of the public, whose enjoyment of Mr. Park's splendid gift will, I am sure, be enhanced if they can know he has had the satisfaction of being able to hand it over to them unmarred by a doubt as to its authenticity. [Italics supplied by author.]

Sincerely yours,
Maria Leech Lynch,
(Mrs. H. F.)

Mrs. Lynch's knowledge of the location of Stephen C. Foster's birthplace is strictly first hand; it does not come from neighbors who moved into Lawrenceville fifty years or more after all the Fosters had moved away, but from persons who knew the original Foster family when they lived in the White Cottage. To show how accurately Mrs. Lynch remembered the residences of her childhood friends, the following references were consulted in George H. Thurston's *Pittsburgh Directory* of 1859-1860:

Davis, John, gent, h near Allegheny Cemetery, Collins tp.
McCandless Hon Wilson, judge U S Court, h Alliquippa, n Allegheny Cemetery.
Foster Henry B., clerk, h Elm Cottage n Allegheny Cemetery.
Leech Col. John L., of Joseph S. Leech & Co., h Greensburg pike, L. [Lawrenceville.]
Leech, Joseph S. of Joseph S. Leech & Co., h Greensburg pike, L.
Leech Malcolm, of Joseph S. Leech & Co., h Greensburg pike, L.
Howard, Thomas atty at law, o 142 Fourth, h Lawrenceville.

## THE WHITE COTTAGE PAINTING

The White Cottage painting, reproduced in these Chronicles opposite page 24, was painted by an early Pittsburgh artist, Mr. Miller, in 1828, and it has hung on Foster walls for over a hundred years. It is in an excellent state of preservation and was regarded by Morrison Foster as a very good likeness of the house in which he and his brother Stephen were born.

When Morrison Foster published his *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster* in 1896, he included a sketch of this painting of the White Cottage in his book, but this drawing is not strictly accurate in regard to certain architectural details which the artist, Mr. Miller, carefully produced in his original painting. Therefore, we show in these pages an accurate line drawing of Mr. Miller's painting made by a draftsman, and also, for comparison, a line drawing of the house removed from the forks of the road, and now rebuilt in Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan.

Several major points of difference in the two drawings show that the house that stood at the forks of the road was not the cottage built by William B. Foster in 1814.

1. The front door
    - (a) The front entrance to the Foster homestead appears on Mr. Miller's painting as a large *double door,* with four panels of equal size in each door.
    - (b) The Toman house has a *single* door, having six small panels of equal size in the upper half, and two large panels of equal size in the lower half.
2. The fanlight
    - (a) The fanlight over the Foster front doors is constructed like an open fan turned *upwards,* with the bars converging towards the base of the half circle.
    - (b) The fanlight over the Toman door is of exactly *opposite* design, like an open fan turned *downwards,* with the bars converging from the base to the apex of the half circle.
3. Side lights
    - (a) On either side of the Foster doorway, extending the full length

of the double doors, there is a *four-pane fixed sash,* reaching from the top of the doors to the floor.

(b) On either side of the Toman doorway, there is a *three-pane fixed sash,* with a wooden panel inset below the three lights. The glass lights do not extend to the floor.

4. Windows

(a) The windows of the Foster house contain *six lights* in the *upper* sashes, and *six lights* in the *lower* sashes.

(b) The windows of the Toman house are made with *six lights* in the *upper* sashes, and *nine lights* in the *lower* sashes.

5. Roof

(a) The roof of the Foster homestead is a four-slope hip roof with a flat top.

(b) The roof of the Toman house, after being rebuilt, is a plain gable roof with a single ridge. It stood the same in Pittsburgh, except that the front slope contained a large dormer window which was not replaced when the house was rebuilt in Greenfield Village. (See photograph of the house at the forks of the road before its removal from Pittsburgh.)

6. Chimneys

(a) In Mr. Miller's painting, the main chimneys of the Foster homestead are shown plainly to rise through the middle of the house, and not on the ends of the house. The fireplaces of the Foster homestead would have been, not against the end walls, but *on the inside walls* which separated the chambers from the center hall.

(b) The main chimneys of the Toman house, before it was moved from Pittsburgh, and after it was rebuilt, are *on the inside of the two end walls of the house.* Therefore, the fireplaces of the Ford house are on the "weather ends" of the house, not on the inside walls as in Mr. Miller's painting.

Even if many changes were made by the different owners over such a long period of years, even if they changed the front door and the window panes and the fanlight and the side lights and the roof, it is hard to believe that the owner of such an unpretentious house would tear out the chimneys and move them, with all the fireplaces, from the *center walls* of the cottage to the *two end walls.*

## THE KLOMAN AFFIDAVIT

A letter written by Anthony Kloman in 1927 has been quoted frequently in the newspapers to prove that the "house at the forks of the road" was the actual White Cottage built by William B. Foster in 1814.

Anthony Kloman, whose father, Andrew Kloman, purchased the Foster-Leech homestead from Mr. Leech's administrator, Robert Bell, in August, 1864 (Vol. 177, page 351), wrote a letter on December 17, 1927, to his son, Charles Kloman, denying that his old homestead had been the home of the Foster family, and setting forth his reasons for believing that the "house at the forks of the road" was the true birthplace of Stephen C. Foster.

On the death of Malcolm Leech, in April, 1862, his administrator, Robert Bell, laid out a plan of lots on the Leech property on both sides of the Pittsburgh and Greensburg Turnpike. The portion of the plan known as Purport No. 2, containing the Foster-Leech homestead, is shown on Map G, dated July 12, 1864.

Andrew Kloman, father of Anthony Kloman, on August 9, 1864, purchased the following lots *in the Bell plan* (see Vol. 177, page 351):

> Lots 3, 4, 5 & 6 in said plan of building lots in the Borough of Lawrenceville in said County of Allegheny fronting jointly one hundred and sixty-seven feet on the Pittsburgh and Greensburg Turnpike Street, and extending back to Denny Street, to wit, Lots Nos. 3, 4 & 5 each having a front 24 ft. on said Turnpike and said lot No. 6 having a front of 95 feet on said Turnpike and extending back to Denny Street.

The Foster-Leech homestead (see Map G) was located on Lot No. 6 of the Bell plan (not to be confused with Outlot No. 6 of the Foster plan). Lots 7, 8, and 9 of the Bell plan were added to this plot by Katherine McKee on October 2, 1884, making the full 227 foot frontage on Penn Avenue.

According to the *Pittsburgh Directory* of 1859-1860, Andrew Kloman was at that time living across the Allegheny River, in what was then called Duquesne, and is listed as an "iron-worker." He was founder of the great Kloman Furnace, which has been called the "cradle of the United States Steel Corporation," and at one time was a partner of Andrew Carnegie. (The present town of Duquesne is on the Monongahela River.)

Therefore, in 1864, the Kloman family moved to Lawrenceville at least *thirty-five years after the Foster family had moved away.* Anthony Kloman, according to his son, Charles, was born in 1850; he was then fourteen years old when his father, Andrew Kloman, purchased his property in Lawrenceville; Anthony lived there until 1881.

On April 7, 1883, the heirs of Andrew Kloman, A. C. and C. H. Kloman, transferred the property to Dr. W. S. MacKintosh, trustee (Vol. 455, p. 649), who transferred the same to Andrew J. Lee at the September, 1884, term of court. Mr. Lee sold the place to Katherine McKee, wife of Samuel McKee, on October 2, 1884. (Vol. 503, p. 313.)

Mr. Kloman's complete letter, dated December 17, 1927, is on file in the Foster Hall Collection at the University of Pittsburgh. Portions of the letter were reproduced in the public press; an examination of the statements contained in these paragraphs will show that Mr. Kloman's deductions are not tenable. (Paragraph numeration and italics supplied by the author.)

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the Nov. 1927 number of the Charette, which is published by the Pittsburgh Architectural Club, which you have so kindly loaned to me. I am particularly interested in the article of that number having reference, with illustrations, to the Stephen C. Foster Memorial, by Mr. G. M. P. Baird, since that property with its present buildings was the homestead of our family from 1864 to 1881. [The articles Mr. Kloman refers to are in the November and December, 1927, *Charette,* in Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh.]

(1) I find the following to be the record of title to the property beginning with the ownership of Wm. B. Foster, viz:—From Wm. B. Foster to Bank of United States, N. Biddle, President 2 acres, one rood and 43.59 perches.

(2) By Bank of United States to Malcolm Leech, Dec. 4, 1835, see Vol. 49, page 647. By Robt. Bell, Administrator of Malcolm Leech to Andrew Kloman, my father (not Anthony Kloman). [Name used in *Charette* article.] Deed Book Vol. 177, pages 351 to 354 inclusive, recorded Oct. 6th, 1864, in which Vol. is included the plat (copy herewith inclosed) as

the property purchased by Andrew Kloman and consisting of about ¾ of an acre.

(3) On that ¾ acre tract was located a dwelling consisting of a three story brick building, *on the western side of the brick building* was located a *frame one-story four-room cottage* which was replaced in 1865 by Andrew Kloman by the present two story wing, but not on the foundation of the *old frame cottage,* since the old foundation was totally inadequate for the brick building; the frame cottage stood on a knoll probably 6 feet higher than the present elevation, and was graded to suit the requirements of the new brick wing. The present Mansard roof was also placed on the three-story brick building, making it a four story building.

(4) The water spring referred to by Mr. Baird was located at the bottom of a ravine about on the line of lots number 3 and 4. [Mr. Kloman here refers to lots number 3 and 4 of the Robert Bell plan, laid out on original Outlot No. 9 by Robert Bell in July, 1864.] *There was no spring house there at that time nor was there any trace of a spring house ever having been there.* My father Andrew Kloman had the spring renovated by placing stone slabs on edge on the four sides of the spring basin. A stone wall enclosing a space about 10 ft. x 15 ft. and 12 ft. high with the spring located in the northeast corner; and on top of the stone wall was placed a one story frame spring house. The ravine was then filled up to its present level with the material obtained by grading *the knoll where the frame cottage had stood,* as above stated. The overflow from the spring was carried thru a pipe to the opposite side of the Greensburg turnpike, where it supplied several families with water.

(5) The remainder of the 2 acres, 1 rood, 43.59 perches is bounded by the present named streets, viz.: Ligonier on the eastern end, also Ligonier on the south side, Penn Avenue on the north side and the west end by a line on the eastern end of a plot 100 feet front on Penn Avenue, and extending back 287 ½ feet; on that plot is a two-story frame cottage, a very much better dwelling than the one that had been on the Malcolm Leech plot, and which my father Andrew Kloman removed to make room for the present wing to the now four story brick building (See plat enclosed).

(6) It was generally understood, and so related to me by several old residents of Lawrenceville, that when Wm. B. Foster sold the 2 acre, 1 rood, 43.59 perches to the Bank of the United States, he reserved the 100 ft. by 287 ½ ft. tract for the reason that it contained the 2 story frame cottage as above stated, which was the Foster home, and was undoubtedly the White Cottage alluded to by Mr. Baird.

(7) Among the old residents of Lawrenceville who pointed out that cottage to me as having been the Foster home was Mr. Jas. B. Young of the old Roll Foundry of Jas. B. Young & Co., also he was President of the Lawrenceville Savings Bank (now the Pennsylvania National Bank) indeed the cottage referred to is directly across Penn Ave. from the Bank.

Mr. Young was born and raised in that immediate neighborhood, and at the time I refer to he was probably 50 years of age; the time at which he made the above named statement was 1866. I was then 16 years of age and had just at that time begun making my first savings deposits in Mr. Young's bank.

An examination of the Kloman affidavit follows:

(1) There is no record of a transfer by Wm. B. Foster to the Bank of the United States of a tract measuring "2 acres, one rood and 43.59 perches."

(2) A sale by the Bank of the United States to Malcolm Leech, Dec. 4, 1835, is duly recorded in Vol. 49, page 647, but it does not pertain to the property which Anthony Kloman is discussing. It pertains to property across the turnpike from the property purchased by Andrew Kloman from the administrator of Malcolm Leech. It covers the sale of "All those contiguous *Outlots* marked in the Plan of Lawrenceville *Numbers 22, 23,* and *24* . . . containing in the whole *Two Acres, One Rood and 43.59 perches* more or less, and being part of the same property which was conveyed to The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of the United States by Deed from Wm. Lecky, Sheriff of Allegheny County, bearing date the 6th May, 1826, recorded in Book H2. [See Map E.] After purchasing Outlot No. 9 from the Bank of the United States, Malcolm Leech also purchased the property across the turnpike, outlots 20, 22, 23, 24, and 25. Robt. McGowin's 1847 copy of Wm. B. Foster's map (see Map E) shows outlots 20, 22, 23, 24, and 25. Malcolm Leech purchased the large Outlot No. 20 on July 16, 1828 (Vol. 37, p. 26); Outlot 25, (Vol. 37, p. 21); outlots 22, 23, and 24, on December 4, 1835 (Vol. 49, p. 647). The house of Joseph S. Leech, his son, was built on the Malcolm Leech property directly across the turnpike from the White Cottage, approximately on the outline of outlots 20 and 22 (see Map F) in the place where Maria Leech Lynch, in her letter to John C. Slack, stated her father's house stood.

(3) Anthony Kloman here confirms Maria Leech Lynch's statement that Andrew Kloman, after purchasing the Leech homestead, tore down a one-story four-room cottage which was located on the western side of the building (see Map G, Bell plan), and replaced it with brick. Being only fourteen years old when his father bought the Leech property in 1864, Anthony Kloman did not realize that the old frame wing torn down by Andrew Kloman in 1865 was the main part of what had been the homestead of William B. Foster many years before Anthony Kloman was born, and was not only the birthplace of Stephen Collins Foster, but of six other Foster children.

Mr. Kloman states that the brick wing erected by his father was not placed on the foundations of the frame building, as they were "totally inadequate." Be that as it may, the frame wing shown on the Bell plan (Map G), which shows the house before it was sold to Mr. Kloman, and just where and as left by Malcolm Leech, measures by scale fifty feet width by thirty feet depth, on the map recorded in Pittsburgh. The brick wing with which Andrew Kloman replaced it, and which is standing there at the present day, measures about thirty-five feet in width (including the bay window) and about thirty feet in depth. It is doubtful that the frame cottage stood on ground six feet higher than the brick house built close beside it by Malcolm Leech; it is likelier that the grading done by Andrew Kloman was two or three feet.

(4) There is ample contemporary documentary evidence to show that there was a spring and springhouse on the Foster-Leech-Kloman property from as early as 1816; it is plainly marked on the Patterson map of 1816 (Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania has this map); the source of the spring is plainly shown on the Foster map of Lawrenceville dated 1815-1816. Eliza Foster, Stephen's mother, mentions the "cool springhouse" on the "eastern side of the White Cottage" in her manuscripts covering the period between 1818 and 1821. Maria Leech Lynch distinctly remembered the large springhouse at her grandfather's home in her time, 1847 to 1862; Morrison Foster remembered the location of the springhouse and found it where he had remembered it. The springhouse is plainly shown in the old painting of the White Cottage made by

Mr. Miller in 1828. It is quite possible that the old wooden superstructure needed repairing in 1866.

(5 and 6) Not by any stretch of measurements could a "2 acre, 1 rood and 43.59 perch" tract which contained the Kloman residence, be bounded on the western end by a 100 x 287½ foot lot that contained the "house at the forks of the road."

Original Outlot No. 9 contained more than four acres. Returning to the neighborhood in 1927, Mr. Kloman entirely overlooked the Scott property, Outlot No. 8, located on the turnpike between Outlot No. 9 and Outlot No. 7 on which the house at the forks of the road was built. Outlot No. 8 was sold to George Scott by Wm. B. Foster in 1816 and remained in the Scott family until 1866 (see Maps B, C, D, E, and F); it contained 1 acre, 3 roods, and 36½ perches.

The "two-story frame house" mistaken by Mr. Kloman for the Foster homestead, could not even have been the house at the forks of the road. It might have been a house built on the lower end of Outlot No. 9 by Malcolm Leech, or someone to whom he sold a lot.

There is no record of the reservation by Wm. B. Foster, of a "100 x 287½ ft." lot, to be found anywhere in the records of the transactions between Wm. B. Foster and the Bank of the United States; no such lot was reserved "because his house stood on it" or for any other reason. Wm. B. Foster lost the whole southern half of his property to the bank on May 6, 1826.

(7) The Lawrenceville Savings Bank was established in 1866, approximately thirty-seven years after the Foster family had moved away from Lawrenceville. W. W. Young was president and James B. Young was a director. James B. Young is quoted by Mr. Kloman, but Mr. Kloman does not state Mr. Young was acquainted with the Foster family when they lived in the White Cottage.

## CONCLUSION

Although a number of residents of Pittsburgh have made affidavits to the effect that "they had always been told" that the little cottage at the forks of the road was the old Foster homestead, it must be borne in mind that the William B. Foster family moved away from Lawrenceville not later than 1829; none of this hearsay testimony, however sincere and well-meant, can be traced to anyone who knew the Foster family when they lived in Lawrenceville. The majority of the affidavits are from persons who have never seen a member of the original Foster family and whose parents or grandparents did not move into the Lawrenceville district until forty years or more after the Foster family moved away.

The testimony of Mrs. Jessie W. Rose, granddaughter of Stephen C. Foster, to the effect that her grandmother, Mrs. Matthew Wiley (whose first husband was Stephen C. Foster), frequently pointed out, in the 1890's, the cottage at the forks of the road to her grandchildren as the Foster homestead, and the birthplace of their grandfather, Stephen Foster, has been frequently quoted as evidence that the building was the authentic Foster homestead. However, Mrs. Matthew Wiley did not know her first husband's family when they lived in Lawrenceville; the Foster family moved away from there approximately the year she was born, 1829. When Stephen C. Foster was born on July 4, 1826, in the White Cottage, Dr. Andrew N. McDowell (the father of Mrs. Wiley) and his family were living in Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he practiced medicine for a short time, later removing to Pittsburgh to a house on lower Penn Avenue. There his daughter Jane was brought up. The Foster family settled in Allegheny not later than 1832, and were living there when Stephen Foster and Jane McDowell were married on July 22, 1850. There is no evidence to show that Mrs. Wiley had any definite knowledge of the location of the original White Cottage, or that what she told her grandchildren in the 1890's was anything more than a repetition of neighborhood legend, or her own mistake. The claim has also been made that Stephen Foster himself frequently pointed out this house to his wife and daughter as his birthplace; this twentieth century hearsay is not supported by a single item of credible testimony. The following interview with Mrs. Marion Foster Welch, published in 1924, shows no knowledge of any such identification by her father, Stephen Collins Foster.

Memories of her father, Stephen C. Foster, in the happy years when he lived in Pittsburgh and she as a child played at his knees, came back clearly yesterday across the span of years to his only daughter, Mrs. Marion Foster Welsh [sic], aged 72, in the Foster Memorial Home, 3600 Penn Avenue.

Bright-eyed, and with glowing face, she told of the many kindnesses which she and her mother received from him in spite of the difficulties which he was finding at the time in marketing his compositions.

. . . She spoke of the controversy as to the correct location of the old Foster homestead where her father was born.

"All the records that I have been able to find," she said, "show that this was the spot where the old home stood. It was the only house in this district at the time, and the fields sloped from the house to the Allegheny river." [Pittsburgh *Gazette Times,* January 10, 1924]

When Mrs. Wiley visited Lawrenceville with her grandchildren, the old Toman cottage at the forks of the road was the only white frame house in the neighborhood that bore a resemblance to the oil painting of the Foster homestead with which Mrs. Wiley was familiar, or to the sketch of this painting in Morrison Foster's *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster,* published in 1896. The brick wing on the McKee mansion had long since replaced the frame structure where Stephen Foster and his brothers and one sister, Henrietta, were born. At the time the frame wing was torn down and replaced with brick by Andrew Kloman, Mrs. Stephen C. Foster was living in Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

When Mrs. Wiley (who was Mrs. Stephen C. Foster) pointed out the cottage at the forks of the road as the old Foster homestead, she would have done so without the least intent to deceive anyone. It is no reflection on the integrity of Mrs. Wiley to suggest she would be far more likely to be mistaken in the location of the real Foster homestead than William B. Foster, Sr., Eliza C. Foster, and Morrison Foster.

The records confirming the location of the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, at 3600 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, are contemporary, documentary, and direct. Each item of word-of-mouth or hearsay testimony supporting these records reverts either to an actual member of the original Foster family, or to someone who knew the original Foster family when they lived in the White Cottage where Stephen C. Foster was born on July 4, 1826.

Although not so stated on the deed of bequest, it was Mr. Park's desire that the descendants of Stephen C. Foster should live in this Foster shrine and make their home there free of charge. When Mrs. Marion Foster Welch (then sixty-three years of age) was approached on the subject, she said (according to the Pittsburgh *Sun* for June 16, 1914): "He was a dreamer, and no one understands a dreamer. I certainly would like to have the care of the home where he was born."

Honor and credit for preserving all that was possible of the "Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster" belongs to the unassuming philanthropists of Pittsburgh, the late Mr. and Mrs. James H. Park.

# APPENDIX III

## Grant's Hill Ironworks

THESE brief notes on the old Grant's Hill ironworks were amongst the papers of Morrison Foster.

(1) From the *Pittsburgh Directory* of 1812-1813:
Wm. B. Foster & Co. Steam Mill & Tilt Hammers, Grant's Hill.

(2) From records of Allegheny County. June 27, 1812:
Wm. B. Foster to Magnus Murray, undivided ½ of lots 45, 46, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55—John Hoge's plan Grant's Hill on High Street, on which are erected buildings and machinery for the manufacture of Iron.

(3) Advertisement in the *Pittsburgh Gazette, and Manufacturing & Mercantile Advertiser,* issue of Friday Morning, May 21, 1824:

DISSOLUTION.

> The Partnership heretofore existing, under the firm of *Hayes & Adams,* Iron Manufacturers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the concern will be settled by W. H. Hayes, who will hereafter manage the concern as agent for the *Pittsburgh Iron Manufacturing Company.*
>
> W. H. HAYES,
> DAVID ADAMS.
>
> Pittsburgh, April 30, 1824

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WE, the UNDERSIGNED,
Forming the
PITTSBURGH IRON MANUFACTURING CO.
Respectfully inform the public that our
ROLLING MILL

IS IN FULL OPERATION in manufacturing of Bar of all sizes, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Hoop, all of such quality as we will engage to give general satisfaction. Any orders committed to our care shall be punctually attended to by W. H. HAYES.

DAVID ADAMS,
JNO. FEEHAN,
M. FEEHAN,
W. H. HAYES.

Pittsburgh, May 7, 1824

(4) From John G. Matthews, formerly manager of Carnegie, Phipps & Company:

Pittsburgh March 13, 1888

Mr. Morrison Foster,

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of yours of the 10th and in reply would say that I can only give you information in regard to the Mill that was erected on Grants Hill formerly known as Hogs Pond. My knowledge of same is simply what I have heard my father and some others of the original Rolling Mill men of Pittsburgh; but in trying to recall some of these men I find that they have all passed away excepting one man who is my senior a few years, namely Chas. Adams, who is a son of *David Adams.* This David Adams was the practical man at the Grants Hill Mill, and as told to me said mill was built under his supervision, and as told me consisted as follows of 3 Puddling furnaces, one sett of rolls, and one wooden helve hammer; and that they were very limited in steam power and during a large part of the time they were in operation, the water from the pond was so unsuitable for the Boilers that they were compelled to haul water from the River for the Boilers. These are about all I know of the aforesaid mill. If I knew Mr. Adams' whereabouts or his address, I would be pleased to give same, as doubtless he could give more definite information.

Yours Respectfully,
John G. Matthews

Address Butler Street, near 40th Str. 17th Ward

# APPENDIX IV

# Memorials and Tributes to Stephen Collins Foster

*By* Fletcher Hodges, Jr., *Curator*
Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh
Compiled May, 1944

THE last four decades have seen the establishment of an ever increasing number of memorials and tributes to Stephen Foster. They prove that the man who contributed so much to our American heritage is now receiving the honors due him.

These memorials and tributes are intensely interesting to Foster students and collectors.

No complete summary has been published up to this time. Lists are in existence, but they are all incomplete, and some contain errors.

This appendix, to the best of my knowledge, is complete, up to the time of compilation. It has been checked carefully, with the source material in the Foster Hall Collection, to avoid the inclusion of inaccuracies.

Memorials and tributes to Stephen Collins Foster may be listed under seven classifications:

A) Memorials and tributes identified with one locality
B) Memorials and tributes not identified with one locality
C) Famous portraits of Stephen Foster
D) Dramatic productions based on Stephen Foster's life and works
E) Commercial products using Stephen Foster's name
F) Proposed memorials to Stephen Foster
G) Memorials and tributes erroneously associated with Stephen Foster

In recent years, the number of Foster tributes has increased greatly, due chiefly to the establishment of many Stephen Foster music clubs. It is quite possible that new clubs are even now being formed, in which case this appendix will be incomplete, even as it goes to press.

It could not be claimed that all of the Foster organizations listed below will maintain their existence. A few are composed of soldiers stationed at military posts. Such groups will obviously be dissolved with the transfer of their membership, or with the ending of the war. In addition, some of the school organizations may go out of existence with the graduation of the members.

No attempt has been made to distinguish between the relative importance of the individual memorials, within the several classifications. In Classification A, a geographical listing has been used, based on the states and cities in which the individual memorials are located.

## A) MEMORIALS AND TRIBUTES IDENTIFIED WITH ONE LOCALITY

### ARIZONA

*Williams*

Stephen C. Foster Club—This club is composed of the music class of Mrs. R. G. Stevenson and her two daughters. The members are grade school and high school students, who are studying instrumental and vocal music.

The club was organized about 1938 by Mrs. Stevenson.

### ARKANSAS

*Fayetteville*

Stephen Foster Rose—This rose, now being developed at the University of Arkansas, is described under Classification B, below.

### CALIFORNIA

*Long Beach*

Stephen Foster Group of the Women's Music Club of Long Beach—The group is a social organization within the Women's Music Club. Mrs. Carl E. Cameron is chairman.

The Stephen Foster Group was founded in 1938 by the Women's Music Club.

STEPHEN FOSTER TRIO—This trio was organized at Jordan High School, in September, 1940. It consists of girl students, dressed in the costumes of the 1850's. Their repertoire consists entirely of Stephen Foster's songs.

The trio has appeared before many business and social organizations of Long Beach and neighboring cities.

Miss Minerva H. Dudley is sponsor.

### *San Gabriel*

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY HELEN LINDSLEY—For a description of this portrait, owned by Mrs. Mary Thornton Dodge, of San Gabriel, see Classification C.

### *Santa Cruz*

STEPHEN FOSTER SCHOLARSHIP AND CLUB—In 1939, Mrs. Murray McAdam Yerbury, of Santa Cruz, established a fund to assist high school graduates to continue their music studies. Each year, an outstanding music student is awarded the Stephen Foster Scholarship of approximately one hundred dollars.

The group sponsoring the scholarship is named the Stephen Foster Club.

In 1941, the scholarship was awarded to Tom Masamori, who continued his studies at San Jose State College.

## COLORADO

### *Denver*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MEMORIAL CHOIR—The choir consists of soldiers located at the Fitzsimons General Hospital, U.S. Army. It was founded February 6, 1943, by Captain J. E. Griffin.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

### *Washington*

STEPHEN FOSTER COLLECTION IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS—The library contains a large collection of the first editions, manuscripts, and letters of Stephen Collins Foster. Most of the first editions were acquired by the Library of Congress as copyright deposits. The collection was classified, studied, and catalogued by the late Walter R. Whittlesey and O. G. Sonneck of the Music Division. The result of their study was their handbook, *Catalogue of First Editions of*

*Stephen C. Foster.* (Washington; Government Printing Office, 1915.)

This collection was used as the basis for compiling an early Foster Hall publication, *Foster Hall Reproductions of the Songs, Compositions, and Arrangements by Stephen Collins Foster.* (Indianapolis, Ind.; published by Josiah Kirby Lilly, 1933.)

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL FOUNDATION—The foundation sponsors "an annual Foster song week throughout the nation," and works for "a renaissance in singing by the American people through an ever widening knowledge and appreciation of Foster's songs."

The Foster song week is the period including January 13, the anniversary of Foster's death. This anniversary is observed by schools and music clubs.

Professor Peter Dykema of Teachers College, Columbia University, is president. Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, is honorary president. Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Washington, D. C., is patroness. Dr. Edwin N. C. Barnes, Director of Music in the Washington Public Schools, is executive secretary.

The organization was founded in 1936 by Mrs. Luther A. Johnson, wife of a representative in Congress from Texas.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY THOMAS HICKS—This portrait is a part of the Thomas B. Clarke Collection, owned by the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust. The Clarke Collection is in storage in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.

For further information concerning the portrait, see Classification C.

### FLORIDA

The Suwannee[1] River rises in the Okefenokee Swamp of southern Georgia and flows through northern Florida to the Gulf of Mexico. This river is immortalized in Stephen Foster's great song "Old Folks at Home" ("Way Down Upon the Swanee[2] River").

The state of Florida and its citizens are proud of the song and its composer. They have, accordingly, established a number of memorials to Stephen Collins Foster.

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[1] Florida spelling. Georgia spelling is "Suwanee."

[2] Shortened form used by Foster.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME" ("WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER")—STATE SONG OF FLORIDA—Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home," composed in Pittsburgh in 1851, was selected as the official state song of Florida by the Florida Legislature, May 28, 1935, in House Resolution No. 22.

The bill was sponsored by S. P. Robineau, member of the Legislature from Dade County.

### *Auburndale*

STEPHEN FOSTER JUVENILE CLUB—The club was organized and federated with the National Federation of Music Clubs on April 25, 1940.

Miss Nettie C. Allen is sponsor. The membership of the club is composed of boys and girls studying the piano under her direction.

One meeting each year is devoted to Stephen Foster's music.

### *Branford*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL BRIDGE—Five bridges over the Suwannee River, in northern Florida, bear at either end a tablet inscribed with the words:

"WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANNEE RIVER"
STEPHEN FOSTER

The five bridges are located on the highways listed below:

Branford, State Road 5-A
Ellaville, State Road 1, U.S. 90
near Oldtown, State Road 19, U.S. 19
Suwannee Springs, State Road 50
White Springs, State Road 2, U.S. 41

These tablets, dedicated to the composer who immortalized the Suwannee River, were authorized by the Florida Legislature in 1929.

### *Ellaville*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL BRIDGE—This bridge over the Suwannee River is located on State Road 1, U.S. 90.

See listing under Branford, above.

[SUWANNEE RIVER STATE PARK *(not yet established)*]—See Classification F.

### *Fort Lauderdale*

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—The club was established early in 1940 for children twelve years of age or less, to interest them in music. It is affiliated with the National Federation of Music Clubs. At one time, the club presented a monthly radio program, using "Old Folks at Home" as the theme song.

In 1940, the sponsor was Mrs. R. W. Condon and the musical director was Mrs. George C. Klick.

### *Homestead*

STEPHEN FOSTER JUNIOR MUSIC CLUB—The club was organized in 1938 by the Adult Monday Music Club.

In 1941, Miss Clarice Dodson was president and the sponsors were Mrs. B. P. Webb and Mrs. G. N. Wakefield.

### *Lake Worth*

STEPHEN FOSTER PATROL, GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA—The patrol was organized in September, 1939, as a part of the Golden Rule Troop, by girls who enjoyed singing Stephen Foster's songs.

### *Live Oak*

STEPHEN FOSTER HOTEL—The hotel was built in 1927. In September, 1935, it was renovated and named for Stephen Foster.

Mrs. Ruth Padgett is the owner.

### *Oldtown*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL BRIDGE—This bridge over the Suwannee River is located near Oldtown, on State Road 19, U.S. 19.

See listing under Branford, above.

### *St. Petersburg*

STEPHEN FOSTER PLAQUE IN SUWANNEE HOTEL—A plaque on the wall of the hotel lobby commemorates Stephen Foster, the Suwannee River, and his song about the river. It comprises pictures of Foster and the river, a facsimile of Foster's manuscript of a piano arrangement of the song, and the words of the song itself.

The idea of a plaque in Foster's honor was conceived by Paul M. Brown, managing director of the Suwannee Hotel, in 1941. The plaque was installed in the autumn of 1941.

### *Suwannee Springs*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL BRIDGE—This bridge over the Suwannee River is located on State Road 50.

See listing under Branford, above.

### *Tallahassee*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL COMMISSION—The Florida Legislature of 1931 authorized the creation of the Stephen Foster Memorial Commission. The members were to serve without compensation, and their duties and responsibilities were to raise, and hold in trust, funds for the purpose of establishing a Stephen Foster Memorial in Florida.

In 1936, the office of the Secretary of State of Florida reported that there was no record of any appointment to the Commission, up to that date.

In 1936, the Florida Federation of Music Clubs decided to sponsor a movement to erect a memorial to Stephen Foster at a site on the banks of the Suwannee River. The Federation appointed the Florida Foster Memorial Committee to organize the work of planning and financing the memorial, which was to take the form of an amphitheatre. See description of Stephen Foster Memorial Amphitheatre, at White Springs, Florida, below.

When definite plans for the location and construction of the amphitheatre were made, the Stephen Foster Memorial Commission became active. The commission took over the work of the Florida Foster Memorial Committee, described in the paragraph above.

In 1944, Earl W. Brown, of De Land, was chairman of the commission, and Mrs. W. A. Saunders, of White Springs, was secretary.

### *White Springs*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL AMPHITHEATRE (also known as Florida Stephen Foster Memorial)—Plans for one of the largest and most interesting of all memorials to Stephen Collins Foster have been prepared in recent years by the Florida Foster Memorial Committee of the Florida Federation of Music Clubs and the Stephen Foster Memorial Commission. This project is to take the form of an amphitheatre, at White Springs, on the bank of the Suwannee River.

The amphitheatre, with a probable seating capacity of between 1,000 and 1,500, will be located in the Foster Memorial Park, a site of two hundred acres, which is a gift from the city of White Springs and private individuals.

In 1936, the Florida Federation of Music Clubs decided to sponsor this memorial, and appointed the Florida Foster Memorial Committee to organize planning and financing. The state of Florida agreed to co-operate in the undertaking. The legislature appropriated $25,000 in 1939 and an additional $100,000 in 1941, for the construction of the amphitheatre. Contributions were also received from Florida music clubs and interested individuals.

When definite plans for the location and construction of the amphitheatre were made, the Stephen Foster Memorial Commission, a state-sponsored organization, took over the work of the Florida Foster Memorial Committee. See entry under Tallahassee, above.

Britton Kirton, of Jacksonville, Florida, was selected as architect, late in 1938.

According to a pamphlet issued in 1939 describing the project:

> An amphitheatre with stage and seating capacity adequate for large audiences assembled for music festivals or other approved entertainment of state and national importance will be constructed. The rotunda will contain a standing figure of Stephen Foster, with background of characters of his songs in bas-relief which will be reflected in the crystal waters of the famous river.
>
> Georgia marble will be extensively used because of its beauty and durability, combined with native Florida stone.
>
> The world's largest carillon, composed of 75 tubular bells, built for the Florida Stephen Foster Memorial, by the J. C. Deagan Company, will be located near the amphitheatre, adding its beauty of tone to the scenic beauty of the entire memorial as it peals out the Foster melodies and other favorites in addition to the regular fifteen-minute chime tones which designate the time of day.
>
> The cost of the Florida Stephen Foster Memorial including carillon will be $350,000.

The carillon described above, built by J. C. Deagan, Inc., of Chicago, in 1938 and 1939, was temporarily located in the Florida

Building at the New York World's Fair in 1939 and 1940. During that time, millions of visitors heard its chimes playing Stephen Foster's melodies. When the Fair closed, the carillon was to be shipped to White Springs, for eventual installation in a tower of the finished memorial.

When the post office at Jacksonville, Florida, was demolished, the marble was purchased, about 1940, by the state for use in the construction of the amphitheatre at White Springs.

The site of the memorial was dedicated December 14, 1940, when Governor Fred P. Cone shoveled out the first spadeful of dirt at the spot where the amphitheatre will stand.

Efforts to raise sufficient funds to complete the amphitheatre occupied the Stephen Foster Memorial Commission after the dedication. In December, 1941, shortly after the United States entered World War II, the state of Florida decided to postpone indefinitely work on the Stephen Foster Memorial Amphitheatre. It seems likely that work on the project will not be resumed until the war has been concluded.

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL BRIDGE—This bridge over the Suwannee River is located on State Road 2, U.S. 41.

See listing under Branford, above.

FOSTER MEMORIAL PARK—The Stephen Foster Memorial Amphitheatre, of White Springs, will be located in this park, a site of two hundred acres. It is a gift from the city of White Springs and private individuals.

See description of amphitheatre, above.

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—The club was founded on May 8, 1937, and became a member of the National Federation of Music Clubs on the same date.

The primary purpose is the sponsoring of the Stephen Foster Memorial Amphitheatre, of White Springs, described above. In addition, it assists the White Springs School Band by purchasing instruments for the children.

### *Winter Park*

STEPHEN FOSTER STONE IN "WALK OF FAME"—The "Walk of Fame" on the campus of Rollins College is, according to Hamilton Holt, president of the college and founder of the project, "a walk flanked on either side by a row of flat stones. Each stone is engraved with the name of a famous man or woman and his or her home or place from whence the stone was taken."

Included in the walk is a stone from the grounds of "Federal Hill" ("The Old Kentucky Home"), Bardstown, Kentucky, traditionally connected with Stephen Foster and his great song, "My Old Kentucky Home." See description of "Federal Hill," below.

The "Walk of Fame" was established in 1928. The Foster stone was added in 1930.

### GEORGIA

#### *Fargo*

STEPHEN FOSTER MONUMENT—The Suwanee[1] River, theme of Foster's great song, "Old Folks at Home" ("Way Down Upon the Swanee[2] River"), rises in the Okefenokee Swamp of southern Georgia and flows through northern Florida to the Gulf of Mexico.

Georgia's tribute to the composer is a granite monument at Fargo, dedicated October 27, 1928. It is the gift of Charles J. Haden, of Atlanta.

It bears the inscription:

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
AT THE SOURCE OF THE STREAM
WHICH HE MADE IMMORTAL
IN SONG:
"SUWANEE RIVER"

DONATED BY
CHARLES J. HADEN

This Foster monument was placed on a new foundation, and given more attractive surroundings, early in 1939. The improvements were made by Mr. Haden. Rededication exercises were held

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[1] Georgia spelling. Florida spelling is "Suwannee."
[2] Shortened form used by Foster.

July 4, 1941, with the Boy Scouts of the Okefenokee area of southern Georgia participating.

This ceremony was a part of the first annual pilgrimage of the Boy Scouts of this district to the Suwanee River. Each year a similar pilgrimage is made to this spot, to commemorate Stephen Collins Foster.

A wooden marker erected in 1941, near the granite monument, and dedicated July 4, bears an inscription describing the Foster pilgrimages.

### ILLINOIS

#### *Chicago*

**Bas-relief portrait of Stephen Foster, in Frances Parker School**—This portrait is a replica of the original work by Warner Williams, of Culver, Indiana. It was presented to the music department of the school by Mr. Williams. See listing under Culver, Indiana, below.

#### *Dunlap*

**Stephen Foster Singers of Dunlap High School**—This group is a sextette, specializing in ensemble music, composed of girls dressed in the costumes of Foster's day. Their repertoire includes his melodies.

The sextette was formed in 1942. Miss Gertrude Harker is the director.

#### *Peoria*

**Stephen Foster Singers of Manual Training High School**—This is a vocal group of a dozen girls, dressed in the costumes of Foster's day. It was founded in September, 1939.

It has appeared on convention, club, and church programs in Peoria and throughout the state.

Miss Ginevra M. Chivington is director.

#### *Quincy*

**Stephen Foster Singers of Quincy Senior High School**—This group is composed of sixteen girls, who sing only the Foster melodies. Their dresses are of the Foster period.

The singers were organized January 20, 1941. The director is Barney M. Thompson.

### INDIANA

#### *Carmel*

STEPHEN FOSTER CONSERVATORIES (also known as Stephen Foster Orchid Range)—This organization raises "Stephen Foster Orchids." See Classification B, below.

The conservatory is under the management of Yohler and Mitchell, Inc.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY MARIE GOTH—This portrait hangs in the office of the Stephen Foster Conservatories.

See listing above. See also Classification C, below.

#### *Culver*

BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN FOSTER, IN CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY—This portrait is a replica of the original work by Warner Williams of Culver Military Academy. It hangs on the wall of the glee club room in the Music and Art Building.

The original (first cast), made in the plaster mold, is in the Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It is 15 inches wide and 20 inches high.

This bas-relief was modeled and cast in 1940.

There are six replicas of this original, located as follows:

Frances Parker School
Music Department
Chicago, Illinois

Culver Military Academy
Culver, Indiana

Home of Josiah Kirby Lilly
Indianapolis, Indiana

Berea College
Music Building
Berea, Kentucky

Western Kentucky State Teachers College
The Library
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Audubon Memorial Museum
Audubon State Park
Henderson, Kentucky

*Indianapolis*

Bas-relief portrait of Stephen Foster, in the home of Josiah Kirby Lilly—This portrait is a replica of the original work by Warner Williams, of Culver, Indiana. See listing under Culver, Indiana, above.

Foster Hall—The original home of the Foster Hall Collection, founded by Josiah Kirby Lilly. See pp. 594-595.

Mr. Lilly first became interested in collecting Fosteriana, late in 1930. On January 5, 1931, he acquired several hundred first and early editions of Stephen Foster's music, which became the nucleus of the Foster Hall Collection. This date may be considered the birthday of the collection.

On December 28, 1936, the collection was shipped to Pittsburgh, to be placed eventually in the new Stephen C. Foster Memorial, then under construction on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh. See pp. 595-600.

Even though Foster Hall no longer houses the Foster Hall Collection, it maintains its name. It now serves as library, music room, and social hall.

At the entrance is a bronze plate bearing the following inscription:

FOSTER HALL

DEDICATED TO
HARMONY

LET NO
DISCORDANT NOTE
ENTER HERE

Foster Hall Quartet—This male quartet, composed of colored singers, specializes in the singing of Stephen Foster melodies. It was organized in the early 1930's. It has participated in many programs throughout Indiana.

The quartet derived its name from the fact that it presented many of its early Foster programs at Foster Hall, under the auspices of Josiah Kirby Lilly. See entry above.

STEPHEN FOSTER BUST BY ARTURO IVONE—This bronze bust of the composer stands in the entrance of Foster Hall. See entry above.

Mr. Ivone is a Cincinnati sculptor who has created two other Foster memorials, both located in Cincinnati, Ohio. See below.

STEPHEN FOSTER KINDERGARTEN—Organized by the Indianapolis Free Kindergarten Society in September, 1942, this kindergarten is located in the Stephen Collins Foster School. See below.

STEPHEN FOSTER MEDALLION—A stained glass medallion, depicting the themes of Stephen Foster's song, "Long Ago Day," is located in the home of Josiah Kirby Lilly of this city.

It was designed by Howard G. Wilbert of the Pittsburgh Stained Glass Studios, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the autumn of 1940.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY MARIE GOTH—This oil portrait hangs on the wall of the Stephen Collins Foster School. It was presented to the school by Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Kirby Lilly, on May 21, 1937, as a part of the ceremony of naming the school.

See entry below. See also Classification C.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER SCHOOL—This institution was formerly identified merely as School No. 67 in the Indianapolis Public School system. It was officially named the Stephen Collins Foster School in ceremonies which took place May 21, 1937.

The school is located at 3615 West Walnut Street. Mrs. Lola S. Eller is principal.

STEPHEN FOSTER UNIT, AMERICAN RED CROSS—The group was organized in July, 1941, for the production of sewed and knitted garments for the Red Cross.

The unit holds its meetings in Foster Hall. See above. For this reason, it seemed appropriate to adopt the name of Stephen Foster.

Mrs. Frederic D. Anderson was founder.

### KENTUCKY

This commonwealth, immortalized in Stephen Foster's great song, "My Old Kentucky Home," has long been an admirer of his music. Inspired by tradition and sentiment, Kentuckians have established many Foster memorials.

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"—STATE SONG OF KENTUCKY—The song was composed by Stephen Foster in 1852, and was copyrighted January 31, 1853. It is the official song of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. See pp. 412-413.

The selection of "My Old Kentucky Home" as the state song was made by the Kentucky Legislature, March 19, 1928.

STEPHEN FOSTER, APPOINTED A KENTUCKY COLONEL—On July 4, 1940, Governor Keen Johnson, of Kentucky, issued a commission to Stephen Foster, to become a colonel in the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels. It was the first posthumous commission as a Kentucky colonel ever to be issued.

This event took place at "Federal Hill," Bardstown, Kentucky, during the unveiling of Howard Chandler Christy's portrait of Stephen Foster. See Classification C.

The framed parchment bearing Foster's commission as colonel is on display in the museum room at "Federal Hill."

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER HIGHWAY—This highway, nineteen miles in length, begins at Bardstown and ends at Springfield. It bears U.S. route numbers 68 and 150.

It was formerly called the Springfield Road. The highway was given its present name, November 28, 1939.

The Stephen Collins Foster Highway passes "Federal Hill" at Bardstown. The highway is a continuation of Stephen Foster Avenue, Bardstown. See listings under Bardstown, below.

Plans call for the highway to be marked with signs carrying the name "Stephen Collins Foster Highway" on ten-foot steel posts.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MEMORIAL DAY—January 31, anniversary of the copyrighting of Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home," first published in 1853, has been established by the Kentucky Legislature as Stephen Collins Foster Memorial Day.

The resolution was compiled by Willard Rouse Jillson, of Frankfort, and John Wilson Townsend, of Lexington. It was approved by Governor Ruby Laffoon, February 8, 1934.

See pp. 411-413.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER PULLMAN CAR—This car is included in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad trains No. 2 and No. 3, operating between Cincinnati, Ohio, and Nashville, Tennessee. Most of the route lies in Kentucky.

See Classification B.

### *Bardstown*

"FEDERAL HILL"—This estate, popularly known as "The Old Kentucky Home," is one of the finest and best known of all memorials to Stephen Collins Foster.

It is the former home of the Rowan family, of Kentucky, relatives of the Foster family. The state of Kentucky maintains the house as a museum and the surrounding grounds as a park. The estate was purchased through popular subscription, and presented to the state in 1922. Each year, many thousands of people visit this Foster shrine, which is traditionally associated with the composition of "My Old Kentucky Home."

For a thorough discussion of this tradition, see pp. 402-413 of this book. See also John Tasker Howard's *Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour,* pp. 170-177.

Since 1893, legend has linked both Stephen Foster and his song, "My Old Kentucky Home," with "Federal Hill."

In March, 1920, the state organized a movement to acquire "Federal Hill" for preservation as a shrine. Kentuckians and descendants of Kentuckians in all parts of the country, and other donors, contributed $65,000 to purchase the mansion and grounds.

"Federal Hill" was sold in 1922, to the trustees of this popular subscription, by Mrs. Madge Rowan Frost, a descendant of the founder, Judge John Rowan. In that same year, the Kentucky Legislature passed an act authorizing the state to accept the gift.

"Federal Hill" was formally dedicated July 4, 1923. On that occasion, a portrait of Stephen Foster by the Pittsburgh artist, Martin B. Leisser, was presented to "Federal Hill" by the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh. In addition, a bronze tablet commemorating Foster was presented by the city of Pittsburgh.

Another famous painting of Stephen Foster hangs on the wall of "Federal Hill." It is the work of Howard Chandler Christy, and was presented by the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels, July 4, 1940.

"Federal Hill" has been the scene of many Foster programs.

See balance of entries for Bardstown, below.

HOTEL STEPHEN FOSTER—The hotel was formerly known as The Old Kentucky Home Hotel. It was leased by its present operator, C. C. Gilliatt, September 1, 1942, and its name changed to Hotel Stephen Foster about January 1, 1943.

Prior to this date, no building in Bardstown carried Foster's name, in spite of the town's strong Foster tradition. For this reason, Mr. Gilliatt thought it would be fitting for his hotel to bear the composer's name.

The building dates back to the nineteenth century. It was reconstructed about 1902.

The hotel contains thirty rooms.

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME—See "Federal Hill," above.

STEPHEN FOSTER, APPOINTED A KENTUCKY COLONEL—Foster was posthumously commissioned a colonel at "Federal Hill," July 4, 1940.

See second entry under Kentucky, above.

STEPHEN FOSTER AVENUE—On February 14, 1939, the Bardstown City Council, by ordinance, renamed all of the principal streets and avenues after men whose names are associated with the city. One of the important thoroughfares, formerly known as Market Street, was changed to Stephen Foster Avenue.

Stephen Foster Avenue extends from the city limits on the west to the city limits on the east, the boundary line of "Federal Hill."

At this point Stephen Foster Avenue joins the Stephen Collins Foster Highway. See third entry under Kentucky, above.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER COMMUNITY CHORUS—The chorus was founded in the autumn of 1941, by members of the Stephen Foster Music Club. See below. Mrs. James F. Conway was sponsor.

There are approximately twenty-five members.

The chorus was organized to participate in the various Foster programs held in Bardstown each year.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER HIGHWAY—See third entry under Kentucky, above.

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL PROGRAM—Each Fourth of July, the birthday of Stephen Collins Foster, a program in his honor is held on the lawn of "Federal Hill."

The audience is composed of people from many parts of Kentucky. The speaker is usually a man of national prominence.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—The club was organized in December, 1935. Its purposes are to encourage the appreciation and interpretation of music in the community and to perpetuate the name and work of Stephen Collins Foster.

Mrs. James F. Conway was first president.

A Stephen Foster memorial program is held each January 13, the anniversary of his death, at "Federal Hill."

The membership is about forty.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY—This portrait hangs on a wall of the dining room of "Federal Hill." It was presented by the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels, on July 4, 1940.

The unveiling ceremonies included the posthumous commissioning of Stephen Collins Foster as a Kentucky colonel. See second entry under Kentucky, above.

For further information about the Christy portrait of Foster, see Classification C.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY MARTIN B. LEISSER—This portrait hangs in "Federal Hill." It was presented July 4, 1923, by the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The occasion was the formal dedication of "Federal Hill."

For further information about this portrait, see Classification C.

Stephen Collins Foster postage stamp—The first-day sale of the Stephen Collins Foster stamp took place at the Bardstown post office, May 3, 1940.

This event was celebrated in Bardstown with appropriate ceremonies. Several thousand guests gathered on the lawn of "Federal Hill" to pay tribute to Stephen Foster's memory. James A. Farley, Postmaster General, delivered the principal address.

The Bardstown post office did a rushing business; 651,146 Foster stamps were sold that day, and 183,461 first-day covers were mailed.

For a description of the Foster stamp, see Classification B.

Stephen Foster tablet—A bronze tablet in the front hall of "Federal Hill" was presented by the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1923. The occasion was the formal dedication of "Federal Hill."

The tablet bears the inscription:

1826 1864
IN MEMORY OF
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
BORN IN PITTSBURGH, PA. JULY 4th 1826
WHO ON A VISIT TO KENTUCKY IN 1852
WROTE IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL SONG
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT IN MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

PRESENTED BY
THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
1922

The sculptor was John Polasheck, of New York.

(The actual date of the presentation ceremonies, at the dedication, was 1923, rather than 1922, as stated on the tablet.)

### *Berea*

Bas-relief portrait of Stephen Foster, in Berea College—This portrait, a replica of the original work by Warner Williams, of Culver, Indiana, is in the Music Building.

See listing under Culver, Indiana, above.

### *Bowling Green*

BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN FOSTER, IN WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE—This portrait, a replica of the original work by Warner Williams, of Culver, Indiana, is in the college library.

See listing under Culver, Indiana, above.

### *Covington*

Erroneous articles printed in Kentucky newspapers in March, 1940, stated that statues of Stephen Foster would be presented to Covington and Lexington, Kentucky, by Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, founder of the Foster Hall Collection.

These articles are not based on fact. The statues were neither presented nor made.

See Classification G.

### *Frankfort*

STEPHEN FOSTER BUST—There is a plaster bust of Stephen Foster, in the museum of the Kentucky State Historical Society, at Frankfort. It is located in the Old Senate Chamber of the Old State Capitol Building.

This bust was the work of Joseph L. Roop, of Louisville. It was made for Kentucky Home-Coming Week, celebrated in Louisville in 1906.

The bust was presented to the Kentucky State Historical Society by Samuel A. Edleson, of Louisville, in October, 1918. The gift was unveiled June 7, 1919. Young E. Allison, of Louisville, a Kentucky authority on Stephen Foster, made the address on this occasion.

The Frankfort bust is frequently confused with two other pieces of sculpture, one imaginary, the other real:

1) A *non-existent* statue of Stephen Foster, erroneously reported to be located in the State Capitol at Frankfort. See Classification G.
2) The statue of Stephen Foster, also the work of Joseph L. Roop, in the Louisville Free Public Library, Louisville, Kentucky. See description under Louisville, below.

["STEPHEN FOSTER STATUE" *(non-existent)*]—For a discussion of this subject, see entry just above, Classification G, and description of the Stephen Foster statue in Louisville, Kentucky.

### *Henderson*

Bas-relief portrait of Stephen Foster, in Audubon Memorial Museum, Audubon State Park—This portrait is a replica of the original work by Warner Williams, of Culver, Indiana. See listing under Culver, Indiana, above.

### *Lexington*

Stephen Collins Foster Ensemble—This musical organization was composed of students at the University of Kentucky, to present a series of Foster broadcasts from the University's radio station.

The ensemble was founded in 1940 by Elmer G. Sulzer, director of the radio station. It consisted of a soprano trio, a baritone, and string trio accompaniment.

The ensemble is not in existence at the present time.

Stephen Foster portrait by Marie Goth—A portrait of Foster hangs in the Stephen Collins Foster Studio of the University of Kentucky's radio station.

It was presented to the university by Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, April 2, 1942.

For further information about this portrait, see Classification C.

["Stephen Foster statue" *(non-existent)*]—Erroneous articles printed in Kentucky newspapers in March, 1940, stated that statues of Stephen Foster would be presented to Lexington and Covington, Kentucky, by Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, founder of the Foster Hall Collection.

These articles are not based on fact. The statues were neither presented nor made.

See Classification G.

Stephen Collins Foster Studio—A studio of the University of Kentucky radio station bears the name of Stephen Foster.

The radio studios of the university were completed in 1939. They have broadcast several series of Foster programs.

In April, 1942, the largest of the studios was named after Foster. Elmer G. Sulzer is the director.

George Douglass Sherley house—The house is located on the Frankfort pike, near Wolf Run, about three miles outside the city limits. It has been given two names: "Sherley Crest" and "Birch Nest."

An outside wall of the house bears an inscription, reading:

THIS PANEL IS
A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
1826-1864
WHO WROTE THAT IMMORTAL SONG
"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOODNIGHT"

There follow the melody, the first verse, and the chorus of the song. The inscription is painted in black letters on white bricks.

The house was built during the Civil War. The memorial inscription described above was added about 1897.

The house was once the property of George Douglass Sherley, a Kentucky author. It is now owned by Mrs. Alexander Rose, of Lexington. (Not Mrs. Alexander Dallas Rose—Jessie Welsh Rose—of Pittsburgh, granddaughter of Stephen Foster. See pp. 628 and 629.)

### *Louisville*

Stephen C. Foster School—The Foster School is a unit of the Louisville Public Schools. It is located at Forty-first Street and Garland Avenue.

The school was constructed in the years 1914 and 1915. It was dedicated in the autumn of 1916.

Miss Elizabeth Wells is the principal.

Stephen Foster statue—There is a plaster statue of Stephen Foster in the museum of the Louisville Free Public Library.

The sculptor was Joseph L. Roop, of Louisville. It was made for Kentucky Home-Coming Week, 1906.

The statue was unveiled by Mrs. Marion Foster Welch, daughter of Stephen Foster, on June 14, 1906, at the Louisville Armory. The funds for its preparation were contributed by the children in the Louisville Public Schools.

It was originally planned that the statue should be placed in the State Capitol Building, at Frankfort, Kentucky. This plan was not carried out. The statue was moved to its present location in the library, about 1909.

See description of bust of Stephen Foster, at Frankfort, above. See also reference to Frankfort, Kentucky, in Classification G.

The original plans were responsible for erroneous information, occasionally published, to the effect that this statue of Stephen Foster is located in the State Capitol Building, at Frankfort.

Moreover, Mr. Roop's statue of Stephen Foster is *not* "a plaster replica of the [non-existent] Frankfort statue," another erroneous statement sometimes published. It is not a *replica* of any other art work. It is an original statue "in its own right."

This plaster statue was badly damaged in the Louisville flood of 1937, but most of the damage has since been repaired.

### *Morehead*

FOSTER CHORAL CLUB OF MOREHEAD STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE—The group was organized in March, 1931, by Lewis Henry Horton, the director.

The membership consists of twenty-four students from the college.

In all their programs, the group sings at least one Stephen Foster song.

### *Murray*

"STEPHEN FOSTER'S CHILLUN"—This organization was a dance orchestra, founded in February, 1939, under the leadership of Billy Shelton. It consisted of ten music students at Murray State College.

The orchestra specialized in "sweet swing," and featured many of Stephen Foster's melodies.

The group graduated from Murray State College in June, 1942.

According to the Murray *College News,* December 8, 1941, "These boys have stuck together throughout their college careers and intend to keep on playing together following their graduation in June."

No doubt the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and resulting events, have affected the plans of "Stephen Foster's Chillun."

*Richmond*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MUSIC CAMP—The Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College sponsors the Stephen Collins Foster Music Camp for high school students, each summer.

The first director was Henri Schnabl, director of bands in the Portsmouth, Ohio, public schools. The faculty consists of the music department faculty of Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College, and a number of outstanding musicians available for private instruction.

The camp is an annual institution. It was founded by the college in 1936.

Its purpose is to encourage and improve band and orchestra work in high schools.

*Springfield*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER HIGHWAY—See third entry under Kentucky, above.

### LOUISIANA

*Lafayette*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER SEXTETTE AND STEPHEN FOSTER GLEE CLUB—These two musical organizations for girls are sponsored by the music department of the N. P. Moss Junior High School. Mrs. Jeanne Jeanmard Kelley, music supervisor, is founder and director.

The sextette was founded in September, 1942.

In September, 1943, interest in the work of the sextette increased to such an extent that additional students wished to participate. Accordingly, the Stephen Foster Glee Club, with a membership of thirty-five girls, was formed.

*New Orleans*

The *S.S. Stephen C. Foster* is operated under the management of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company of this city.

For further information about this vessel, see Classification B.

### MASSACHUSETTS

#### *Boston*

**Foster inscription on Edward Hatch Memorial Concert Shell**—The name of [Stephen Collins] Foster is inscribed in bronze letters upon the Edward Hatch Memorial Concert Shell on the Charles River Esplanade.

The shell was completed in the early summer of 1940, in time for the Esplanade Concerts which members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have presented for the general public for many years.

Dedication of the shell took place July 2, 1940. The architect was Richard Shaw of Boston.

Foster is one of the fifty world composers whose names are inscribed on the shell. A jury of sixty-seven Boston musicians selected the composers thus honored. Of the thirteen Americans considered by the jury, six were chosen, with Stephen Foster in fourth place.

### MICHIGAN

#### *Dearborn*

"**Stephen Foster House**"—This structure, erroneously described as "the birthplace of Stephen Foster," is located in Greenfield Village, Dearborn, an exhibit of American architecture, industry, and culture.

It was originally located at 3414 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, where it was popularly known as the "House at the Forks." Because of erroneous neighborhood tradition, many Pittsburghers believed it was actually the birthplace of Stephen Foster.

The house was purchased by Henry Ford in May, 1934, and was moved to Greenfield Village, Dearborn, where it was restored. It was dedicated as the Foster birthplace, July 4, 1935.

The house was built by William Toman in 1828, or later (two or more years after Stephen Foster was born). Its correct title is, therefore, the "Toman house" rather than the "Stephen Foster House."

For a thorough discussion of the facts and legends associated with this house, as well as the birthplace of Stephen Foster, see entries in index under "Toman house," especially Appendix II, pp. 630-663. See also entries under "White Cottage."

### MISSOURI

#### *Cardwell*

Stephen Foster Junior Music Club—The club was founded February 7, 1941, by Blanche Hayes, a teacher in the Cardwell Schools. She is also the present sponsor.

The members are students in the Cardwell Grammar School and Junior High School. The work of various composers is studied with special emphasis on the music of Stephen Foster. Requirement for membership is an interest in music and dramatics.

#### *Fisk*

Stephen C. Foster Music Club—The club was organized in January, 1941, by Mrs. Eldon H. Edmundson. The members were her piano pupils.

The club was active until December, 1941.

#### *Kansas City*

Stephen Foster Ensemble—The ensemble was founded in November, 1937, by the Music Department of the Kansas City Athenaeum, a woman's study club. It was active for three years.

Mrs. Victor M. Seiter was director.

#### *St. Louis*

Stephen Foster Club in the Grant Public School—The club was founded by Caroline Westphaelinger, a teacher in the Grant School, May 1, 1942. The members are students of the sixth and seventh grades interested in Stephen Foster.

The Grant School is located at 3009 Pennsylvania Street.

### NEBRASKA

#### *Foster*

In the course of the research work necessary to compile this appendix, it was learned that there was a Foster Woman's Club located in the town of Foster, Nebraska.

Investigation proved that neither the club nor the town had any connection with Stephen Collins Foster. The town was named for

George Foster, an early settler, and the club took its name from the town.

### NEW JERSEY

#### *Hoboken*

STEPHEN FOSTER BANDSTAND—The bandstand is located in Hudson Square Park, at the north end of River Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets. On each of its four sides is engraved the name of an American composer. The name of Stephen Foster is on the south side, where most members of the audiences assemble. The other sides are devoted to Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, and Francis Scott Key.

The structure is popularly known as the Stephen Foster bandstand. It was constructed by the W.P.A. in 1937.

It was dedicated to Stephen Foster in ceremonies held January 13, 1940.

#### *Passaic*

STEPHEN FOSTER GARDEN CENTER—This enterprise, sponsored by the Passaic Council of Civic Leagues, was dedicated at Memorial Park, June 3, 1936.

The council sought to inspire the children of Passaic to find beauty in both music and nature, as well as to honor the memory of Foster.

The center consists of three beds of flowers and five pyrographed plaques of verses from Foster's songs.

Isabel Haggerty, principal of the Franklin School and chairman of the garden activities of the Passaic Public Schools, gave the Foster memorial address on this occasion.

#### *Salem*

STEPHEN FOSTER DAHLIA—The Stephen Foster Dahlia has been developed by the Salem Dahlia Gardens of this city.

For further discussion see Classification B.

### NEW YORK

#### *Flushing*

STEPHEN FOSTER HALL, QUEENS COLLEGE—The (old) music building on the Queens College campus temporarily bears the name

Stephen Foster Hall. It was given Foster's name in October, 1940.

This building is not adequate for the needs of the college. Present plans call for the construction of a new music building on the campus. It is to have a modern theater, studios, and quarters for research workers and performers.

The new music building will also be given the name of Stephen Foster Hall.

### *New York City*

Hall of Fame of New York University—No more thrilling event has stirred the hearts of admirers of Stephen Foster than his election to the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, in November, 1940.

The Hall of Fame is an American institution, under the jurisdiction of New York University, upon whose campus at University Heights, overlooking the Harlem River, it is located. The Colonnade of the Hall of Fame partially encloses the university's Gould Memorial Library.

In the niches of the Colonnade, bronze busts of the American men and women who have contributed to their country's fame, culture, and happiness are enshrined. They have been selected for this honor, in elections held every five years, by a group of approximately 100 electors. The electors are prominent American citizens, representing literature, education, art, science, law, and public affairs. The electors come from all parts of the country.

For years lovers of Foster's music had been ambitious for his election to the Hall of Fame. He had already participated unsuccessfully in two elections, receiving less than the necessary three-fifths majority of all votes cast. In the 1930 election, he received seven votes; in the 1935 election, twenty-five votes.

Before the 1940 election took place, Foster lovers organized an intensive letter-writing campaign. All the electors were urged to consider Stephen Foster's contributions to his country's cultural heritage, when casting their votes.

The result was an overwhelming victory for Foster. The election took place in November, 1940, with 108 electors voting. On November 14, the university announced that Foster was the only successful candidate in the field of 141 nominated earlier in the year. He received 86 votes, thus becoming the 73d historical figure awarded a place in the Hall of Fame, since it was founded in 1900. He was the first musician to be elected.

The dedication exercises were held in the auditorium of the Gould Memorial Library, May 27, 1941. A bronze bust of Stephen Foster, the work of the Philadelphia sculptor, Walker Hancock, was unveiled by Mrs. Jessie Welsh Rose, of Pittsburgh, Foster's granddaughter. Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, chief donor of the bust, formally presented it to the Hall of Fame. John Tasker Howard, Foster biographer, delivered the principal address. William Lyon Phelps, director of the Hall of Fame, presided.

An audience of approximately a thousand attended. Included were several descendants of Foster, and other relatives. Many parts of the country were represented in the audience, including states as far away as California.

After the program the bust was transferred from the auditorium to its permanent place in a niche of the Colonnade. Below the bust is placed a bronze tablet bearing the name of Foster, and the musical theme of his greatest song, "Old Folks at Home."

*S.S. STEPHEN C. FOSTER*—This vessel is operated under the management of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company of New Orleans.

In the autumn of 1943, the vessel was engaged in transporting war materials to various fighting fronts. It was under the jurisdiction of the eastern offices of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company, located in New York City.

For further information about this vessel, see Classification B.

STEPHEN FOSTER BOOK ENDS—The book ends are manufactured by Frankart, Inc., of this city.

For further information, see Classification E.

["STEPHEN FOSTER BRANCH" OF COMMUNIST PARTY *(probably nonexistent)*]—Efforts to verify the existence of this organization have been unsuccessful.

For further information see Classification G.

["STEPHEN C. FOSTER GLEE CLUB" OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY *(non-existent)*]—For information about this non-existent organization, see Classification G.

STEPHEN FOSTER OAK—A pin oak sapling, dedicated to the memory of Stephen Collins Foster, was planted in the Honor Grove in Central Park, July 18, 1940. The oak is located on the west side of the Mall.

Lucille Manners, soprano, and Charles E. Foster participated in the ceremony. Both packed dirt around the roots of the tree with golden spades.

Plans called for placing a protective fence around the tree, and hanging a dedicatory plaque.

STEPHEN FOSTER PLAQUE, BY J. JUSZKO—This is a commercial enterprise. The sculptor was J. Juszko, of New York City, and the distributor is the Merten Sales Company, also of New York City.

For further information see Classification E.

THE STEPHEN FOSTER SOCIETY—The society was founded in New York City, November 20, 1929. Its purpose was "to promote research into American folklore and sponsor performances of native music."

Lorraine Foster was president and founder. Harold Vincent Milligan, author of a Foster biography, was also prominent in the organization of the society.

The Stephen Foster Society has not been active in recent years.

[STEPHEN FOSTER WARD, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL *(not yet established)*]—For information about this proposed Foster memorial, see Classification F.

STEPHEN FOSTER WATCH—The Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., of this city, formerly manufactured a wrist watch of this name, especially for physicians.

For further information, see Classification E.

*Rochester*

STEPHEN FOSTER HALL—The Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester has a dormitory named Stephen Foster Hall, which was dedicated June 12, 1925.

### *Yonkers*

STEPHEN FOSTER CLUB—The club was organized about March, 1943, by Mrs. Robert G. Allen.

Membership consists of fifty children of junior high school age, interested in the life and music of Stephen Foster. Musical programs and dramatic productions are presented.

The club sponsors a Boys' Foster Band. There is also a choral group.

## NORTH CAROLINA

### *Charlotte*

STEPHEN FOSTER CHORAL CLUB—The club was organized in the winter of 1936, by Walter Scott, Sr. J. Clyde White is the director. It was originally known as the Stephen Foster Male Chorus.

The club consists of about twenty men. It specializes in the music of Stephen Foster. It assists church groups and parent-teacher associations to raise funds for their organizations, by presenting benefit performances.

### *Fletcher*

STEPHEN FOSTER TABLET—In the churchyard of the Calvary Episcopal Church is a bronze tablet mounted on a granite boulder, which bears the inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
COMPOSER OF
"SUWANEE RIVER," "OLD KENTUCKY HOME,"
"MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND," "O SUSANNA,"
"OLD BLACK JOE," "NELLY BLY," "OLD DOG TRAY,"
AND OTHER WELL KNOWN SONGS

BORN NEAR PITTSBURGH, PA., JULY 4, 1826
DIED IN NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 13, 1864

The tablet was dedicated August 9, 1927. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, was the speaker at the dedication.

This memorial was planned by the Reverend Clarence Stuart

McClellan, Jr., the rector of the church. It is one of a number of similar tablets in the churchyard, dedicated to Americans who have made important contributions to the culture of the South.

### OHIO

#### *Cincinnati*

Cincinnati, where Stephen Foster lived from late 1846 to early 1850, has good reason for her claim that the happiest and most formative years of his life were those spent in the Queen City.

Cincinnatians have given careful study to Foster, and they have appreciated his music. They can well take pride in the part their city played in his development.

Several memorials to Foster are located in Cincinnati, as a result of the city's interest.

STEPHEN FOSTER BAR—The bar is in the Hotel Broadway, located at Fourth and Broadway.

The Stephen Foster Bar was given this name because Foster lived in the neighborhood where the hotel now stands.

The bar had its preview July 2, 1942, and was officially opened July 3, 1942. It is decorated in 1840 style.

STEPHEN FOSTER BUST—A bronze bust of Stephen Foster, located in the main foyer of the Cincinnati Music Hall, was unveiled October 5, 1928.

Arturo Ivone, of Cincinnati, was the sculptor.

STEPHEN FOSTER HALF DOLLAR—This coin, minted in 1936, was sponsored by the Cincinnati Musical Center Commemorative Coin Association.

For further information see Classification B.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MEMORIAL ROOM—The Foster Memorial Room in the library of the University of Cincinnati was dedicated October 31, 1935.

Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, presented the university with Foster material to be displayed in this room. It is one of the largest of all collections of Fosteriana, consisting of facsimiles of the original letters and manuscripts in the Foster Hall Collection, as well as literature about the composer.

Dr. Raymond Walters, president of the University of Cincinnati, was the principal speaker at the dedication.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER PULLMAN CAR—This car is included in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad trains No. 2 and No. 3, operating between Cincinnati, Ohio, and Nashville, Tennessee.

See Classification B.

STEPHEN FOSTER STATUE—A bronze statue of Stephen Foster by the Cincinnati sculptor, Arturo Ivone, stands in Alms Park, overlooking the Ohio River and the hills of Kentucky.

The statue was presented to the city of Cincinnati by Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis. Dedication took place June 20, 1937. Mr. Lilly was the principal speaker.

The dedication was sponsored by the Cincinnati Historical Committee on Stephen Collins Foster. Dr. Raymond Walters, president of the University of Cincinnati, was chairman of the Committee, and E. Jay Wohlgemuth, writer on Foster's life in Cincinnati, was secretary.

STEPHEN FOSTER TABLET—A bronze tablet on the wall of the Guilford Public School bears an inscription reading:

ON THE SITE OF THIS SCHOOL
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1846-1850 LIVED
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
MASTER OF THE ART OF SONG

COMPOSER OF
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME
SWANEE RIVER
OLD BLACK JOE
AND MANY OTHERS

IN NATIVE BALLAD FORM AND
MELODIC STRAIN DISTINCTIVELY
AMERICAN HE SANG OF SIMPLE JOYS
AND PATHOS TO ALL THE WORLD

The tablet was dedicated November 14, 1935, under the sponsorship of the Foster Memorial Committee of Cincinnati.

The Guilford School is located on the site of Mrs. Griffin's boarding house, where Stephen Foster lived during his residence in Cincinnati. See pp. 308, 334, 363.

This tablet was the gift of the late E. Jay Wohlgemuth, Cincinnati businessman and author largely responsible for the Queen City's interest in Stephen Foster.

### *Columbus*

STEPHEN FOSTER SINGERS—This is a group of Negro singers organized about 1936 by Hoytt Jones, their present director. They have specialized in singing Negro spirituals.

The singers have produced a musical play, *Swanee River,* based on Foster's life and music. The play was written by Roland T. Hamilton, a member of the organization.

## OKLAHOMA

### *Agra*

STEPHEN FOSTER CHORAL CLUB—This women's music club was founded February 27, 1941. Mrs. Mildred Betzer Heuston is director.

The club's purpose is to promote the appreciation of good music in the community.

### *Ardmore*

STEPHEN C. FOSTER MUSIC CLUBS—As far as can be determined, there have been two organizations in Ardmore, each bearing the name Stephen C. Foster Music Club. Neither is in existence at the present time.

The first was established in 1930 by a colored group of the Douglass High School. Miss Evelyn I. Adams, a teacher in the school, was sponsor. The club became inactive in 1936.

The second was in existence in 1940. It was a unit of the Oklahoma Music Project, sponsored by the W. P. A.

## OREGON

### *Portland*

STEPHEN FOSTER CLUB—The seventh grade of the Portsmouth Public School organized a Stephen Foster Club in the autumn of 1940. Virginia Smith was secretary.

### PENNSYLVANIA

### *Athens*

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL BOULDER—Stephen Foster wrote his first composition, "The Tioga Waltz," in Athens in 1841. See pp. 190-192. To commemorate this event, a century later, the Tioga Point Museum of Athens sponsored the placing of the Foster memorial boulder in the park opposite the museum. The boulder bears a bronze plate, with the inscription:

> SITE OF ATHENS ACADEMY
> FIRST SCHOOL FOR HIGHER EDUCATION
> IN THIS SECTION
> PLANNED 1797—OPENED 1814—RAZED 1925
>
> STEPHEN C. FOSTER
> WAS AN ACADEMY STUDENT IN 1840-1841
> HERE IN 1841 IN OLD TIOGA POINT
> HE WROTE HIS FIRST COMPOSITION
> THE TIOGA WALTZ
>
> ERECTED BY THE TIOGA POINT MUSEUM
> 1941

The boulder was dedicated June 14, 1941. The first part of the program, consisting of Foster's music, and of addresses, was held in the Tioga Point Museum. A representative of the University of Pittsburgh was the principal speaker. The second part, the unveiling of the boulder, took place in the park.

The dedication was the climax of several months of Foster events in Athens, which had celebrated the centennial of the composition of "The Tioga Waltz."

STEPHEN FOSTER TABLET—In the early 1930's, the Athens Rotary Club presented a bronze tablet to the Spalding Memorial Library of Athens. The tablet, commemorating Foster's residence in Athens, is located in the entrance lobby of the library.

*Harrisburg*

Stephen Foster display—The music room of the Pennsylvania State Museum in the Capitol includes two display cases containing the music of Stephen Foster.

Stephen Foster inscription—On the frieze of the Education Building of the State of Pennsylvania are inscribed the names of thirty-five Pennsylvania educators and statesmen, "distinguished for outstanding contributions to education within the Commonwealth."

The name of Stephen C. Foster is included.

*Luzerne (suburb of Wilkes-Barre)*

Stephen Foster Chorus—See entry under Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

*McKees Rocks*

Stephen C. Foster School—The Foster School was built in 1928 and put into use January 1, 1929. There was no formal dedication.

There are approximately 200 pupils and teachers in grades four, five, and six.

The school is located at the intersection of Russellwood Avenue and Dohrman Street, McKees Rocks, a borough adjoining Pittsburgh. It is under the jurisdiction of the Stowe Township School District, whose offices are located in the school.

Shop classes from the local high school are held in the basement of the Foster School.

Gale F. Stroup is supervising principal.

*Mount Lebanon*

Stephen Collins Foster School—The first floor of the Foster School was built during 1940 and 1941. In May, 1941, this section of the building was put into use. There was no formal dedication.

A second floor will be added to the school eventually.

There are approximately 110 pupils and teachers. James D. Shaner is principal.

The school is located on Vermont Avenue in Mount Lebanon, a township adjoining Pittsburgh.

*New Kensington*

Stephen Collins Foster Memorial Studio—The studio is operated by Radio Station WKPA. The station went on the air for the first time, October 8, 1940. The first program came from the Stephen Collins Foster Memorial Studio.

The station reports that the Foster Studio is its "largest and most beautiful."

Edward J. Kroen is general manager of WKPA. The station is owned by the Allegheny-Kiski Broadcasting Company.

### *Picture Rocks*

STEPHEN C. FOSTER CLUB—This music club for children was founded in March, 1941, by its sponsor, Mrs. Edward Bayley, Jr.

Requirements for membership are at least a year's training in either voice or piano, and an audition.

The club studies music and presents musical programs, plays, and operettas.

### *Pittsburgh*

Stephen Foster was born in Lawrenceville, now a part of the city of Pittsburgh. Here he was reared; here he lived the greater part of his life; and here he created most of his great songs. Pittsburgh, the home of his youth, the home of his beloved parents, was very close to the heart of Stephen Foster.

It is not surprising that Pittsburgh has been a leader in the Foster revival, and has established more memorials and tributes to the composer than has any other city.

BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN FOSTER, IN FOSTER HALL COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH—This is the original (first cast), made in the plaster mold, by Warner Williams, of Culver, Indiana. See listing under Culver, Indiana, above.

FOSTER HALL COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH—This collection, largest of all assemblages of Fosteriana, was founded by Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis. Becoming interested in collecting Foster music and manuscripts in 1930, he founded his Foster Hall Collection January 5, 1931, when he purchased several hundred editions of the songs. This purchase became the nucleus of his collection.

From 1931 until December 28, 1936, the collection was housed in Foster Hall, Indianapolis. See pp. 594-595. See also description under Indianapolis, Indiana, above.

The collection was then presented by Mr. Lilly to the University of Pittsburgh, to be placed permanently in the Stephen Foster Memorial on the campus of the university. The memorial was dedicated June 2, 1937. See pp. 595-600. See also description of Stephen Foster Memorial, below.

[FOSTER STREET (probably *not* named for Stephen Collins Foster)] —There is a Foster Street in Pittsburgh. It is located in the Lawrenceville section of the city, which was laid out by William B. Foster, father of Stephen Foster, June 1, 1814. The original plan of Lawrenceville included a North Street and a South Street.

The borough of Lawrenceville was annexed to Pittsburgh, June 30, 1868. On March 4, 1881, the names of North Street and South Street were changed to Foster Street.

Research does not show why the street was given this name. It does not seem probable that it was named for Stephen Foster. It seems more probable that it was named for his father, William Barclay Foster, founder of Lawrenceville.

STEPHEN FOSTER AWARD—The award is sponsored jointly by the Civic Club of Allegheny County and the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers.

A prize of $25.00 is awarded each year to the winner of an original composition contest, open to young composers under twenty-five years of age, who are residents of Allegheny County or students in any of Pittsburgh's colleges, universities, or music schools. The money for the award is donated by the society; the Civic Club appoints the judges and arranges for the presentation of the award.

The presentation usually takes place during the Civic Club's annual Stephen Foster Memorial Program, on January 13. See description below. The first award was made January 12, 1941.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER COMMUNITY CENTER—The Foster Community Center is located at 286 Main Street, in the Lawrenceville section of Pittsburgh. It stands on ground once owned by Stephen Foster's father, William B. Foster.

The Foster Community Center occupies the building once used by the Stephen C. Foster School, formerly one of the Pittsburgh Public Schools. For a description of the Foster School and its history, as well as the monument to William B. Foster in the schoolyard, see description below.

On September 19, 1939, after the closing of the Foster School by the Pittsburgh Board of Public Education, the building was leased by the board to the Catholic Boy Welfare Bureau, a social agency, for activities in the Lawrenceville district. The bureau, wishing to maintain the Foster name, gave the building the new title of Stephen C. Foster Community Center.

J. W. McGowan is executive secretary of the center.

A mural on the first floor depicts Stephen Foster, playing a piano, and dreaming of the themes of his plantation melodies and sentimental ballads. Work on the mural was commenced in 1942 by Louis Hasser, one of the center's artists. Due to Mr. Hasser's induction into military service, the mural has not yet been completed.

The center has occasionally been called the Stephen C. Foster Community House. It has also been known as the Stephen Foster House.

STEPHEN FOSTER DAY—For many years, Pittsburgh has held Stephen Foster memorial programs on January 13, anniversary of the composer's death.

For descriptions of the Stephen Foster Memorial Programs sponsored by the Board of Public Education, the Civic Club of Allegheny County, the Tuesday Musical Club, and the University of Pittsburgh, see entries below.

On January 13, the chimes of various churches in Pittsburgh and neighboring localities play the melodies of Stephen Foster at intervals throughout the day. The Pittsburgh broadcasting stations feature programs based on the life and music of Stephen Foster.

Originally a Pittsburgh institution, Stephen Foster Day is now observed in many other communities throughout the country.

STEPHEN FOSTER GRAVE—Stephen Foster was buried in the Foster family lot in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, January 21, 1864.

It is located in the Lawrenceville section, not far from the site of his birthplace.

His grave is marked by a simple granite headstone, bearing the inscription:

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
OF PITTSBURGH, PA.
BORN
JULY 4, 1826
DIED
JANUARY 13, 1864

This headstone is not the original. It is an exact replica in granite of the original marble headstone, which was so badly weathered that it was in danger of becoming illegible.

The old headstone is buried in the grave. The new headstone was the gift of the Barre Granite Association, Barre, Vermont. It was dedicated on January 13, 1941, as a part of the annual Stephen Foster Memorial Program sponsored by the Civic Club of Allegheny County. See description below.

Many lovers of Stephen Foster's music make pilgrimages to his grave each year.

STEPHEN FOSTER HOME—See Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home, below.

STEPHEN FOSTER HOUSE—See Stephen C. Foster Community Center, above.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MEMORIAL ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH—This structure is among the most famous of all memorials to Stephen Foster.

Ground for the Foster Memorial was broken January 13, 1935, and the cornerstone was laid June 3, 1935.

Three dedication programs were held. The Tuesday Musical Club, leading sponsor of the memorial, held its first program the afternoon of June 1, 1937. The Pittsburgh Public Schools, whose children had contributed generously towards the project, held their own ceremonies the afternoon of June 2, 1937. The official dedication by the University of Pittsburgh took place the evening of June 2, 1937, when Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, was the principal speaker and formally presented his Foster Hall Collection to the university.

The Foster Hall Collection is now permanently located in the Stephen Foster Memorial.

For an account of both the Stephen Foster Memorial and the Foster Hall Collection, see pp. 594-600.

In the library of the Foster Hall Collection hangs a portrait of Stephen Collins Foster, by Thomas Hicks, which is reproduced opposite p. 424. For a description of this portrait see p. 424 and Classification C.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER MEMORIAL HOME—The Foster Memorial Home, maintained by the city of Pittsburgh, stands on the site of Stephen Foster's birthplace, the White Cottage. It is located at 3600 Penn Avenue. For an account of the facts and legends connected with this location, see pp. 13, 593-594, and Appendix II, 630-663.

In 1913, a group of Pittsburgh citizens began to raise funds to preserve the building as a memorial to Stephen Foster. When a Pittsburgh philanthropist, James H. Park, heard of the plan, he offered to bear the entire expense of the purchase. In 1914, he purchased the building, and invited Mrs. Marion Foster Welch, daughter of Stephen Foster, and other descendants, to make their homes there and act as caretakers.

On July 4, 1916, the ninetieth anniversary of Foster's birth, the official dedication of the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home took place. On that occasion, Mr. Park formally presented it to the city of Pittsburgh.

The museum room of the Foster Memorial Home contains a display of Fosteriana.

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL PROGRAM OF BOARD OF PUBLIC EDUCATION—The pupils and teachers in the Pittsburgh Public Schools have long been admirers of Stephen Foster's music.

Every Stephen Foster Day (January 13, anniversary of Foster's death), the majority of the Pittsburgh schools hold Foster memorial programs.

In addition, a selected group of students—singers, instrumentalists, and actors—make a pilgrimage to the Stephen Collins Foster Memorial of the University of Pittsburgh, to pay special tribute to Foster. Their program takes the form of music and drama. It closes with the placing of wreaths from various school organizations beneath a portrait of Stephen Foster.

This program is presented in the afternoon, on January 13. The first of these traditional ceremonies took place January 13, 1938. They have continued ever since.

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL PROGRAM OF CIVIC CLUB OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY—Stephen Foster Day was first observed by the Civic Club of Allegheny County on January 13, 1923, anniversary of his death.

On that occasion, the club sponsored a pilgrimage to Foster's grave in Allegheny Cemetery. Civic leaders, musicians, and relatives of Stephen Foster participated. Wreaths were placed on the grave.

This annual pilgrimage became a cherished Pittsburgh ceremony. It was founded and sponsored by H. Marie Dermitt, executive secretary of the Civic Club.

From 1923 to 1942, the Civic Club's Foster Memorial Program took place at the Foster grave in Allegheny Cemetery. Beginning with the program of January 13, 1943, the ceremony took place in the shrine of the Stephen Foster Memorial, on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh. Transportation difficulties resulting from war conditions were responsible for this change of location.

The Stephen Foster Award, sponsored jointly by the Civic Club and the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, is usually presented during this program. See listing of Stephen Foster Award, above.

STEPHEN FOSTER MEMORIAL PROGRAMS OF TUESDAY MUSICAL CLUB AND UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH—On January 13, 1928, Stephen Foster Day, the anniversary of the composer's death, was observed in a civic program held at the Carnegie Music Hall and sponsored by the Tuesday Musical Club of Pittsburgh. This program was quite successful, and was held annually at the Music Hall under the sponsorship of the club, from 1928 to 1937.

In June, 1937, the Stephen Foster Memorial was dedicated on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh, and on January 13, 1938, the annual civic program was held in the memorial, under the joint sponsorship of the Tuesday Musical Club and the university. The Stephen Foster Memorial Program has been held in the Foster Memorial since that date. Commencing with the program of January 12,* 1939, the University of Pittsburgh has sponsored the program during the odd years; commencing with the program of January 13, 1940, the Tuesday Musical Club has sponsored the program during the even years.

STEPHEN FOSTER PIANO IN CARNEGIE MUSEUM—This piano, on display in the Carnegie Museum, formerly belonged to and was used by Stephen Foster.

It was presented to the museum by Henry Butterfield, of Pittsburgh, a grandson of Stephen Foster's brother, Henry Baldwin Foster, on December 20, 1899.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY GEORGE LAFAYETTE CLOUGH—This portrait, now in the Carnegie Institute, is reproduced opposite p. 424.

For further information, see Classification C.

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY THOMAS HICKS—This portrait, now in the library of the Stephen Collins Foster Memorial of the University of Pittsburgh, is reproduced opposite p. 424. For a description of this portrait see p. 424 and Classification C.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER SCHOOL OF MCKEES ROCKS—This school is located in the borough of McKees Rocks, adjoining Pittsburgh. See entry under McKees Rocks, above.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER SCHOOL OF MOUNT LEBANON—This school is located in the township of Mount Lebanon, adjoining Pittsburgh. See entry under Mount Lebanon, above.

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*In 1939, the program was held on January 12, instead of the standard date of January 13.

Stephen C. Foster School of Pittsburgh (no longer in existence) —The building once occupied by this school has housed three separate organizations since it was constructed in 1885. Two of these organizations have borne the name of Stephen Foster.

It is located at 286 Main Street, in the Lawrenceville section of Pittsburgh.

The building first housed the Washington School. An inscription at the top of the tower reads:

WASHINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 2
1885

The site of the Washington School was the burial ground given to the borough of Lawrenceville in 1814, by William B. Foster, father of Stephen Foster. This ground was used chiefly for the burial of soldiers of the War of 1812. See p. 23. See also brief reference on p. 21. In 1882, when Morrison Foster, brother of Stephen Foster, heard of plans to erect a school on the burial grounds donated by his father, he obtained an injunction against the city of Pittsburgh, to prevent construction of the school. In the resulting litigation, a compromise was effected. The city would construct the school; a monument commemorating William B. Foster's gift would be erected in the schoolyard; the inscription on the monument would be prepared by Morrison Foster.

The school was constructed in 1885; erection of the monument was completed May 25, 1887; dedication of the monument took place some time after May 30, 1887. Exact date of the dedication cannot be determined.

The monument stands in the yard on the north side of the school building. The front bears the inscription:

IN HONOR
OF THE
AMERICAN SOLDIERS
BURIED HERE.
WE WILL EMULATE THEIR
PATRIOTISM, AND PROTECT
THEIR REMAINS.

The reverse of the monument reads as follows:

SACRED
TO PATRIOTISM
AND EDUCATION.

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THIS GROUND
ONE ACRE AND A QUARTER,
WAS GIVEN IN 1814 BY
COL. WILLIAM B. FOSTER,
THE FOUNDER OF LAWRENCEVILLE,
"AS A BURIAL GROUND
FOR OUR SOLDIERS."

The monument is a simple granite shaft, almost twelve feet in height.

In 1912, the name of the Washington School was changed to the Stephen C. Foster School. The Foster School served as a unit of the Pittsburgh Public Schools until July 5, 1939. On that date the Board of Public Education closed the school. The pupils were transferred to the new Arsenal Elementary School when the next term began in September, 1939.

The Board of Public Education leased the Stephen C. Foster School building on September 19, 1939, to the Catholic Boy Welfare Bureau, a social agency, for activities in the Lawrenceville district. The bureau, wishing to maintain the Foster name, gave the building the new title of Stephen C. Foster Community Center.

For a description of the Stephen C. Foster Community Center, see above.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER SERENADERS OF ALLEGHENY (no longer in existence)—This club was organized in Allegheny (now the North Side of Pittsburgh), in 1876. It presented musical and dramatic productions for charitable purposes for several years.

For a description of the Foster Serenaders, see pp. 592 and 593.

STEPHEN FOSTER SINGERS OF THE TUESDAY MUSICAL CLUB—When the Tuesday Musical Club of Pittsburgh was sponsoring the campaign to raise funds for the construction of the Stephen Collins

Foster Memorial, in 1929, five members of the club offered their services as the Stephen Foster Singers. This group, specializing in the Foster melodies, appeared before musical clubs and other organizations, to assist in financing the project.

The singers wore the costumes of Foster's day.

The quartet consisted of Esther Edmundson, Eda Kreiling, Betty Young, and Anne Woestehoff, with Martha Myers Murdoch, accompanist.

Although not as active as in the days of the campaign, the Foster Singers have maintained their existence, and still participate in programs.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER, SISTERHOOD NO. 323, DAMES OF MALTA—This lodge meets in Vaughns Hall, 4505 Liberty Avenue, in the Bloomfield section of Pittsburgh, the first and third Fridays of the month.

It is one of the lodges of the Ladies of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

The sisterhood was founded August 4, 1928. The membership is almost sixty.

An annual custom of the sisterhood is the placing of a wreath on the grave of Stephen Foster in Allegheny Cemetery. This ceremony usually takes place on his birthday, July 4.

The purpose of the sisterhood is "to promote Charity, Hospitality, and Devotion."

Daisy Shupe is Keeper of Archives.

STEPHEN FOSTER STATUE—This statue, the work of Guiseppe Moretti, was dedicated in Highland Park, Pittsburgh, September 12, 1900. It stood in Highland Park from 1900 until April, 1944, when it was moved to Schenley Park, its present location.

Funds for the statue, which cost $6,000, were raised through a public subscription organized by the Pittsburgh *Press*, under the leadership of its editor, Thomas J. Keenan. The larger part of the donation was received from small and anonymous contributors. School children of Allegheny County participated. Andrew Carnegie sent a generous subscription.

The people of Allegheny County participated in the dedication with much enthusiasm. Many thousands assembled in Highland

Park to witness the ceremony. A school holiday was declared in Allegheny County, to permit a chorus of 3,000 children to participate. They were accompanied by the consolidated bands of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, under the direction of Victor Herbert.

For a description of the statue, its mutilation, and its subsequent restoration by the Civic Club of Allegheny County on July 4, 1938, see p. 593.

A photograph of the statue is reproduced opposite p. 564.

The civic authorities felt that the secluded location of the statue in Highland Park made vandalism difficult to prevent. Accordingly, they decided to move it to a location where it would be visible to the public at all times. On April 17, 1944, the statue was moved to the entrance to Schenley Park, on Forbes Street, between the Carnegie Library and the Stephen Foster Memorial on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh.

This change of location affects the title of the illustration facing p. 564 and the text on p. 593.

STEPHEN FOSTER WINDOW—The Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, at 315 Shady Avenue, in the East End of Pittsburgh, has a stained glass window honoring Stephen Foster.

The window is in the choir room of the church. It depicts Stephen Foster composing music, while he listens to a group of negroes singing.

### *Scranton*

STEPHEN FOSTER SINGERS AND JUNIOR STEPHEN FOSTER SINGERS—These two groups are composed of negroes, under the direction of Amanda Tanner Thompson. They were founded about 1940, and were sponsored by the Progressive Recreation and Social Service Association. Many of their musical programs were given under the auspices of the W. P. A.

The personnel of the first of the two groups consists of adults; the Junior Stephen Foster Singers is composed of children.

The singers specialize in the melodies of Stephen Foster and negro spirituals.

### *Towanda*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER MUSICAL SOCIETY—The society, a music club for children, was established February 10, 1929, by Rowena Herrmann, a music teacher. She has been the club's sponsor since its organization.

There are approximately fifteen members. They meet once a month to present musical programs, to read papers on music, and to study Stephen Foster's life and works.

The Stephen Collins Foster Musical Society was given its name because Foster at one time lived in Towanda and attended the Towanda Academy. See pp. 188, 189, 198.

### *Washington*

STEPHEN FOSTER CARILLON—The twenty-six note carillon is located on the South Campus of Washington and Jefferson College. Installation in McIlvaine Hall was completed in October, 1940. Dedication ceremonies for the South Campus, including the Stephen Foster Carillon, were held October 26, 1940.

The carillon is a part of the Stewart Memorial Tower, named in honor of John L. Stewart, former trustee of the college. The carillon is played every Sunday morning. Concerts are given Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening. In addition, the bells are used for the Westminster chimes every quarter hour.

In 1941, a bronze tablet was affixed to the base of the carillon tower. Its inscription reads:

STEPHEN FOSTER
CARILLON

IN MEMORY OF
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
1826-1864
WHO AT ONE TIME ATTENDED
JEFFERSON COLLEGE

THE CARILLON
IS THE GIFT OF THE
ALLEGHENY COUNTY WOMEN'S AUXILIARY
OF
WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE
1940

Below the date appear the words and music of the chorus of "Old Black Joe."

For references to Stephen Foster's attendance at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, see pp. 202-207. Jefferson College united with Washington College of Washington to form the present Washington and Jefferson College. This union took place in 1865. See pp. 3 and 4.

### *Wilkes-Barre*

STEPHEN FOSTER CHORUS—The chorus is sponsored by the S. E. M. Club of the West Side Settlement House, in the Luzerne section of Wilkes-Barre.

The chorus was founded by Denton H. Trefry, its director. It was active in 1941 and 1942.

The group consists of approximately thirty mixed voices.

## TENNESSEE

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER PULLMAN CAR—This car is included in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad trains No. 2 and No. 3, operating between Cincinnati, Ohio, and Nashville, Tennessee.

See Classification B.

### *Big Rock*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER LITERARY SOCIETY—The society was founded at the Big Rock High School in September, 1940. The membership of the society was composed of approximately seventy-five students of the high school.

The society's activities were varied. Programs in the fields of literature, music, and drama were presented twice a month.

S. T. Hollandsworth, Jr., was the sponsor.

### *Greenfield*

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—This music club for children met for the first time May 23, 1939. Mrs. Essie Barton was founder.

Meetings are held every two weeks.

### *Harrogate*

[STEPHEN FOSTER ROOM *(not yet established)*]—Lincoln Memorial University of Harrogate is making plans to establish a Stephen

Foster Room, to honor the name of Foster and to preserve the institution's collection of Fosteriana.

The project is sponsored by Stewart W. McClelland, president of the university, and Earl Hobson Smith, of the faculty. For further references to Mr. Smith's Foster activities, see entry under Knoxville, Tennessee, below.

At the present time, the university's Foster material is temporarily housed in its Lincoln Room, which consists of an important collection of manuscripts and literature relating to Abraham Lincoln. The university feels that Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Foster are united through their influence on American history and culture; for this reason the rooms are dedicated to the two men.

The Stephen Foster Room will be located in the new library, to be constructed on the campus.

The room will contain the statue of Stephen Foster by Charles Henry Niehaus, described just below.

STEPHEN FOSTER STATUE—This statue, the work of the late Charles Henry Niehaus, of New York City, is located in the lobby of the library of Lincoln Memorial University.

The Foster statue was made about 1902. It is the property of Marie J. Niehaus, daughter of the sculptor. It was brought to Lincoln Memorial University in the autumn of 1940, under the sponsorship of Stewart W. McClelland, president of the university.

This statue, depicting the seated figure of Stephen Foster, is twenty-six inches high.

The history of the statue cannot be determined accurately at this time. It is believed, however, that it was a model made under the auspices of a New York organization for a larger statue of Foster which was to have been placed in the open, perhaps in a park. Such a project does not seem to have materialized.

When the Stephen Foster Room described just above is completed, the Niehaus statue will be placed in the room.

### *Knoxville*

FOSTER PLAYERS—In 1935, Earl Hobson Smith, a member of the faculty of Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, copyrighted his *Stephen Foster, or Weep No More My Lady,* a musical play based upon Foster's life and works. It was an expansion of an earlier play by Mr. Smith, *Oh Stephy C. Foster,* copyrighted in 1926.

*Stephen Foster* was first presented in 1935 by the university's Lincoln Players, under the direction of Mr. Smith.

The production was so successful, and so much interest in the dramatization of the Foster subject was aroused, that a dramatic group composed of young adults, the Foster Players, was organized in Knoxville, Tennessee. Mr. Smith was director. The special purpose of the players was the presentation of *Stephen Foster.*

During the late 1930's and early 1940's, the Foster Players presented *Stephen Foster* many times for high school, college, and civic organizations of Tennessee and Kentucky.

In addition to the presentation of *Stephen Foster* by the Foster Players, publication of the play was sponsored by this organization. Their address is Box 2083, Knoxville, Tennessee.

For references to other Foster activities at Harrogate, Tennessee, see the two entries under Harrogate, above.

### *Nashville*

STEPHEN FOSTER GROUPING—During the middle 1930's, the Davis Cabinet Company, furniture manufacturers of this city, produced a bedroom set known as the Stephen Foster Grouping. The pattern is no longer manufactured.

For further information see Classification E.

### *Selmer*

STEPHEN FOSTER CLUB—This music club was organized November 15, 1938, by Blanche Young, its first president. There are about twenty members in the organization. Meetings are held once a month from September through May.

The purpose of the club is to promote better music and appreciation of its values.

In September, 1939, the Stephen Foster Club became a member of the Tennessee Federation of Music Clubs.

The organization has sometimes been known as the Stephen Foster Music Club.

### TEXAS

#### *Corsicana*

STEPHEN FOSTER PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM R. SHULGOLD—The portrait hangs in the Corsicana Junior High School.

See Classification C for further details.

#### *Houston*

The *S.S. Stephen C. Foster* was built at the Irish Bend Yard of the Houston Shipbuilding Corporation on the Ship Channel of this city.

It was launched on January 12, 1943.

For further information about this vessel, see Classification B.

#### *Lufkin*

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—The club was organized in September, 1939, under the temporary name of the Student Division Music Club. It was sponsored by the Lufkin Music Club.

On January 11, 1940, the name of the organization was changed to the Stephen Foster Music Club. Mrs. J. O. Booker is sponsor.

The organization consists of approximately twenty-five young business women interested in music. Two meetings are held each month, from October through May. Once each year a program is devoted to the memory of Stephen Foster.

The club is a member of the Texas Federation of Music Clubs.

### VIRGINIA

#### *Arrington*

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—This club was organized in the Fleetwood School, of Arrington, Nelson County, Virginia, early in 1941.

Membership was composed of approximately fifty pupils of the third grade of the Fleetwood School.

Ruth K. Anderson was founder and sponsor.

#### *Chatham*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER CLUB—Correspondence with Mrs. Edna B. Atkins, a teacher in the Chatham School, in September, 1943, indicated that her fourth grade class was planning to organize a Stephen Collins Foster Club in the spring of 1944.

At the time this book goes to press, further details are not available.

### *Fort Story*

STEPHEN FOSTER CLUB—This musical organization for army men was founded early in October, 1941, by Helen E. Becker, senior hostess of the Fort Story Service Club.

It consists of approximately ten soldiers from the Virginia hills, all able to play a stringed instrument. Because the majority of their selections are Foster compositions, they have adopted the name of Stephen Foster Club.

The group plays chiefly for army entertainments. Their theme song is Stephen Foster's "Oh! Susanna."

The membership changes constantly because of the transfer of military personnel, but the organization maintains its existence and its activities.

### *Montvale*

STEPHEN FOSTER CLUB—The club was organized for seventh grade children in the Montvale School, on September 21, 1943, by Mrs. R. G. Garrett, the seventh grade teacher.

Its purpose is "to create further interest in music and to instill a greater appreciation of Stephen Foster's compositions in the pupils."

### *Richmond*

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC CLUB—The organization was founded by Nathan Oppleman, the club's secretary, on September 15, 1939. The first meeting was held October 1, 1939.

Mr. Oppleman, a musician and writer, felt that Foster's genius had been unappreciated. He therefore considered it appropriate to name the club in Foster's honor.

STEPHEN FOSTER PLATES—For a description of the set of twelve Stephen Foster plates, designed in 1941 by Miss Willoughby Ions, of Richmond, see Classification E.

### *Thaxton*

STEPHEN FOSTER SONG CLUB—The fourth and fifth grades of the Thaxton School, Thaxton, Bedford County, Virginia, organized a Stephen Foster Song Club, late in 1942. Louise Burnett was secretary.

There are approximately ninety members in the club. The club presents Foster programs, and studies Foster's life.

### *Toms Brook*

**Stephen Foster Choir** (no longer in existence)—The Stephen Foster Choir was organized in the winter of 1939-1940, among the members of the seventh grade of the Toms Brook School, by their teacher, Miss Hope Sine. The choir had a successful season. The members dressed in costume, and used Foster's "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" as their theme song. When Miss Sine gave up teaching in the summer of 1940, the choir went out of existence. Its members now belong to the High School Glee Club.

## WEST VIRGINIA

### *St. Albans*

**Stephen Foster Singers**—This group was organized in September, 1940, at St. Albans High School, by H. C. Pittenger, director of vocal music in the high school. It consists of mixed voices, under the direction of Mr. Pittenger.

The singers dress in the costumes of the Foster period.

## WISCONSIN

### *Janesville*

**Stephen Foster Club**—This music club for children was organized October 18, 1941, by Mrs. Roger G. Cunningham. Membership is composed of Mrs. Cunningham's piano students. There are approximately twenty-five members.

The Stephen Foster Club is affiliated with the National Federation of Music Clubs.

The club studies music, presents programs, and engages in philanthropic work.

### *Menasha*

**Stephen Foster Men's Chorus**—The chorus was founded in September, 1941, by Franklin Le Fevre. It was sponsored by the Congregational Church of Menasha.

## B) MEMORIALS AND TRIBUTES NOT IDENTIFIED WITH ONE LOCALITY

*An alphabetical order is used, based on the titles of the memorials.*

*S.S. Stephen C. Foster*—This "Liberty" cargo vessel was constructed by the Houston Shipbuilding Corporation, at Houston, Texas. The keel was laid November 17, 1942, the vessel was launched January 12, 1943, and it was delivered to the United States Maritime Commission on January 26, 1943.

The name of the *S.S. Stephen C. Foster* was selected by the United States Maritime Commission for whom the ship was constructed under the commission's Emergency Construction Program. The *S. S. Stephen C. Foster* is known as a "Liberty ship," classified as an EC-2 type. It displaces 10,500 tons, is of steel construction, and is steam driven. It is 441 feet 6 inches long and has a beam of 56 feet 10¾ inches.

The vessel was constructed at Way 9, of the Irish Bend Yard of the Houston Shipbuilding Corporation, on the Houston Ship Channel. It was the thirty-seventh "Liberty ship" built by this organization.

Employees of the corporation and their families took prominent parts in the launching ceremonies on January 12. A. K. Miller, mechanical superintendent, was master of ceremonies. Mrs. Tom Arnott, wife of the oldest worker at the yard, was sponsor. Mrs. Robert L. Price, wife of a yard foreman, was matron of honor. J. Malcolm Lamb, clerk, was the principal speaker.

An official of the corporation stated that the vessel was named for Foster, because "the fine harmony that was a part of the music of Stephen C. Foster was again portrayed in the fine spirit of the workmen in building this, another link in the chain of Liberty ships."

The *S.S. Stephen C. Foster* is owned by the United States of America, represented by the War Shipping Administration. On January 28, 1943, the United States Maritime Commission delivered the vessel to the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company of New

Orleans, Louisiana, under whose management it is now being operated.

In the autumn of 1943, the *S.S. Stephen C. Foster* was engaged in transporting war materials to various fighting fronts. It was under the jurisdiction of the eastern offices of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company, located in New York City.

STEPHEN FOSTER DAHLIA—The grower of this flower is William H. Nuneviller, proprietor of the Salem Dahlia Gardens, Salem, New Jersey.

Mr. Nuneviller originated this dahlia in 1938. It was introduced commercially January 1, 1942, and may be purchased on the market.

The color of the Stephen Foster Dahlia is buff-orange slightly suffused with Tyrian rose on both the face and back of petals. The blooms grow to twelve inches or better, and are seven inches deep. It is a tall grower, prolific and hardy. It won the Achievement Medal at Peekskill, New York, New Baltimore, Michigan, the Mid-West Dahlia Show at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Burholme, Pennsylvania. It was awarded the American Dahlia Society Medal at Baltimore, Maryland, and the Medal at Chicago, Illinois, for the best Cactus. It is on all Honor Rolls, including the Dahlia Futurity Roll.

The price of the root is twenty dollars. The plant costs ten dollars and a cutting costs $6.65.

STEPHEN FOSTER DAY—Each year, on January 13, anniversary of Foster's death, memorial exercises are held in many American communities. Schools are especially active in observing this occasion. The date is generally known as Stephen Foster Day.

Since Foster was born on the Fourth of July, it has not been possible to give his birthday undivided attention on the part of the community. Accordingly, it has seemed more appropriate to commemorate Stephen Foster Day on January 13, a date which belongs to him alone.

Stephen Foster Day, on a nation-wide scale, developed from the observance of this occasion in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

For the history of Pittsburgh's event, see Classification A.

STEPHEN FOSTER HALF DOLLAR—The Stephen Foster half dollar was struck in 1936 at the three government mints—Philadelphia, Denver, and San Francisco. According to a 1936 newspaper article, 15,000 of the Foster coins were struck.

The obverse bears a profile likeness of Foster. Below the profile appear the words "Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour." The reverse bears an allegorical figure representing Music, with the words "Cincinnati a Music Center of America 1886 1936."

This fifty-cent piece was sponsored by the Cincinnati Musical Center Commemorative Coin Association, of Cincinnati, Ohio, of which Thomas G. Melish was president. It was intended to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Cincinnati as a musical center. By 1886, Cincinnati had established herself in the field of music. Because Foster's rise to musical fame is associated with Cincinnati, where he lived from 1846 to 1850, the fifty-cent piece memorializes him.

There is a set of three Stephen Foster half dollars in the Foster Hall Collection of the University of Pittsburgh, each coined at one of the mints listed above. They are contained in a case upon which is stamped "Cincinnati Musical Center Golden Anniversary—Commemorative Half Dollars." The reverse of the case bears the notarized statement of Thomas G. Melish that this set consists of the "137th coins struck at the Philadelphia, Denver, and San Francisco mints and . . . received from the three mints in separate envelopes so marked."

The Stephen Foster half dollar has passed out of general circulation, since it has become a collector's item. It seems accurate to make the statement that most of the coins are now in private collections. In August, 1937, a set of three like the one described above sold for twenty-three dollars at an auction held in conjunction with the convention of the American Numismatic Society. No doubt such a set would be of even greater value today.

An earlier attempt to honor Foster with the minting of a special Stephen Foster half dollar was unsuccessful. On March 9, 1926, Stephen G. Porter, representative from Pennsylvania, introduced, in the House of Representatives, a bill, H. R. 10170, authorizing the coinage of one million silver fifty-cent pieces, commemorating the hundredth anniversary, July 4, 1926, of Stephen Foster's birth. This legislation was sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The bill was referred to the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, where it died.

STEPHEN FOSTER ORCHIDS—These flowers are raised in the Stephen Foster Orchid Range of the Stephen Foster Conservatories, at Carmel, Indiana. The enterprise is under the management of Yohler and Mitchell, Inc.

The conservatories were established in September, 1940. The brand name of Stephen Foster Orchids has been given to all varieties of the flower raised in the Stephen Foster Conservatories.

A portrait of Stephen Collins Foster by Marie Goth hangs in the office of the conservatories. For a description of this portrait see Classification C.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER POSTAGE STAMP—The first-day sale of the Stephen Foster stamp took place at the Bardstown, Kentucky, post office, May 3, 1940. For an account of the first-day sale, see Classification A.

The Stephen Foster stamp was one of the "Famous Americans" series issued by the Post Office Department in 1940. The color of the stamp is green; its denomination is one cent; the portrait of Foster it bears is based on the tintype in the Foster Hall Collection. See illustration facing p. 376.

Stephen Foster was one of five American composers thus honored in the "Famous Americans" series.

Fifty million of the Foster stamps were ordered to be printed by the Post Office Department. At the first-day sale in Bardstown, 651,146 stamps were sold and 183,461 first-day covers were canceled. The Stephen Foster stamp was one of the most popular in the "Famous Americans" series, in its interest to the nation's philatelists and collectors, according to figures released by the Post Office Department.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER PULLMAN CAR—In April, 1937, the Pullman car *Ampersand* was renamed *Stephen Collins Foster,* at the request of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. This car is included in Louisville & Nashville trains No. 2 and No. 3 between

Cincinnati, Ohio, and Nashville, Tennessee. In the course of its trip, the car crosses the state of Kentucky.

The *Stephen Collins Foster* is air-conditioned. It consists of twelve sections and a drawing room.

The following paragraphs are copied from a syndicated editorial published in a number of newspapers in 1938:

> For many years people have wondered where the Pullman people get all the crazy names used on their sleeping cars, but no one seems to have done anything about it until recently. Now, however, the L. & N. railroad is substituting the names of famous Southerners for some of the queer designations formerly used.
>
> . . . The heretofore called "Ampersand," which means simply the character "&," becomes "Stephen Collins Foster." . . .

STEPHEN FOSTER ROSE—In March, 1941, H. R. Rosen, Professor of Plant Pathology at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Arkansas, announced that he was breeding a disease-resistant red climbing rose named for Stephen Foster.

The Stephen Foster Rose is a hybrid. It possesses the beauty of other climbing roses, but is much superior in its resistance to frost and mildew. The blossoms are a brilliant red, from 3½ to 4 inches in diameter, and are borne singly or in small clusters on stems 4 to 6 inches long.

Definite plans for placing the Stephen Foster Rose on the market have not yet been completed.

## C) FAMOUS PORTRAITS OF STEPHEN FOSTER

*The listing in this classification is based on the alphabetical order of the names of the artists.*

CHRISTY, HOWARD CHANDLER—A large allegorical portrait of Stephen Collins Foster, by the New York artist, Howard Chandler Christy, hangs on a wall of the dining room of "Federal Hill," Bardstown, Kentucky. The portrait depicts Foster, seated at a piano, receiving inspiration for his musical themes. In the background are characters from his songs.

This portrait was completed in 1938. It was purchased by the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels and presented by them to "Federal Hill," on July 4, 1940, the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of Stephen Foster's birth. The occasion was the posthumous commissioning of Stephen Foster as a Kentucky colonel. For a description of this event, see Classification A, second entry under Kentucky.

Before its presentation to "Federal Hill," the portrait had been unveiled in June, 1940, at the New York World's Fair, on Kentucky Colonels' Day.

CLOUGH, GEORGE LAFAYETTE (1824-1901)—The Clough portrait of Stephen Foster is in the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It was painted in Cleveland, Ohio, about 1865, a year after Foster's death.

This portrait is reproduced opposite p. 424.

In 1865, Morrison Foster, Stephen's brother, and George Lafayette Clough were both living in Cleveland, Ohio. They became acquainted. Clough painted the portrait for Morrison Foster, using as his source the 1859 daguerreotype of Stephen. See illustration opposite p. 516. In 1904, Andrew Carnegie purchased the picture from Morrison Foster's widow and presented it to the Carnegie Institute.

The Clough portrait, showing Foster seated at a piano, was the source for the Martin B. Leisser portrait at Bardstown, Kentucky, which was in its turn the inspiration for the Marie Goth portrait at Lexington, Kentucky. See entries below.

GOTH, MARIE (1887- )—A portrait of Stephen Foster by the Indianapolis artist, Marie Goth, hangs in the office of the Stephen Foster Conservatories, at Carmel, Indiana. See Classification A. See also reference to Stephen Foster Orchids in Classification B.

This portrait was painted in the early 1930's, from a tintype in the Foster Hall Collection. See illustration facing p. 376. It first hung in Foster Hall, Indianapolis. In the autumn of 1941, Mr. Josiah Kirby Lilly, founder of Foster Hall, presented it to the Stephen Foster Conservatories.

GOTH, MARIE (1887- )—There is a portrait of Stephen Foster in the Stephen Collins Foster School, Indianapolis, Indiana. See Classification A. It was painted by Marie Goth, of Indianapolis, in 1937.

The portrait was presented to the school by Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, on May 21, 1937, when the school was officially named for Stephen Foster. It resembles the tintype of Foster reproduced opposite p. 376.

GOTH, MARIE (1887- )—The Stephen Foster Studio of the University of Kentucky radio station, Lexington, Kentucky, possesses a portrait of Stephen Foster by the Indianapolis artist, Marie Goth. For a description of the Foster Studio, see Classification A.

Miss Goth painted this portrait at Bardstown, Kentucky, in 1931. Her source was the Foster portrait by Martin B. Leisser at "Federal Hill," described below. The Leisser portrait was inspired by the George Lafayette Clough portrait in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, described above.

Miss Goth's portrait was painted for Foster Hall, Indianapolis, where it was first located. It was presented to the University of Kentucky by Mr. Josiah Kirby Lilly, founder of Foster Hall, April 2, 1942.

HICKS, THOMAS (1823-1890)—A portrait of Stephen Collins Foster by the American artist, Thomas Hicks, is in the Thomas B. Clarke Collection, now in storage in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C. It is under the jurisdiction of the Washington office of the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust of Pittsburgh, which owns the paintings.

The Thomas B. Clarke Collection, including the Foster portrait, was on exhibit in the Philadelphia Art Museum in the autumn of 1929. This collection was acquired by the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust about 1936 and some time between that date and the autumn of 1939 was moved to Washington. Final disposition of the paintings in the Clarke Collection has not yet been made.

The Foster portrait was purchased by Mr. Clarke from John J. Firth, of Bronxville, New York. It was painted for Firth, Pond &

Co. of New York City, Stephen Foster's publishers. This painting was reproduced on the cover of a music magazine, *The Etude,* October, 1929.

The date the Foster portrait was painted is unknown. It closely resembles another portrait of Stephen Foster by Thomas Hicks, and may have been painted at about the same date, 1852. See entry just below. For information concerning these two portraits, see pp. 424 and 425 and illustration facing p. 424. Note that portrait depicted is the one owned by the University of Pittsburgh; it is not the painting in the Clarke Collection.

HICKS, THOMAS (1823-1890)—This noted American artist painted a portrait of Stephen Foster about 1852, which now hangs in the library of the Foster Hall Collection, in the Stephen Foster Memorial on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh.

The portrait is reproduced in the illustration facing p. 424. For the history of this portrait, and the second portrait of Stephen Foster by Thomas Hicks described above, see pp. 424 and 425.

LEISSER, MARTIN B.—A portrait of Stephen Foster by the late Martin B. Leisser, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, hangs in the parlor of "Federal Hill," Bardstown, Kentucky. It was presented by the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh, July 4, 1923, during the dedication of "Federal Hill."

The portrait seems to have been painted especially for this ceremony. Presumably, it was painted in 1923.

It was copied from the Foster portrait by George Lafayette Clough in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. In its turn, it served as the model for the portrait by Marie Goth now located at the University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky. See entries for these two portraits above.

LINDSLEY, HELEN—A portrait of Stephen Collins Foster is in the possession of his great-niece, Mrs. Mary Thornton Dodge, of San Gabriel, California. Mrs. Dodge is a granddaughter of his sister, Henrietta Angelica Foster Thornton.

The portrait, completed in 1943, is the work of Helen Lindsley, of San Gabriel. It was first exhibited on November 7, 1943.

In this painting, Foster is portrayed as a standing figure, unlike most portraits of him. Several likenesses were used as the sources for this work.

Shulgold, William R.—The Corsicana Junior High School, of Corsicana, Texas, possesses a portrait of Stephen Collins Foster by a Pittsburgh artist, William R. Shulgold. It was painted in the early 1930's for a Public Works of Art project. For a time it was on exhibit in the Public Works of Art collection of pictures in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

About 1934, Mrs. Luther A. Johnson, wife of a representative from Texas, and long an admirer of Foster's music, was instrumental in having the Shulgold portrait sent to Corsicana, Texas, for presentation to the Junior High School.

The portrait depicts Foster seated at a piano.

For additional information concerning Mrs. Luther A. Johnson's Foster activities, see the description of the Stephen Foster Memorial Foundation, Washington, D. C., in Classification A.

## D) DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS BASED ON STEPHEN FOSTER'S LIFE AND WORKS

*An alphabetical order is used in this classification, based on titles of productions.*

Amateur productions—Many hundreds—perhaps thousands—of amateur plays with Foster's life and music as their themes have been produced in recent years. The number is increasing constantly. Grade schools, high schools, colleges, scout troops, adult dramatic societies, and churches have presented the Foster story. As with all amateur dramatic activities, the success and popularity of their efforts have varied greatly. Such varying factors as enthusiasm, willingness to work, and ability of casts and directors determine the quality of such productions.

It would be impossible—and futile—to compile an up-to-date list of Foster plays produced by amateurs.

*America Sings*—This musical play based on the life and melodies of

Stephen Foster opened at the Sam S. Shubert Theatre in Boston, Massachusetts, October 9, 1934. It had a brief run, and was then withdrawn "for revisions" preparatory to a run in New York City. However, the play was eventually abandoned, without further performance.

*America Sings,* presented by Messrs. Shubert, was an ambitious production. There was a cast of 120. Score, lyrics, dances, and settings were all intended to make a colorful, melodious spectacle. Nevertheless, *America Sings* was not a success.

Allan Jones played the part of Stephen Foster. Jules Bledsoe portrayed Old Black Joe.

The book was written by Kay Kenney. The score, by Stephen Foster, was arranged by Karl Hajos. The lyrics were by Stephen Foster and Arthur Swanstrom. The production was under the direction and supervision of J. J. Shubert.

*HARMONY LANE*—The first full-length motion picture portrayal of Stephen Foster's life was produced by Mascot Pictures. It was issued early in September, 1935.

Douglass Montgomery played the role of Stephen Foster. Evelyn Venable was Susan Pentland, while Adrienne Ames had the part of Stephen's wife, Jane McDowell Foster. William Frawley appeared as Edwin P. Christy and Joseph Cawthorn as Henry Kleber.

While not a Grade A picture, *Harmony Lane* possessed real merit. It enjoyed a fair success and was given satisfactory reviews by critics.

The script was written by Milton Krims. The picture was directed by Joseph Santley.

RADIO PROGRAMS—In recent years, thousands of Foster programs have been broadcast by radio stations. Some are sponsored by commercial organizations; others are sustaining programs. Many Foster memorial programs are broadcast on January 13, anniversary of Stephen's death. Others are held on July 4, his birthday.

It is obviously impossible to list all these programs here. Among the best of the Foster broadcasts was the series prepared by John Tasker Howard and Innis G. Osborn in 1933. The University of Kentucky radio studios at Lexington, Kentucky, also presented a series of Foster broadcasts, in the middle 1930's.

"SHORTS"—A number of one-reel motion pictures, or "shorts," depicting episodes in Stephen Foster's life, or dramatizing the composition of his songs, have been produced. A complete list is not available.

*STEPHEN FOSTER, OR WEEP NO MORE MY LADY,* BY EARL HOBSON SMITH—For a discussion of this musical play, first produced in 1935, see description of the Foster Players, under Knoxville, Tennessee, in Classification A.

*SUSANNA, DON'T YOU CRY*—"A musical romance based on the melodies of Stephen Foster." This play was presented by the American Lyric Theatre in association with the League of Composers, at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City. It opened Monday evening, May 22, 1939, and closed later that week.

Sarah Newmeyer wrote the libretto. Clarence Loomis arranged the music. Leonard DePaur directed the production. The sets were designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones.

The leads were played by Bettina Hall and Michael Bartlett. The Hall Johnson Choir presented much of the music.

Although Stephen Foster—or the shade of Stephen Foster, to be more exact—appeared briefly in one scene, there was no other biographical connection between Foster and the play. The plot concerned people whose lives were affected by Foster's life in no way, although his music was used freely.

*SWANEE RIVER*—Twentieth Century-Fox of Beverly Hills, California, produced this full-length motion picture during 1939. It was released late in December, 1939.

Don Ameche played the role of Stephen Foster. Andrea Leeds had the part of his wife, Jane McDowell Foster. Al Jolson portrayed Edwin P. Christy, the minstrel.

The play was written by Phillip Dunne and John Taintor Foote. Sidney Lanfield was director and Kenneth MacGowan was producer. *Swanee River* was photographed in Technicolor.

Biographical inaccuracies and certain weaknesses in plot did not permit *Swanee River* to be a *great* picture. Nevertheless, it was a *good* picture. Its sympathetic portrayal of Stephen Foster's life and personality, its fine use of his music and its colorful portrayal of the America of the mid-nineteenth century all helped to make a production with much popular appeal. Unquestionably, it aroused interest in Stephen Foster on the part of many people who had had no previous knowledge of his life.

Reports from the producers indicate that *Swanee River* was a fair box office success.

## E) COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS USING STEPHEN FOSTER'S NAME

*An alphabetical order is used in this classification,*
*based on the names of the products.*

STEPHEN FOSTER BOOK ENDS—A set of book ends, consisting of small metal busts of Stephen Foster mounted on wood bases, were designed by S. Kronburger, of New York City, in June, 1941. They have been manufactured by Frankart, Inc., of New York City, since July, 1941. The price is $2.75 a pair.

STEPHEN FOSTER GROUPING—During the middle 1930's, the Davis Cabinet Company, of Nashville, Tennessee, manufactured an American black walnut bedroom group, known as the Stephen Foster Grouping. The pattern is no longer manufactured.

This furniture was patterned after certain pieces in "Federal Hill," Bardstown, Kentucky.

STEPHEN FOSTER PLAQUE—In the autumn of 1942, J. Juszko, a New York City sculptor, designed a plaque of Stephen Foster. This plaque was produced commercially in 1942, with distribution in the hands of the Merten Sales Company of New York City.

Five gross (720) of the plaques were manufactured. The retail price is $1.50 each.

STEPHEN FOSTER PLATES—A set of twelve Stephen Foster plates was designed by Miss Willoughby Ions, of Richmond, Virginia, in 1941.

Each plate depicts the theme of a well-known Foster melody, created in American primitive fashion. The plates are nine inches in diameter. They cost three dollars each; the complete set costs $36.00.

The Stephen Foster plates were first exhibited at the Women's National Exposition of Arts and Industries, at Grand Central Palace, New York City, October 27–November 1, 1941.

STEPHEN FOSTER WATCH—In 1938 the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., of New York City, manufactured a special doctor's wrist watch named for Stephen Foster. It was of average popularity. It is not on the market at the present time.

The Stephen Foster watch had fifteen jewels. It was natural gold filled, and had a sweep second hand. Its cost was $47.50.

## F) PROPOSED MEMORIALS TO STEPHEN FOSTER

With the revival of interest in Stephen Foster, many American communities have established memorials to the composer. See Classification A. Other memorials have been suggested, either by individuals or by civic organizations. These suggestions are summarized below. It should *not* be assumed that a listing in Classification F necessarily means that a definite project to establish a Foster memorial has been started. The listing merely means that the matter has been discussed, and that hopes are entertained for eventually establishing such a memorial.

In three of the listings below—Ellaville, Florida, Flushing, New York, and Harrogate, Tennessee—definite plans for the Foster memorials there described have been made. In all other cases, nothing definite has been done and whatever plans have been discussed will probably not be carried out until the war is ended.

A geographical order is used in this classification, based on the state and city in which the proposed memorial would be located.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

#### *Washington*

Stephen J. Wigmore, a resident of Washington, has suggested that the nation's capital should have a memorial to the composer of its best-loved songs. He feels that such a memorial might take the form of a bust or statue, located in one of the city's parks.

### FLORIDA

#### *Ellaville*

SUWANNEE RIVER STATE PARK—The state of Florida plans to establish the Suwannee River State Park at the junction of the Suwannee and Withlacoochee Rivers.

According to officials of the Florida Forest and Park Service, the idea of a state park at this site was inspired by Stephen Foster's famous song, "Old Folks at Home." The park may be considered a Stephen Foster memorial.

### KENTUCKY

#### *Augusta*

Stephen Foster's uncle, Joseph Tomlinson, was president of Augusta College for many years. Stephen and his mother and sister Henrietta visited Augusta in May, 1833. See pp. 5, 90-93.

It has been suggested that Stephen's visit to Augusta should be commemorated by a tablet.

### NEW JERSEY

#### *Hoboken*

In 1854, Stephen Foster was living in Hoboken in a house now numbered 601 Bloomfield Street. See p. 450.

Since this is the only house standing today in which Stephen Foster is known to have lived, that fact should be commemorated by a tablet on the house.

This opportunity is taken to correct a factual error concerning this house, on p. 450. The statement is made that "it is one of a row of houses built for Wm. Van Worst by the 'Hoboken L[and?] and Improvement Company' about 1852."

This sentence should be changed to read: "This house was deeded to Julius Garrelly by the 'Hoboken L[and?] and Improvement Company' about 1853 or 1854."

### NEW YORK

#### *Flushing*

STEPHEN FOSTER HALL, QUEENS COLLEGE—The new music building, to be erected on the campus, will be named Stephen Foster Hall.

The present music building temporarily bears this name.

For a description of these two Foster memorials, see Classification A.

*New York City*

New England Hotel—In January, 1864, Stephen Foster was living at the New England Hotel at the corner of the Bowery and Bayard Street. See pp. 557 and 558.

It has been suggested that a memorial tablet to Foster should be placed in this neighborhood.

There is an error in the reference on p. 557 to "the historic New England Hotel *where Stephen died.*" Stephen Foster suffered his fatal accident in this hotel, but he died in Bellevue Hospital. See p. 559 and second entry below.

Stephen Foster Ward, Bellevue Hospital—According to a syndicated article by Adelaide Kerr, Associated Press feature writer, which appeared in a number of newspapers in December, 1943, a group of artists and musicians was sponsoring a ward for long-term children patients in Bellevue Hospital. "Later they hope to dedicate the ward to Stephen Foster, the song writer, and to staff it with an occupational therapist who will help the children pass long hours more pleasantly."

The hospital administration reports that no definite action has been taken.

Ward 11, Bellevue Hospital—Stephen Foster died in this ward on January 13, 1864.

It has been suggested that a memorial tablet to Foster should be located in the vicinity of the ward.

Washington Square—An erroneous tradition, occasionally encountered by the research worker, states that Stephen Foster was buried in the potter's field which is now Washington Square. However, the facts are that he is buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh. See p. 562.

In January, 1940, William Sulzer, former governor of New York, proposed that a statue of Stephen Foster be erected in Washington Square Park. No definite plans were made at that time. It was pointed out that Foster is buried in Pittsburgh, and the project seems to have been abandoned.

For another erroneous tradition about Stephen Foster's burial in a potter's field, see pp. 591 and 592.

### OHIO

#### *Warren*

In 1860, Stephen Foster was living in Warren at the Gaskill House. See pp. 522 and 534 and illustration facing p. 521.

It has been suggested that the site of the Gaskill House be marked with a tablet commemorating Stephen's residence.

### PENNSYLVANIA

#### *Canonsburg*

Stephen Foster attended Jefferson College in 1841. See pp. 202-207.

It has been proposed that a tablet be placed on a wall of the original Jefferson College buildings at Canonsburg which are still standing. See p. 4 and illustration facing p. 195.

Note that Washington and Jefferson College, in near-by Washington, Pennsylvania, has a splendid memorial to Stephen Foster, commemorating his attendance at Jefferson College. See Classification A.

#### *Pittsburgh*

TRINITY CATHEDRAL—Stephen Foster was baptized in Trinity Episcopal Church, April 22, 1827. See p. 46. The officiating minister at the wedding of Stephen and Jane McDowell Foster, July 22, 1850, was the Rev. Theodore B. Lyman, of Trinity Episcopal Church. See p. 375. Stephen's funeral ceremonies were held at Trinity Episcopal Church, January 21, 1864. See p. 562.

Because of the close association between Stephen Foster and this church, now Trinity Cathedral, it has been suggested that a suitable memorial to Foster be established there, such as a stained glass window, a medallion, or a bronze tablet.

WHITE COTTAGE—The present Stephen Foster Memorial Home, at 3600 Penn Avenue, stands on the site of Stephen Foster's birthplace, the White Cottage. See pp. 10, 13, 14, and Appendix II, 630-663.

It has been suggested that some time in the years to come, if funds are ever available for such a project, an exact reproduction of the original White Cottage be constructed on this site. This new building would then be a civic center for the Lawrenceville district of Pittsburgh.

A discussion of the legal and financial problems associated with such a reconstruction would be too complicated to include here.

#### *Towanda*

Stephen Foster attended Towanda Academy in 1840 or 1841. See pp. 188, 189, 198.

Towanda should have a Foster memorial of some kind, to commemorate Stephen Foster's residence. Note that the near-by town of Athens, Pennsylvania, where Stephen attended Athens Academy, has two Foster memorials. See Classification A.

### TENNESSEE

#### *Harrogate*

STEPHEN FOSTER ROOM—For information concerning the proposed Stephen Foster Room of Lincoln Memorial University, see Classification A.

## G) MEMORIALS AND TRIBUTES ERRONEOUSLY ASSOCIATED WITH STEPHEN FOSTER

The three Kentucky entries refer to non-existent statues of Stephen Foster. The Michigan entry refers to an actual institution, which bears an erroneous title. The first New York entry describes an organization which cannot be located. The second New York entry refers to a non-existent organization.

A geographical order is used in this classification, based upon the states and cities of the six entries.

### KENTUCKY

#### *Covington*

"STEPHEN FOSTER STATUE"—Erroneous articles appearing in several

Kentucky newspapers, in early March, 1940, state that a life-size statue of Stephen Foster was to be presented to the city of Covington. The statue was to be a duplicate of the Arturo Ivone statue of Foster in Alms Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. See Classification A.

Donor of the statue was to be Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, founder of the Foster Hall Collection.

In April, 1940, Mr. Lilly stated that the articles were in error. The duplicate statue had neither been made nor offered.

### *Frankfort*

"Stephen Foster statue"—There is no statue of Stephen Foster in Frankfort, contrary to erroneous information occasionally published. It was originally planned that the statue of Stephen Foster by Joseph L. Roop should be placed in the State Capitol at Frankfort. This plan was not carried out; the statue was placed in the Louisville Free Public Library. The change in plans has been confusing to Foster students and collectors for a number of years—the general impression has been that Frankfort had *two* Foster memorials, the *bust* by Joseph L. Roop (actually located in *Frankfort*) and the *statue* by Joseph L. Roop (actually located in *Louisville.*) The fact that both bust and statue were the work of the same artist has added to the confusion.

For descriptions of the Frankfort bust and the Louisville statue, see Classification A.

### *Lexington*

"Stephen Foster statue"—Erroneous articles appearing in several Kentucky newspapers, in early March, 1940, state that a life-size statue of Stephen Foster was to be presented for placement on the campus of the University of Kentucky. The statue was to be a duplicate of the Arturo Ivone statue of Foster in Alms Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. See Classification A.

Donor of the statue was to be Josiah Kirby Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, founder of the Foster Hall Collection.

In April, 1940, Mr. Lilly stated that the articles were in error. The duplicate statue had neither been made nor offered.

### MICHIGAN

### *Dearborn*

"STEPHEN FOSTER HOUSE," GREENFIELD VILLAGE—This is an actual institution, which bears an erroneous title. See description in Classification A.

### NEW YORK

### *New York City*

"STEPHEN FOSTER BRANCH," COMMUNIST PARTY—*The Daily Worker,* published in New York City, carries in its issue of January 27, 1940, the following article:

> New York Musicians
>
> The Stephen Foster Branch of the Communist Party in New York sends in this resolution:
>
> "We musicians of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, denounce vehemently your conviction by a capitalist court and jury."

All efforts to verify the existence of the "Stephen Foster Branch" of the Communist Party in New York have been unavailing.

Headquarters of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, located in New York, report that after a thorough search, they can find absolutely no information concerning such a group. It may have been a small group which never developed into an organization and has been disbanded.

It is possible that the reference to *Stephen* Foster may be a typographical error. *William Z.* Foster was active in Communist circles in this country, and the compositor may have intended to use his name.

A heavy correspondence with all possible sources of information and personal visits by a member of the Foster Hall staff in New York did not reveal the smallest clue. With so little information available concerning an organization which may not even be in existence, it seems best to list the "Stephen Foster Branch" in this classification.

"STEPHEN C. FOSTER GLEE CLUB" OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY—The Hoboken, New Jersey, *Observer,* January 8, 1940, contains the following article:

Professor Greenfield of the New York University some time ago started the Stephen C. Foster Glee Club and dedicated the month starting December 25 as a commemorative month in honor of Stephen C. Foster.

In a letter dated August 25, 1941, Alfred M. Greenfield, director of the New York University Glee Club, says:

> The news item from the Hoboken *Observer* of Hoboken was news to me. I have never had the idea of starting a Stephen Foster Glee Club, and I cannot imagine how such a statement originated.

APPENDIX IV IS DEDICATED TO S.M.H.

# CORRECTIONS

In spite of unusual precautions in proofreading by several readers and in checking factual statements against their sources, errors appear in these Chronicles. Fortunately, most of them are of little importance. They are corrected below. The Foster Hall staff hopes that there are not additional errors, as yet undiscovered.

Page 50, line 34, *for* James I. Buchanan *read* James Buchanan

Page 116, line 16, *for* punctation *read* punctuation. (An awkward place, indeed, for an error in spelling, following the criticisms of Henry's own spelling and punctuation!)

Page 450, lines 23 and 24, sentence reads:

> It is one of a row of houses built for Wm. Van Worst by the "Hoboken L[and?] and Improvement Company" about 1852.

This sentence should be changed to read:

> This house was deeded to Julius Garrelly by the "Hoboken L[and?] and Improvement Company" about 1853 or 1854.

Page 459, line 13, *for* occurence *read* occurrence

Page 528, line 35, *for* Breckinridge *read* Breckenridge

Page 557, line 35, the reference to "the historic New England Hotel where Stephen died" is erroneous. Stephen Foster suffered his fatal accident in this hotel, but he died in Ward 11 of Bellevue Hospital. See page 559 and reference to Ward 11 of Bellevue Hospital on page 734.

Illustration facing page 564 (left), see third entry below.

Page 568, lines 24 and 27, *for* Clarke *read* Clark

Page 574, line 18, *for* Carol *read* Coral

Page 593 and illustration facing page 564 (left). The statue of Stephen Foster by Guiseppe Moretti once stood in Highland Park, Pittsburgh, as stated in the text and in the title of the illustration. However, on April 17, 1944, the statue was moved to Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, its present location.

For further information about the statue and its change of location, see pages 711 and 712.

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